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DESERT JOURNEY FROM CAIRO.

CURIOSITIES

OF

MODERN TRAVEL:

A Year-Book of Adventure.

'Tis pleasant by the cheerful hearth to hear
Of tempests and the dangers of the deep,
And pause at times, and feel that we are safe;
Then listen to the perilous tale again,
And, with an eager and suspended soul,
Woo Terror to delight us.

SOUTHEY.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE present volume is intended as the first of a Series, which, year by year, will present to young readers a book containing numerous and striking incidents and narratives, from works *published during the twelve months*. This peculiar feature will ensure *novelty*; and the contents of this volume, selected as nearly as possible by this rule, will show that neither interest nor variety will be wanting.

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THE MODERN TRAVELLER.

DAGUERREOTYPE PORTRAIT-TAKING IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

WE had taken with us a Daguerreotype apparatus, of which but one specimen had ever before appeared in Yucatan. Great improvements had been since made in the instrument, and we had reason to believe that ours was one of the best; and having received assurances that we might do a large business in that line, we were induced to set up as Ladies' Daguerreotype Portrait-takers. It was a new line for us, and rather venturesome, but not worse than for the editor of a newspaper to turn captain of a steamboat; and, besides, it was not like banking—we could not injure any one by a failure.

Having made trials on ourselves until we were tired of the subjects, and with satisfactory results, we considered ourselves sufficiently advanced to begin; and, as we intended to practise for the love of the art, and not for lucre, we held that we had a right to select our subjects. Accordingly, we had but to

signify our wishes, and the next morning put our house in order for the fair visitors. We cleared everything out of the hammock, took the wash-hand basin off the chair, and threw odds and ends into one corner; and as the sun was pouring its rays warmly and brightly into our door, it was further lighted up by the entry of three young ladies, with their respective papas and mamas. We had great difficulty in finding them all seats, and were obliged to put the two mamas into the hammock together. The young ladies were dressed in their prettiest costume, with earrings and chains, and their hair adorned with flowers. All were pretty, and one was much more than pretty; not in the style of Spanish beauty, with dark eyes and hair, but a delicate and dangerous blonde, simple, natural, and unaffected, beautiful without knowing it, and really because she could not help it. Her name, too, was poetry itself. I am bound to single her out, for, late on the evening of our departure from Merida, she sent us a large cake, measuring about three feet in circumference by six inches deep, which, everything being packed up, I smothered into a pair of saddle-bags, and spoiled some of my scanty stock of wearing apparel.

The ceremonies of the reception over, we made immediate preparations to begin. Much form and circumstance were necessary in settling preliminaries; and, as we were in no hurry to get rid of our subjects, we had more formalities than usual to go through with.

Our first subject was the lady of the poetical name.

It was necessary to hold a consultation upon her costume,—whether the colours were pretty and such as would be brought out well or not; whether a scarf round the neck was advisable; whether the hair was well arranged, the rose becoming, and in the best position; then to change it, and consider the effect of the change, and to say and do many other things which may suggest themselves to the reader's imagination, and all which gave rise to many profound remarks in regard to artistical effect, and occupied much time.

The lady being arrayed to the best advantage, it was necessary to seat her with reference to a right adjustment of light and shade; to examine carefully the falling of the light upon her face, then to consult whether it was better to take a front or a side view; to look at the face carefully in both positions; and, finally, it was necessary to secure the head in the right position, that it should be neither too high nor too low, too much on one side nor on the other; and this required great nicety: it was sometimes actually indispensable to turn the beautiful little head with our own hands; which, however, was a very innocent way of turning a young lady's head.

Next, it was necessary to get the young lady into focus—that is, to get her into the box; which, in short, means, to get a reflection of her face on the glass in the camera obscura, at that one particular point of view which presented it better than any other; and when this was obtained, the miniature likeness of the object was so faithfully reflected, that,

as artists carried away by enthusiasm, we were obliged to call in the papas and mamas, who pronounced it beautiful—to which dictum we were in courtesy obliged to respond.

The plate was now cleaned, put into the box, and the light shut off. Now came a trying moment for the young lady ! she must neither open her lips, nor roll her eyes, for one minute and thirty seconds, by the watch. This eternity at length ended, and the plate was taken out.

So far our course had been before the wind. Every new formality had but increased our importance in the eyes of our fair visitors and their respectable companions. Mr. Catherwood retired to the adjoining room to put the plate in the mercury-bath, while we, not knowing what the result might be, a little fearful, and neither wishing to rob another of the honour he might be justly entitled to, nor to be dragged down by another's failure, thought best to have it distinctly understood that Mr. Catherwood was the *maestro*, and that we were merely amateurs. At the same time, on Mr. Catherwood's account, I took occasion to suggest that the process was so complicated, and its success depended upon such a variety of minute circumstances, it seemed really wonderful that it ever turned out well. The plate might not be good, or not well cleaned ; or the chemicals might not be of the best ; or the plate might be left too long in the iodine-box, or taken out too soon ; or left too long in the bromine-box, or taken out too soon : or a ray of light might strike it on

putting it into the camera, or on taking it out ; or it might be left too long in the camera, or taken out too soon ; or too long in the mercury-bath, or taken out too soon : and even though all these processes were right and regular, there might be some other fault of omission or commission which we were not aware of ; besides which, climate and atmosphere had great influence, and might render all of no avail. These little suggestions we considered necessary to prevent too great a disappointment in case of failure ; and perhaps our fair visitors were somewhat surprised at our audacity in undertaking at all such a doubtful experiment, and using them as instruments. The result, however, was enough to induce us never again to adopt prudential measures ; for the young lady's image was stamped upon the plate, and made a picture which enchanted her, and satisfied the critical judgment of her friends and admirers.

Our experiments upon the other ladies were equally successful, and the morning glided away in this pleasant occupation.

We continued practising a few days longer ; and as all our good results were extensively shown, and the poor ones we took care to keep out of sight, our reputation increased, and we had abundance of applications. In this state of things, we requested some friends, to whom we were under obligations, to be permitted to wait upon them at their houses. On receiving their assent, the next morning, at nine o'clock, Mr. C., in a caleza, with all the complicated apparatus packed around him, drove up to their

door. I followed on foot. It was our intention to go through the whole family, uncles, aunts, grandchildren, down to Indian servants, as many as would sit ; but man is born to disappointment. I spare the reader the recital of our misfortunes that day. It would be too distressing. Suffice it to say, that we tried plate after plate, sitting after sitting, varying light, time, and other points of the process ; but it was all in vain. The stubborn instrument seemed bent upon confounding us ; and, covering our confusion as well as we could, we gathered up our Daguerreotype and carried ourselves off. What was the cause of our complete discomfiture we never ascertained, but we resolved to give up business as Ladies' Daguerreotype Portrait-takers.

There was one interesting incident connected with our short career of practice. Among the portraits put forth was one of a lady, which came to the knowledge of a gentleman particularly interested in the fair original. This gentleman had never taken any especial notice of us before ; but now he called upon us, and very naturally the conversation turned upon that art of which we were then professors. The portrait of this lady was mentioned ; and, by the time he had finished his third straw cigar, he unburdened himself of the special object of his visit, which was to procure a portrait of her for himself. This seemed natural enough, and we assented, provided he would get her to sit ; but he did not wish either her or her friends to know anything about it. This *was* a difficulty. It was not very easy to take

it by stealth. However strong an impression a young lady may make by a glance upon some substances, she can do nothing upon a silver plate. Here she requires the aid of iodine, bromine, and mercury. But the young man was fertile in expedients. He said that we could easily make some excuse, promising her something more perfect, and, in making two or three impressions, could slip one away for him. This was by no means a bad suggestion, at least so far as he was concerned ; but we had some qualms of conscience. While we were deliberating, a matter was introduced which, perhaps, lay as near Doctor Cabot's heart as the young lady did to that of our friend. That was a pointer or setter dog for hunting, of which the doctor was in great want. The gentleman said he had one—the only one in Merida—and he would give it for the portrait. It was rather an odd proposition ; but to offer a dog for his mistress's portrait was very different from offering his mistress's portrait for a dog. It was clear that the young man was in a bad way : he would lay down his life, give up smoking, part with his dog, or commit any other extravagance. The case was touching. The doctor was really interested ; and, after all, what harm could it do ? The doctor and I went to look at the dog, but it turned out to be a mere pup, entirely unbroken ; and what the result might have been I do not know ; but all further negotiations were broken off by the result of our out-of-door practice, and disgust for the business.

[Stephen's "*Incidents of Travel in Yucatan*."

CURING THE BISCOS.

THERE is no immediate connexion between taking Daguerreotype portraits and the practice of surgery ; but circumstances bring close together things entirely dissimilar in themselves, and we went from one to the other. Secluded as Merida is, and seldom visited by strangers, the fame of new discoveries in science is slow in reaching it, and the new operation of Mons. Guerin for the cure of strabismus (squinting) had not been heard of. In private intercourse we had spoken of the operation ; and, in order to make it known, and extend its benefits, Doctor Cabot had offered to perform it in Merida. The Merida people have generally fine eyes ; but, either because our attention was particularly directed to it, or that it is really the case, there seemed to be more squinting eyes, or biscos, as they are called, than are usually seen in one town,—and in Merida, as in some other places, this is not esteemed a beauty ; but, either from want of confidence in a stranger, or a cheap estimation of the qualifications of a medico who asked no pay for his services, the doctor's philanthropic purposes were not appreciated.

We had fixed the day for our departure ; and the evening but one before, a direct overture was made

to the doctor to perform the operation. The subject was a boy, and the application in his behalf was made by a gentleman whom we were all happy to have it in our power to serve.

The time was fixed at ten o'clock the next day. After breakfast our sala was put in order for the reception of company, and the doctor for the first time looked at his instruments. He had some misgivings. They were of very fine workmanship, made in Paris, most sensitive to the influence of the atmosphere, and in that climate it was almost impossible to preserve anything from rust. The doctor had packed the case among his clothing in the middle of his trunk, and had taken every possible precaution ; but, as usual upon such occasions, the most important instrument had rusted at the point, and in that state was utterly useless. There was no cutler in the place, nor any other person competent to touch it. Mr. Catherwood, however, brought out an old razor-hone, and between them they worked off the rust.

At ten o'clock the doctor's subject made his appearance. He was the son of a widow lady of very respectable family, about fourteen years old, but small of stature, and presenting, even to the most casual glance, the stamp of a little gentleman. He had large black eyes, but unluckily their expression was very much injured by an inward squint. With the light heart of boyhood, however, he seemed indifferent to his personal appearance, and came, as he said, because his mother told him to do so. His handsome person, and modest and engaging manners,

gave us immediately a strong interest in his favour. He was accompanied by the gentleman who had spoken of bringing him, Dr. Bado, a Guatemalian, educated in Paris, the oldest and principal physician of Merida, and by several friends of the family.

Preparations were commenced immediately. The first movement was to bring out a long table near the window; then to spread upon it a mattress and pillow, and upon these to spread the boy. Until the actual moment of operating, the precise character of this new business had not presented itself to my mind, and altogether it opened by no means so favourably as Daguerreotype practice.

Not aiming to be technical, but desiring to give the reader the benefit of such scraps of learning as I pick up in my travels, modern science has discovered that the eye is retained in its orbit by six muscles, which pull it up and down, inward and outward; and that the undue contraction of either of these muscles produces that obliquity called squinting, which was once supposed to proceed from convulsions in childhood, or some other unknown causes. The cure discovered is the cutting of the contracted muscle, by means of which the eye falls immediately into its proper place. This muscle lies under the surface; and, as it is necessary to pass through a membrane of the eye, the cutting cannot be done with a broad axe or a hand-saw. In fact, it requires a knowledge of the anatomy of the eye, manual dexterity, fine instruments, and Mr. Catherwood and myself for assistants.

Our patient remained perfectly quiet, with his little hands folded across his breast; but while the knife was cutting through the muscle, he gave one groan, so piteous and heart-rending, that it sent into the next room all who were not immediately engaged. But before the sound of the groan had died away, the operation was over; and the boy rose with his eye bleeding, but perfectly straight. A bandage was tied over it, and, with a few directions for its treatment, amid the congratulations and praises of all present, and wearing the same smile with which he had entered, the little fellow walked off to his mother.

The news of this wonder spread rapidly; and before night, Doctor Cabot had numerous and pressing applications, among which was one from a gentleman whom we were all desirous to oblige, and who had this defect in both eyes.

On his account we determined to postpone our departure another day; and, in furtherance of his original purpose, Dr. Cabot mentioned that he would perform the operation upon all who chose to offer. We certainly took no trouble to spread this notice; but the next morning, when we returned from breakfast, there was a gathering of squint-eyed boys around the door, who, with their friends and backers, made a formidable appearance, and almost obstructed our entrance. As soon as the door opened, there was a rush inside; and as some of these slanting eyes might not be able to distinguish between *meum* and *tuum*, we were obliged to help their proprietors out into the street again.

At ten o'clock the big table was drawn up to the window, and the mattress and pillow were spread upon it, but there was such a gathering round the window that we had to hang up a sheet before it. Invitations had been given to Dr. Bado and Dr. Munoz, and all physicians who chose to come ; and, having met the Governor in the evening, I had asked him to be present. These all honoured us with their company, together with a number of self-invited persons, who had introduced themselves, and could not well be turned out, making quite a crowded room.

The first who presented himself was a stout lad about nineteen or twenty, whom we had never seen or heard of before. Who he was, or where he came from, we did not know, but he was a bisco of the worst kind, and seemed able-bodied enough to undergo anything in the way of surgery. As soon as the doctor began to cut the muscle, however, our strapping patient gave signs of restlessness ; and, all at once, with an actual bellow, he jerked his head on one side, carried away the doctor's hook, and shut his eye upon it with a sort of lock-jaw grip, as if determined it should never be drawn out. How my hook got out I have no idea ; fortunately the doctor let his go, or the lad's eye would have been scratched out. As it was, there he sat with the bandage slipped above one eye, and the other closed upon the hook, the handle of which stood out straight. Probably, at that moment he would have been willing to sacrifice pride of personal appearance, keep

his squint, and go through life with his eye shut, the hook in it, and the handle sticking out ; but the instrument was too valuable to be lost. And it was interesting and instructive to notice the difference between the equanimity of one who had a hook in his eye, and that of lookers-on who had not. All the spectators upbraided him with his cowardice and want of heart ; and after a round of reproof to which he could make no answer, he opened his eye and let out the hook. But he had made a bad business of it. A few seconds longer, and the operation would have been completed. As it was, the whole work had to be repeated. As the muscle was again lifted under the knife, I thought I saw a glare in the eyeball, that gave token of another fling of the head, but the lad was fairly brow-beaten into quiet ; and, to the great satisfaction of all, with a double share of blackness and blood, and with very little sympathy from any one, but with his eye straight, he descended from the table. Outside he was received with a loud shout by the boys, and we never heard of him again.

The room was now full of people ; and, being already disgusted with the practice of surgery, I sincerely hoped that this exhibition would cure all others of a wish to undergo the operation : but a little Mestizo boy, about ten years old, who had been present all the time, crept through the crowd, and, reaching the table, squinted up at us without speaking ; his crisscross expression telling us very plainly what he wanted. He had on the usual

Mestizo dress of cotton shirt and drawers, and straw hat, and seemed so young, simple, and innocent, that we did not consider him capable of judging for himself. We told him he must not be operated on; but he answered, in a decided, though modest tone, "Yo quiero, yo quiero," "I wish it, I wish it." We inquired if there was any one present who had any authority over him; and a man whom we had not noticed before, dressed like him, in shirt and drawers, stepped forward, and said he was the boy's father; he had brought him there himself on purpose, and begged Dr. Cabot to proceed. By his father's directions the little fellow attempted to climb the table, but his legs were too short, and he had to be lifted up. His eye was bandaged, and his head placed upon the pillow. He folded his hands across his breast, turned his eye, did in all things exactly as he was directed, and in half a minute the operation was finished. I do not believe that he changed his position a hair's-breadth, or moved a muscle. It was an extraordinary instance of fortitude. The spectators were all admiration, and, amid universal congratulation, he was lifted from the table, his eye bound up, and, without a word, but with the spirit of a little hero, he took his father's hand and went away.

At this time, amid a press of applicants, a gentleman came to inform us that a young lady was waiting her turn. This gave us an excuse for clearing the room, and we requested all, except the medical gentlemen, and the immediate friends, to

favour us with their absence. Such was the strange curiosity these people had for witnessing a most disagreeable spectacle, that they were very slow in going away, and some slipped into the other rooms, and the yard ; but we ferreted them out, and got the room somewhat to ourselves.

The young lady was accompanied by her mother. She was full of hesitation and fears, anxious to be relieved, yet doubting her ability to endure the pain, and the moment she saw the instruments, her courage entirely forsook her. Dr. Cabot discouraged all who had any distrust of their own fortitude, and, to my mingled joy and regret, she went away.

The next in order was the gentleman on whose account we had postponed our departure. He was the oldest general in the Mexican service, but for two years an exile at Merida. By the late revolution, which placed Santa Ana in power, his party was uppermost ; and he had strong claims upon our good feelings, for in a former expatriation from Mexico, he had served as volunteer aid to General Jackson at the battle of New Orleans. This gentleman had an inward squint in both eyes, which, however, instead of being a defect, gave character to his face ; but his sight was injured by it, and this Dr. Cabot thought might be improved. The first eye was cut quickly and successfully, and while the bloody orb was still rolling in its socket, the same operation was performed upon the other. In this, however, fearing that the eye might be drawn too far in the opposite direction, the doctor had not thought it advisable to cut the

muscle entirely through, and, on examining it, he was not satisfied with the appearance. The general again laid his head upon the pillow, and the operation was repeated,—making three times in rapid succession. Altogether, it was a trying thing, and I felt immensely happy when it was over. With his eyes all right, and both bandaged, we carried him to a caleza in waiting, where, to the great amusement of the vagabond boys, he took his seat on the foot-board, with his back to the horse; and it was some time before we could get him right.

In the meantime, the young lady had returned with her mother. She could not bear to lose the opportunity; and, though unable to make up her mind to undergo the operation, she could not keep away. She was about eighteen, of lively imagination, picturing pleasure or pain in the strongest colours, and with a smile ever ready to chase away the tear. At one moment she roused herself to the effort, and the next, calling herself coward, fell into her mother's arms, while her mother cheered and encouraged her, representing to her, with that confidence allowed before medical men, the advantage it would give her in the eyes of our sex. Her eyes were large, full, and round, and with the tear glistening in them, the defect was hardly visible; in fact, all that they wanted was to be made to roll in the right direction.

I have given the reader a faint picture of Daguerreotype practice with young ladies; but this was altogether another thing, and it was very different from having to deal with boys or men. It is easy

enough to spread a boy upon a table, but not so a young lady ; so, too, it is easy enough to tie a bandage around a boy's head, but vastly different among combs and curls, and long hair done up behind. As the principal assistant of Dr. Cabot, this complicated business devolved upon me ; and having, with the help of her mother, accomplished it, I laid her head upon the pillow as carefully as if it had been my own property. In all the previous cases, I had found it necessary, in order to steady my hand, to lean my elbow on the table, and my wrist on the forehead of the patient. I did the same with her ; and, if I know myself, I never gazed into any eyes as I did into that young lady's one eye in particular. When the doctor drew out the instrument, I certainly could have taken her into my arms ; but her imagination had been too powerful ; her eyes closed, a slight shudder seized her, and she fainted. That passed off, and she rose with her eyes all right. A young gentleman was in attendance to escort her to her home ; and the smile again returned to her cheek, as he told her that now her lover would not know her.

This case had occupied a great deal of time ; the doctor's labours were doubled by the want of regular surgical aid ; he was fatigued with the excitement, and I was worn out ; my head was actually swimming with visions of bleeding and mutilated eyes ; and I almost felt doubtful about my own. The repetition of the operations had not accustomed me to them ; indeed the last was more painful to me than the first, and I felt willing to abandon for ever

the practice of surgery. Dr. Cabot had explained the *modus operandi* to the medical gentlemen, and had offered to procure them instruments: and, considering the thing fairly introduced into the country, we determined to stop: but this was not so easy; the crowd out-of-doors had its opinion of the subject: theiscos considered that we were treating them outrageously, and became as clamorous as a mob in a western city about to administer Lynch-law. One would not be kept back. He was a strapping youth, with cast enough in his eye to carry everything before him, and probably had been taunted all his life by merciless schoolboys. Forcing himself inside, with his hands in his pockets, he said that he had money to pay for it, and would not be put off. We were obliged to apologise, and, with a little wish to bring him down, gave him some hope that he should be attended to on our return to Merida.

The news of these successes flew like wildfire, and a great sensation was created throughout the city. All the evening Dr. Cabot was besieged with applications, and I could not but think how fleeting is the world's fame! At first, my arrival had been fairly trumpeted in the newspapers; for a little while Mr. Catherwood had thrown me in the shade with his Daguerreotype; and now all our glories were swallowed up by Dr. Cabot's cure of strabismus. Nevertheless, his fame was reflected upon us. All the afternoon, squint-eyed boys were passing up and down the street, throwing slanting glances in at the door; and toward evening, as Mr.

Catherwood and I were walking to the plaza, we were hailed by some vagabond urchins with the obstreperous shout—"There go the men who cure the biscos!"

[*Stephens's "Incidents of Travel in Yucatan."*]

THE
EXILE OF PRINCE AND PRINCESS TROUBETZKOI.

FOURTEEN years ago, the Prince Troubetzkoi was condemned as a convict to hard labour in the mines of Ural. He was at that time young, yet had taken a very active part in the revolt, after the murder of the Emperor Alexander. The object of the conspirators on that occasion was to deceive the soldiers, as regarded the legitimacy of the Emperor Nicholas. They hoped, by the error of the troops, to produce a military revolt, and profit by this to work a political revolution, of which, fortunately or unfortunately for Russia, they alone at that time felt the necessity. The number of these reformers was too limited to afford any chance that the troubles excited by them could end in the result proposed. The conspiracy was defeated by the intrepidity of the emperor, who, from the energy of his bearing on the first day of his authority, has drawn all the power of his reign.

The revolution crushed, it was necessary to proceed to the punishment of the culpable. The Prince

Troubetzkoi, one of the most deeply implicated, unable to exculpate himself, was sentenced to labour in the Uralian mines for fourteen years, and then to pass the remainder of his life an exile in Siberia, among one of those colonies that malefactors are destined to people.

The prince had a wife, whose family was among the most distinguished in the land. This princess could not be dissuaded from following her husband. "It is my duty," she said, "and I will fulfil it; no human power has a right to separate a wife from her husband; I will share the fate of mine."

This noble wife obtained the *signal* favour of being buried alive with her husband! The government feared the friends of Troubetzkoi; and, apprehensive of exasperating several influential families, yielded to a kind of prudent compassion. The princess departed with her convict husband; and although the journey alone was a frightful trial—thousands of leagues in a *telega*, a little open cart without springs, over roads which break both carriages and human bodies, she was supported under these and other hardships and privations, and reached her destination.

Till this time, the married pair had lived coldly together; but love flows from many sources, and of these, self-sacrifice is the most abundant. On leaving St. Petersburg they had no children; in exile they have had five; while the prince, rendered distinguished by the generous attachment of his wife, has become a sacred object in the eyes of all around him.

Who, indeed, would not look with respect on the object of such an affection ?

Had the emperor been as great as he pretends to be, he would long since have pardoned the criminal ; but he believes, or affects to believe, that he owes it to his people and himself to maintain an implacable severity. Let us then glance at the condition to which the Prince Troubetzkoi, his heroic wife, and his children, are probably condemned for life.

They have relations in St. Petersburg who would gladly send the means to render life supportable, but the exiles are not allowed to receive any money—provisions they are suffered to receive. Provisions ! there are few that could be forwarded to so great a distance without being rendered unfit for use. But the courtiers of the executioner always find the punishment too merciful for the crime.

The health of the princess is much injured. Indeed, it is difficult to understand how a woman, accustomed to all the delicacies and refinements of life in the highest ranks of a luxurious capital, has been able to support so long the privations of every kind to which she has voluntarily submitted. She wished to live—she did live ; she even gave life. She reared her offspring under a zone where the length and the rigour of winter seem inimical to existence. The thermometer falls there yearly to a temperature that might suffice to destroy the human race.

At the conclusion of seven years of exile, as the mother saw her infants growing around her, she

thought it her duty to write to one of her family to beg that they would humbly supplicate the emperor to suffer them to be sent to St. Petersburg, or to some other civilised city, in order to receive a suitable education. The petition was laid at the feet of the czar, and the worthy successor of the Ivans and of Peter I. answered, that the children of a convict—convicts themselves—would always be sufficiently learned!

After this answer, the family—the mother, and the condemned man—were silent for seven more weary years. The prince, having then completed his term of labour, is liberated, and, with his young family and devoted wife, is condemned to form a colony in the most remote corner of the desert. The locality of their new residence, *designedly* chosen by the emperor himself, is so wild, that the name of that howling wilderness is not even yet marked on the ordnance maps of Russia, the most exact and minute geographical maps that exist.

It will easily be understood that the condition of the princess (I name her only) is more wretched since she has been permitted to inhabit this solitude. It should be observed, that in the language of the oppressed, as interpreted by the oppressor, permissions are obligatory. At the mines, she could find warmth in the bosom of the earth; her family had companions in misfortune, silent consolers, admiring witnesses of her heroism. The human eye contemplated and respectfully deplored her martyrdom—a circumstance which externally rendered it more

sublime. Hearts beat in her presence : in short, without even having to speak, she felt herself in society ; for let governments do their worst, pity will still spring to life wherever there are men. But what hope can there be of sympathy amid eternal ices, impenetrable woods, or marshes that have no bounds ? What means can be found of excluding the mortal cold from a hovel ? and how is subsistence for five children to be obtained a hundred leagues, perhaps more, from any human abode, unless it be that of the superintendent of the colonies ?—for this is called colonising in Siberia !

A mother, whatever dignity, whatever elevation of soul she might possess, could she see the fruit of her body perish rather than supplicate a pardon ? No ; she again humbled herself, and this time it was not through Christian virtue ; the lofty woman was conquered by the despairing mother. She saw her children ill, and had nothing wherewith to administer to their wants. In this extreme misery her husband, his heart withered by his misfortunes, left her to act according to her impulse ; and the princess wrote a second letter from her hut of exile. The letter was addressed to her family, but meant for the emperor. The letter of the princess reached its destination ; the emperor read it ; and it was to communicate this letter to me that I was stopped at the moment of my departure from St. Petersburg. I have never read anything more simple and touching. In a few lines she states her situation, without declamation and without complaint ; she concludes by imploring this

single favour—the permission to live within reach of an apothecary, in order to be able to get some medicine for her children when they are ill. The environs of Tobolsk, of Irkutsk, or of Orenburg, would appear to her a paradise. In the concluding words of her letter, she ceases addressing herself to the emperor ; she forgets everything except her husband. With a feeling and a dignity which would merit the pardon of the worst crime (and she is innocent of any ; the monarch she addresses is absolute ; God alone judges his acts!) “I am very miserable,” she says; “but were it to come over again, I should do as I have done.”

There was in her family an individual bold enough to carry this letter to the emperor, and even to support, with a humble petition, the request of a disgraced relative. He spoke only of that relative as a criminal ; yet, after fourteen years of continued vengeance, this woman, whose misery had been ennobled by so much heroism, obtained from the Emperor Nicholas no other answer than the following:—“I am astonished that any one again dares to speak to me (twice in fifteen years!) of a family, the head of which has conspired against me!” The reader may doubt this answer ; I could yet do so myself, and nevertheless I have clear proof of its truth. What heart would not bleed at the idea of the anguish of this unhappy mother ?

[*Abridged from the Marquis de Custine's “Empire of the Czar.”*]

A NIGHT ON THE HIGHEST RANGE OF THE PYRENEES.

WE had been informed by the Master of the Baths there were two ways of reaching Bujarelo, besides that which we had pursued; one that could be traversed by horses, although, according to Michel, most execrable—a journey of eight hours by the village of Panticosa; the other, a scramble of five hours, without any track, passing across the wilderness of the highest Pyrenean range. We were very anxious to see, as well as to ascertain, the existence of these two passes, as they must necessarily traverse sublime scenery; and one of them was the road we ought to have taken from Bujarelo. I must moreover tell you, that the weather during our stay at Panticosa had not only changed from sunshine to hail and rain, but from extreme heat to that of cold; the torrents had swollen to twice their usual bulk—had carried away the little bridge of pines, and overflowed the lake so as to render the mule-path impassable; besides which, the floods of rain had inundated the valleys, and fresh-fallen snow had covered the mountains in every direction.

Under such inauspicious circumstances we started on the morning of the 25th, for Bujarelo, having been instructed to follow a torrent that came down to the Baths from an amazing height and great distance in

one continuous fall, until we reached a lake, and then to search for another stream flowing in the opposite direction, which, as was said, would in due time conduct us to the Valley of Bujarelo. The morning was tolerable, although clouds were sweeping in various directions, and the cold was severe ; yet it appeared brilliant after the turbulent sky we had seen for several days ; accordingly, we bade a temporary adieu to Michel, who cheerfully hinted at the impossibility of our finding the way, it being our intention to sleep that night at Bujarelo, and to return by the Panticosa road on the morrow.

Climbing bodily upwards to a vast height by the course of the torrent, it was not long before a real difficulty occurred—the stream divided ; but we fortunately determined on following the one on the left, which after another laborious ascent conducted us to the lake. The next point was to discover the stream we were to follow to Bujarelo : beyond rose a bare ridge, apparently inaccessible—the stream of course must be on the other side of it. We clambered up the mountain and reached another lake, which was of considerable size, and from this point we espied a gap in the ridge, which we determined to gain, and accordingly waded our way, slowly enough, ankle-deep, and sometimes up to our knees in snow. On nearing the summit some dangerous places had to be crossed—sloping rocks that lay concealed under the snow, smooth and highly inclined ; and many narrow escapes had we from being precipitated. But clouds came now sweeping up

from below, and down from above, and before we could top the ridge everything beyond a limited circle was concealed from us. At length, however, we stood in the gap, shivering with the cold, that was intense, and scarcely able to withstand the force of the wind: the mist driving through the opening seemed to penetrate my very bones; whilst all in front, except a chaotic mass of rocks, and a bed of snow that lay immediately beneath, was quite invisible. Such a state of things appeared sufficiently cheerless, the chance of finding our way to Bujarelo very unlikely, and we deliberated as to the prudence of a further progress. Upon consulting our watches we found there was just time enough to get back to our comfortable quarters before nightfall: we had a very faint idea of the direction to be taken to Bujarelo; the mountain wilderness was wrapped in darkness, and we were both cold and hungry.

A bright gleam of sunshine which chased away the mists, showed us, at this moment, far distant on the right a green mountain, and a portion of sky more brilliantly blue than the fairest sapphire. "*Allons—en avant,*" we both exclaimed, and on we went with renewed spirits. The mountain we had seen was at a very considerable distance, but we calculated upon finding some shepherd's hut under which we might pass the night should we fail in reaching Bujarelo. There was a kind of gap in the mass of rocks below in the same direction, to which my companion thought we had better

descend: I differed upon this point, and gave it as my opinion that the proper route lay in front, over the ridges of snow: I yielded, however, and we forthwith began a descent more difficult than anything we had yet encountered; for although the gap was not more than two hundred feet distant from us, the passage to it occupied no less than half an hour; after which we again descended, and reached a hollow scored by the tracks of sheep, and running down towards the desired green mountain, which to our snow-blinded eyes appeared an Eden. We therefore went on in the full confidence that all our perils were over: judge then of our disappointment when we observed the slope becoming steeper and steeper, and finding it, after an hour's walking from the dangerous descent above, to end in a system of hideous precipices. What was now to be done? We gazed silently at each other, and then cast our eyes below at the torrent, which dashed more wildly along as its bed grew steeper, until it fell through a rocky cleft, breaking into a series of cascades, and was finally lost in the abyss.

It was evident that we were fairly in for a night among the crags and precipices, unless we could make our way below; wolves too were in the mountains, the cold was intense, and our clothes were of the very lightest material. These were very potent reasons for deciding that the descent, however perilous, must be attempted, and we accordingly looked about for the way by which it might possibly be accomplished. There was a cleft in

the ridge to the left, towards which we observed a sheep-track, and we made straightway for it: nothing, however, was gained by this; the same hideous slopes ran down towards the valley, which now became visible far below, and we heard the busy murmur of its torrent, which looked a silver thread in the distance. We passed along the side of this infernal ridge, regarding with longing eyes the soft green mountain opposite, from which arose the tinkling of cattle-bells, although the animals themselves were not distinguishable; but the night was coming on rapidly, so it behoved us to be prompt and decisive; we therefore determined at once to lower ourselves down the slope until it might terminate in a precipice, when we trusted some way would present itself of attaining the valley. Down this we went with our hands and feet, my companion first, and I close upon his head, steadying ourselves by tufts of wiry grass, and perching upon small projections in the rock,—dizzy work I can assure you, requiring no little nerve and caution; the different points of rest had to be felt, and their firmness ascertained before we ventured to trust our weight upon them: a slip would have been inevitable destruction. The thought occurred to me, and I afterwards learnt that I had shared it in common with my companion, that if one had gone, how dreadful would have been the situation of the other; for no human aid could have been obtained for many mountain miles. Lower and lower we went, and more difficult at every step

became the descent; the ledges grew smaller, the mountain side more smooth and perpendicular, the tufts of grass more rare; at length we reached so frightful a pitch of the precipice that I shouted out to my companion to return, for it was madness to attempt any further progress. He, however, went two or three steps lower, and then called out to me for assistance, exclaiming that he could neither go downwards nor get back, nor could he hold on many minutes! Here was an awful moment! It was utterly impossible for me to render him the slightest aid, and his destruction appeared inevitable; a precipice of several hundred feet was below, and then a mass of sloping granite rocks, highly inclined, ran down to the torrent, upon which, unless he could recover his step, he must be hurled in a few short moments. Providence, however, ordained it otherwise; he regained the presence of mind he had for the moment lost, and by a desperate effort got back to a place of comparative safety.

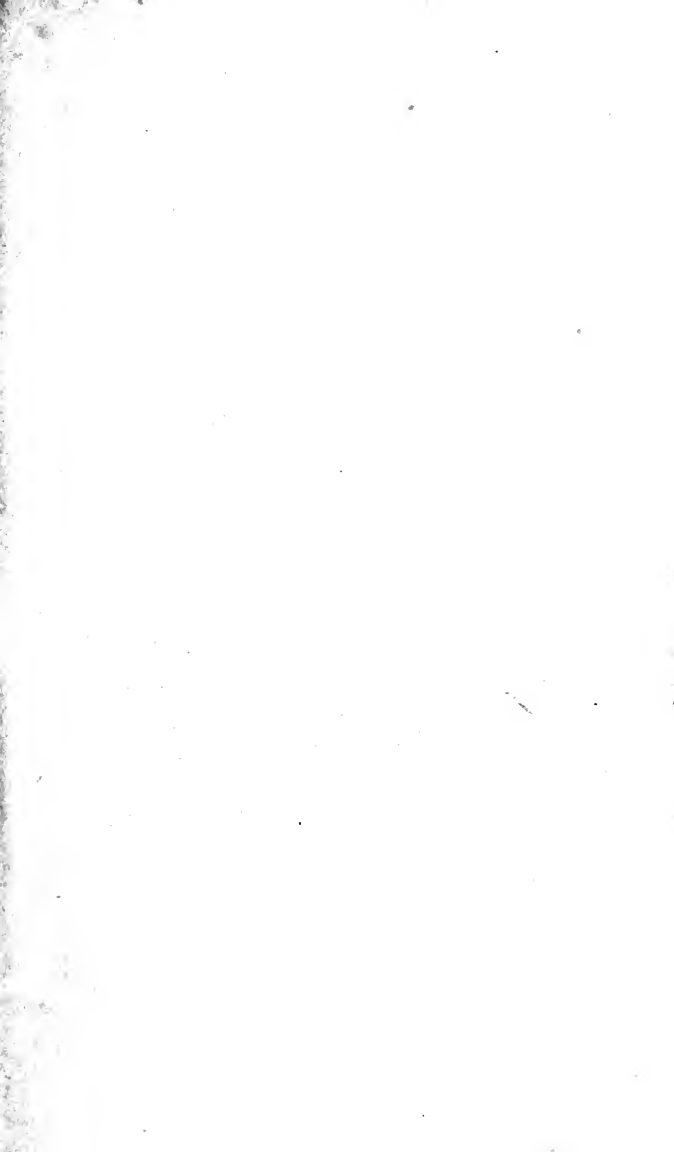
We now determined to ascend, although that was no easy matter, and to find, if possible, some rocks that might afford us shelter for the night. It was, however, most provoking to give up our enterprise after having achieved so much; and we had not scrambled upwards more than a few yards, when I espied a place that seemed to promise a more practicable descent, so we determined once more to attempt it. O— as before went first, and I followed close behind. There was only one part that seemed utterly impassable; but this my companion achieved by

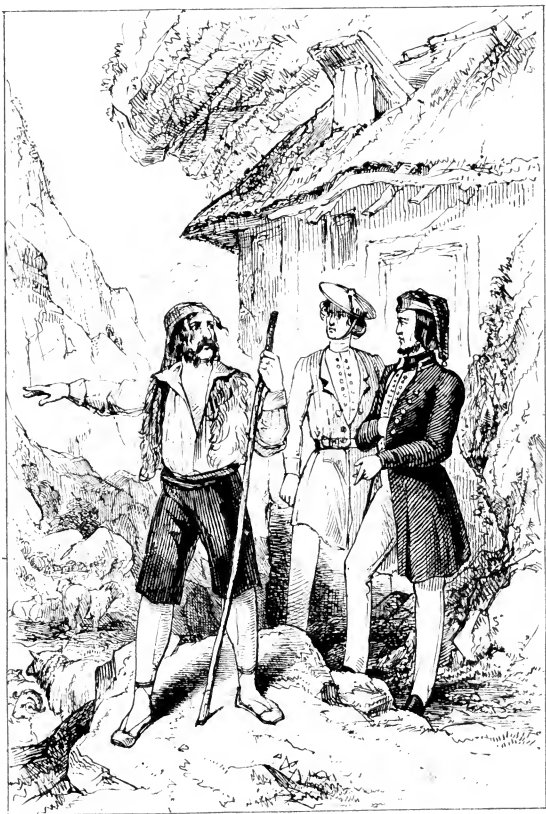
turning round in a very adroit manner, changing hands, and giving himself an indescribable twist—most perilous it must be confessed. Upon my reaching it I felt I could not succeed, whilst it was equally impossible for my companion to return; I therefore determined at all events to attempt it, and after resting a few moments to collect all my energies, I succeeded in the manœuvre, and we were in a few moments some way below.

We had now passed the worst, and were soon by the side of the stream, which had been in our neighbourhood all the way, tumbling down the rock in a continuous fall; into its black and slippery bed we slid, regardless of the water that fell upon us, and were shortly on the *débris* congratulating each other upon our escape. As day faded into night we reached the valley, and the long-coveted green mountain was opposite, but still unattainable, for a raging torrent rolled at the foot of it, which it was impossible to pass. We found ourselves in a *cul-de-sac*, from which we could not escape without the light of day—one of those bare Spanish water-courses without a tree or shrub that could afford shelter. A little lower down the mountains closed in upon it, merely leaving a narrow channel for the stream, and in the other direction the valley rose steeply to distant heights covered with snow. We stood still for a few moments to contemplate our position, when observing two shepherds high up on the opposite side, we shouted valiantly at the top of our voices; but the noise of the rushing waters drowned our efforts, and

they vanished in the gloom. Nothing now was to be done but to make the best arrangements we could for passing the night: we had no food with us and were literally famishing; the air was severely cold, and nothing could be more threatening than the aspect of the clouds. To build up some sort of protection was of course our first determination; and after searching about we found a rock that we thought would serve well enough for a back to our proposed dwelling: we accordingly set to work about half-past eight collecting the great stones of the torrent; and by half-past ten I had built up a wall about five feet high on my side, but that of my companion's had not yet attained so great an elevation. We were very weary, and our hands were cut and bruised by the granite, but the labour served well to pass the time and to keep us warm. The clouds, however, that had been long threatening, now broke into rain, and drove us to our wretched walls; but they yielded not the slightest shelter, there being no roof or front to the dwelling, and the rain came from a quarter the very opposite to that which we had expected. We sat gloomily down on our two stone seats, with a prospect more wretched than can be well imagined. Happily the rain passed off before we were completely wet, and the moon shone forth brilliantly, though the sky, becoming more clear, increased the intensity of the cold.

At length, however, at five o'clock the stars grew dim and faded, the green mountain loomed gradually through the darkness, and we arose with delight,





ADVENTURE IN THE PYRENEES.

although in a dreadful state from cold and fasting. We looked at the precipices we had descended in astonishment and awe, as we became fully impressed with the extent of the danger we had undergone, and leaving our dwelling, the scene of so much suffering, we started up the valley in order to seek a passage over the torrent: it was not, however, to be found, and we continued our way until we came in sight of a flock of sheep and a shepherd's hut sheltered by an impending precipice. I think I never beheld a more savage-looking fellow than the Spaniard who came out to meet us, or a face rendered more hideous by matted locks and unshaven beard: but his scowling physiognomy proved the fallacious outside of a civil interior; for he answered our questions and directed us with all proper *complaisance*, telling us we had yesterday gone wrong from the summit of the ridge, by turning down to the right instead of keeping along the snows as I had proposed, and it seemed we had descended into the road by which we had intended returning, which indeed passed along the green mountain we had been so anxious to reach.

Tired as we were, we yet resolved to follow up this road towards Bujarelo as far as the crest of the ridge in order to ascertain its direction, when we intended returning by the same path to the village of Panticosa. The scenery around us was amazingly fine; we had left the granite and were now among mountains of a different character, the brilliant colours and grotesque figures of which called forth admiration, even from such weary wanderers as our-

selves. On our way back there was an extraordinary sight that met our view: high above on the ridge from which we had made our frightful descent, there appeared the walls and towers of a castle of considerable size, a true *Château en Espagne*, for had we not been assured of the impossibility of any human structure standing there, we should have supposed it to have been the stronghold of some Spanish chieftain:—

A vision strange such towers to see
Sculptured and wrought so gorgeously
Where human art could never be.

It proved a long weary way to Panticosa, and the descent seemed interminable. We halted in passing over the well-known green mountain to look down once more into the wild valley far below our feet, and upon our little hut that was plainly visible: we sat down for a short time, but such was my fatigue that I was in a few minutes asleep, and it was with difficulty my companion awoke me at the approach of a Spaniard. He was a herdsman: we pointed out to him the spot where we had descended; he shook his head and said it was impossible, for no hunter could pass down that precipice: we assured him of the fact, and showed him our wall of stones where we had passed the night, and then our bruised hands; he seemed astonished, and looked after us in perfect wonder as we continued our way to Panticosa, which we reached in due time, and then bent our steps northwards to the Baths; and at two o'clock, after fasting seven-and-twenty hours, and walking that day

for nine hours, we happily rounded the last corner of the road, and beheld the long-desired posada and its staring peasants pacing to and fro upon its terrace as we had left them.

Paris's "Letters from the Pyrenees."

MODERN VISIT OF CEREMONY FROM AN OLD INDIAN RAJAH.

THIS is the country of the old Rajahs, and they are very sociable, and fond of paying us visits. They think it a great incivility to appear without something in their hands as a present. It is contrary to regulation to accept anything of value, so they bring limes, oranges, yams, &c. The other day we received a basket of oranges, with a message that a Rajah, whom we had not before seen, would come next day and pay us a visit; accordingly next day at the appointed hour, we heard a queer kind of twanging and piping, like a whistle and a jew's-harp. This was the Rajah's music, played before his palanquin; then came his guards,—men with halberds; then his chief officer, carrying a silver mace; then his principal courtiers, running by the side of his palanquin to keep him "pleasant company." When they all arrived, the halberdiers grounded their arms, and the whole *cortège* stopped at the military word of command, "*Halt! Present! Fire!*" but the *firing* consisted of the old gentleman's getting out of his palanquin, and quietly shuffling into the house,

between two rows of his own servants and ours, salaaming him at every step. He was dressed in a clear muslin pelisse, with all his black skin showing through; the hems of his ears stuck full of jewels, gold bracelets on his arms, and a diamond locket hung round his neck. I call him "Penny Whistle Row:" if that is not quite his real name, it is so like it, I am sure it must mean that.

When he came into the drawing-room, he stopped at the entrance (N.B. we have no doors) to make us most profound salaams, which we returned to the best of our ability: then he presented us with an orange each, and there were more salaams on either side. At last, when we had all done all our mopping and mowing, he sat down and began his chirp. He paid a variety of set compliments, as they all do; but, those over, he was more curious about European matters than the natives in general are. In particular, he wished to know whether it was true that our King was dead, and that we had a woman to reign over us. This was quite beyond his comprehension—how she was to contrive to reign, and how *men* were to agree to obey her, he gave up in despair. He asked whether the King's death would make any difference to us: he was in hopes it might have given A—— a step in the service. He invited us to come and spend a week with him, which we fully intend to do as soon as the weather allows. When he had sat about an hour, he took his leave with the same ceremonies as at his arrival: salaams on all sides, pipe whistling, jew's-harp twanging, guards

recovering arms, courtiers putting on their shoes, and all marching off to the word of command as before, "*Halt ! Present ! Fire !*" At parting he shook hands to show how European his manners were, and he took leave of *me* in English : " My Lady, I now to your Excellency say farewell: I shall hope you to pay me one visit, and on one week go (meaning *hence*) I shall come again to see the face of your honour civilian."

THE VISIT RETURNED.

WHEN the time came for us to start, according to appointment, the people told us the distance was fifteen miles ; so we expected that, starting at half-past five in the afternoon, we should arrive about ten o'clock, in time for a good night's rest. But it turned out to be thirty miles, and no road ; we had to grope our way over cotton-fields ; a pouring rain during almost all the night coming down in such torrents, that I could not hear the bearers' song, pitch-dark and the ground almost all the way knee-deep in water. We were twelve hours splashing and wading through the mud, and " plenty tired," when we arrived. But a palanquin is much less fatiguing than a carriage, and an hour's sleep and a good breakfast, soon set us to rights.

When we arrived at Dratcharrum, the Rajah's town, we were taken to a Choultry (a sort of caravanserai) which he had prepared, and ornamented with bits of old carpet for our first reception. I could not imagine why we did not go to his house at

once, according to his invitation ; but I found afterwards, that he had arranged our going first to the Choultry, in order that he might send for us in state to his mud palace. All his principal people came to pay their compliments, and he sent us a very good breakfast ; and when we had eaten it, his Gomashta (a sort of secretary, at least more like that than anything else) came to say that all things were ready for our removal. I expected something of a row at starting, but I was quite unprepared for the uproar he had provided for us. As soon as our palanquins were taken into the street, a gang of musicians started up to play before us, with all their might ; a sort of performance much like an imitation of one of Rossini's most noisy overtures, played by bagpipes, hurdy-gurdies, penny trumpets, and kettle-drums, all out of tune. Then came banners, swords, flags, and silver sticks ; then heralds to proclaim our titles, but we could not make out what they were ; and then dancing-girls. A—— looked rather coy at being, as he said, “made such a fool of ;” but when the dancing-girls began doing their antics, ankle-deep in the mud, the whole turn-out was so excessively absurd, that mortal gravity could stand it no longer, and he was obliged to resign himself to his fate, and laugh and be happy like me.

When we arrived at the palace, on entering the gateway, the first thing I saw was a very fine elephant making his salaam, side by side with him a little wooden rocking-horse ; the court filled with crowds of ragged retainers, and about fifty or more

dancing-girls, all bobbing and bowing, mopping and mowing, salaaming and anticking, "nineteen to the dozen." At last we came to the Rajah's own hall, where we found him, the pink of Hindoo politeness, bestowing more flowers of speech upon us in a quarter of an hour, than one could gather in all England in a twelvemonth. He ushered us to the rooms prepared for us, and staid with us for some time to have a talk, surrounded by all his retinue. His palace consisted of a number of courts, walled in, unpaved, and literally ankle-deep in mud. One could not cross them, but all round there was a raised narrow pathway of hard earth, which we crept round, holding on by the wall for fear of slipping into the mud beneath. Our apartments consisted of one of these courts and the rooms belonging to it. At one end was a room, or rather gallery, which they call a hall, open to the court on one side, without any doors or windows; a small room at each end of the large one, and a sort of outer yard for the servants. The three other sides of the square communicated with other courts of the same kind, one opening into the Rajah's own hall. In the middle of our gallery there was a wooden alcove overhanging the street, in which Penny-Whistle sits and smokes when he is alone. The furniture was a table, a carpet, four chairs, two cane sofas, and a footstool. The room was hung with pictures of Swamies by native artists, two French looking-glasses in fine frames, fastened to the wall in their packing-cases, the lids being removed for the occasion, and two little shaving-glasses with the

quicksilver rubbed off the back. Penny-Whistle was very fond of his pictures, and sent for some other great coloured prints of hares and foxes to show us. They had been given him by an Englishman long ago, and the colour was rubbed off in many places, so I offered to mend them for him, which greatly pleased him. While I was filling up the holes in his foxes' coats with a little Vandyke brown, he stood by, crossing his hands and exclaiming, "Oh ! all same as new ! wonderful skill !" When we tired of him we dismissed him, as the natives think it a great impoliteness to go away till they are desired ; so, when we had talked as long as we could, A—— said that I was going to sleep, for that he (Penny-Whistle) "must be aware that sleep was a very good thing." This is the proper formula. When the peons (interpreters) come to report their going away to eat their rice, they always inform me that I "must be aware that eating is a very good thing, and necessary to a man's life."

After we were rested and brisk again, Penny sent us our dinner. We had brought with us, at his desire, plates, knives and forks, bread, and beer, and he sent us, besides, all his own messes, native fashion, on brass trays lined with leaves, and a little different conundrum on each leaf ; pillaus, quantities of pickles, ten or a dozen varieties of chatmis, different vegetables, and cakes made of grease, pepper, and sugar. The Bramins of Penny-Whistle's class always have their food served on the leaves of the banyan-tree.

As a present I took Penny some drawings I had

made for him of subjects likely to suit his taste, particularly an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, on account of the red flames. I put the drawings in a blue satin portfolio, embroidered with scarlet and gold, and poor Penny was enchanted with the whole concern.

We came home on a dry night, quite safely.

“ Letters from Madras, by a Lady.”

HAZARDOUS VOYAGE ON THE RIVER TAY DURING A SPATE.

OUR boats were built on Tweedside for fly-fishing in small waters, and in warm weather were held for the fisherman by a man who waded in the water, lest the salmon should be scared away by the motion or appearances of the oars, or canting pole, as it might be. Being, therefore, of a very light and diminutive construction, they were not exactly calculated to endure the buffets of large and tempestuous waters; one is not apt, however, to be over-nice about such things, and accordingly I resolved to put them to the proof. Nor was an opportunity long wanting. After a night of heavy rain, the Tay, which flowed through the park of Meikleour, rose to a fearful extent. This was exactly the sort of thing to suit me; so I proposed to my fisherman, Charles Purdie, to go down the flood to Perth, a distance of about twelve miles by water. We did so; and here I insert the parti-

culars of our voyage, as they may serve to give an idea of a Scottish spate.

We were standing at the foot of the sloping lawn before my house; and as Charlie Purdie bent his regards on the frightful violence of the flood, I thought he did not half like to embark on it. In fact, he did not only disapprove of the general conduct of the river, but also of the peculiar rocky nature of the channel in which it was its pleasure to gallop along to the ocean. Moreover, he knew there was an obstruction in the river at a place called the Linn of Campsie, about four miles below the proposed starting-place, where at the arrival of his little boat he did not anticipate much pleasure. In fact, neither Charlie nor his master conceived it would be possible to pass the falls into the Linn, since no boat could do so in the ordinary state of the water without being upset, or dashed to shivers. They would see how things looked, however, on their arrival at the spot, and act accordingly.

“Now, then, loosen my boat, Charlie: I will go first; and take care you do not run foul of me.” The boats being unmoored, we shot down the river in a moment, and were soon at the end of the park, where the Isla comes into the Tay. This additional volume of water increased our velocity; we guided our boats into the main currents, and away we went with the swiftness of a steam-engine. Rocks and woods opened to our view in an instant, and in an instant vanished behind us. Thus we were driven along with great fury till we came within the sound of the

great falls of the Linn of Campsie : soon we descried before us the awful barrier of rocks which rose up right athwart the stream, extending from bank to bank. The waters had worn their way in some places through this barrier, and tumbled madly through the rocky gorges ; down they went, thundering with stunning sound into the enormous cauldron below. Then arose the strife—the dashing of the spray—the buffeting against the banks—the swirling of the eddies, crested with large masses of foam—all was in hideous commotion. This state of things threatened to put an end to our projected voyage. To go right onwards through the centre gorge was to pass to certain destruction ; as well might one hope to shoot in safety down the falls of Schaffhausen. I was prepared for all this, and was quite aware of the impediment before I began my voyage ; so I did as I had made up my mind to do before I started. I pulled towards some alder-trees which grew on the bank above the fall, and held my boat fast by the branches ; I then told Charlie to secure his boat also with a rope, and to land and reconnoitre. We were enabled to do these things without much difficulty, as the water was, in some measure, arrested in its course above the fall, being slightly bayed back by the barrier of rocks. Being on terra firma, my hero looked ruefully at the torrents ; one alone appeared something like being practicable ; and it was one that, in the mean state of the river, was nothing but a dry channel. Whether our small craft could shoot down it without foundering or not

was by no means evident to the eye, though a practised one, of the explorer. He was, however, somewhat encouraged by two fishermen who were mending their nets. They thought, they said, that we "might possibly descend in safety, if we managed our boats well." Charlie looked, and sighed, and looked again; the thing was evidently not in harmony with his ideas; for he could not swim himself, and he doubted whether his boat would either, when it arrived at the bottom of the fall. However, I decided that I would try the thing alone; and if it should prove a failure, the example was not, of course, to be followed. So I brought my little boat some way above the cataract, with her head up the stream, and by rowing against it let her fall by degrees stern foremost, by which means I had a clear view before me, and could therefore steer to a nicety. She went down most agreeably, though in nearly a vertical position, but pitched upon a rock below the fall; but before any harm happened, I swung her off by inclining my body to and fro. My fisherman followed successfully; and having passed the wide-spreading Linn, the channel of the Tay became more contracted, and we resumed our former pace, shooting down the rapids like an arrow, and, by occasional swift snatches of the oars, avoiding the breakers around us. So we passed among the hanging woods and impending rocks of this romantic river, till we arrived at Stanley, where groups of people were assembled on the hill-top, who shouted to us with all their might, and made signs and

gestures, the meaning of which I could not comprehend, but they seemed to be warning us of some impending danger : I could not catch the import of their words, as the sound was but faintly heard amidst the din of the waves. So I did not perplex myself with attending to them, but thought it wisest to trust to my own discretion, which fortunately carried the boats safely to their place of destination. I learned afterwards, that seeing our boats were mere insignificant cockle-shells borne down by the flood with great impetuosity, they were fearful that we should be carried down the mill-dam, and come in contact with the machinery. But a better fate awaited us than such a Quixotic one ; and after a little rough work, in which we shipped a reasonable quantity of water, we at length approached the bleaching-grounds of Perth, where the river swept swift and ample in an even channel, under a wooded bank studded with villas ; we then darted through the middle arch of the beautiful bridge in the town, and hauled up our boats on a wharf below it.

Scrope's " Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing."

COLONEL HARDY'S ESCAPES IN A JUNGLE OF CEYLON.

THE following story will give the reader a correct idea of a part of Ceylon ; but unless I had known the officer who met with such wonderful mishaps, and were fully convinced of the truth of what I am about to relate, I would not have ventured to do so. The hero of my tale is Lieut.-Colonel Hardy, Quartermaster-General of Ceylon, who, after a residence of eighteen years in the island, has just returned to England.

A short time before his departure (according to my memoranda), he went to Galle to superintend the removal of detachments to Trincomalie in country-boats ; and as the soldiers composing them were volunteers from the regiments ordered home, and were very drunken and disorderly, he thought it requisite to accompany them part of the way in one of the boats which he had reserved for himself. Towards sunset, when he found the soldiers had become in some degree sober and more quiet, he made for the shore, intending to land at a place about five or six miles to the eastward of Hambentotte, Mr. Farrell's abode, and to walk thither. He went on shore with a bottle of brandy in his hand, which he had brought with him ; and having also a

small valise which held a change of clothes, he wanted one of the native boatmen to accompany him for the purpose of carrying it ; but, to his surprise, not one of them would do so ; and, pushing off the boat, they left the greatly-astonished Colonel alone on the sea-shore to shift for himself. But in place of being, as he supposed, only five miles from Hambentotte, he was, as they well knew, five-and-twenty, and in one of the wildest and least frequented parts of the island. Having no idea where he was, he set off, bottle in hand, and carrying his valise under his arm. The sun was about to set in his usual splendour : it soon did so, and in a few minutes it became almost dark. He did not recollect the features of the country through which he was passing ; he had not come, as he expected, to a river which he knew lay in his way ; nor could he imagine, well as he was acquainted with the geography of Ceylon, where he was. The night now became quite dark, and he heard all around the roaring or growling of wild beasts, and the howling or barking of jackals, or of Pariah dogs. Before he had gone far, the moon arose, giving only an uncertain light, but which enabled him to see, though indistinctly from the thickness of the jungle and the obstruction of a few tall trees, that the path before him was occupied by elephants. To retrace his steps from where he supposed himself to be was out of the question ; and to remain all night where he was, he felt convinced would be certain destruction. Having, therefore, nothing else for it, he made up

his mind to endeavour to pass them. While he was doing so, they perceived and pursued him ; but, fortunately, he had then got farther than the part of the path in which they were ; yet, as they run fast, and easily make their way through the thickest jungle, he was obliged, in order to escape, to throw away his valise ; and he was delighted to see that they stopped to look at and turn it over with their trunks—thus giving him an opportunity to make off.

After several strange adventures, and very narrow escapes from buffaloes, other gigantic elephants, &c. (but how he succeeded in doing so he could not well tell), he now perceived through the trees two large black objects, moving in the very narrow path just before him ; and here he had again no alternative but, if possible, to pass them in the same way that he had passed the elephants. They soon saw or heard him ; and, to his horror, he found himself in a moment almost within the grasp of two large terrific bears, which instantly made at him, and in so furious a manner, that he had scarcely time to call upon God to save him ! By some means or other, he eluded the hug of the first bear ; but he was hopeless of being able to avoid the claws and frightful teeth displayed in the jaws of the second, when a kind of impulse, for which he could not account, caused him to raise his arm, and to aim a blow at the monster with the bottle which he still held in his hand. This, striking against the teeth of the animal, was dashed to pieces with a great crash, and the brandy flying into the mouth and eyes of the astonished bear, so

frightened him, as well as his companion, that, growling loudly, they both made off into the jungle.

Thus wonderfully preserved, he again set off, and ran and walked as fast as his legs could carry him ; but after many equally narrow escapes, especially from some terrific buffaloes, which he fell in with near a pond, he could not perceive, to his greatly increased astonishment and alarm (for he expected to have reached Hambentotte long before), any likelihood of termination to his dangers and labours. He was now, moreover, almost naked ; his clothes, and even his flesh, being torn off him in forcing his way through the thick, prickly, and in many places almost impassable jungle. At length, having walked or run, as he calculated, more than twenty miles, he came to the bank of a large river or pond, of which he had by moonlight but a faint recollection ; and, being completely exhausted in both body and mind, he threw himself down in despair, and covered with blood, close to the root of a large tree, which stood very near the water's edge, yet which, from weakness, he was unable to ascend. But, strange to say, he there fell into a profound sleep ; and God only knows how he could have been preserved from the wild animals, snakes, &c., which must have seen him lying in such a helpless state upon the ground during the remainder of the night ; yet the greatest wonder is, that the alligators, with which the large pond or rather lake abounds, did not devour him ! He awoke—or, what is more likely, recovered from a kind of swoon—about sunrise ; soon found the path which leads to the ford,

about half a mile higher up the Mallellè river, (it was upon the bank of the lake which it forms at its mouth that he had thrown himself down,) where he crossed it, and, after about two hours' walk, through a country with which he was well acquainted, he at last reached Mr. Farrell's house. But, unlike men in general who have been so awfully situated, and exposed to such imminent dangers, he said but little of what had happened to him, and only begged for a bath and clothes, and that a dhooly (or sort of palanquin used for the removal of sick soldiers,) might be got ready for him, in which, after a few hours' rest, he returned to Galle, on his way to Colombo.

Colonel Campbell's "Excursions, &c. in Ceylon."

A LONG DAY IN FINLAND.

I AM writing at midnight, *without any lights*, on board the steamboat, *Nicholas the First*, in the gulf of Finland. It is now the close of a day which has nearly the length of a month in these latitudes, beginning about the 8th of June and ending towards the 4th of July. By degrees the nights will reappear; they are very short at first, but insensibly they lengthen as they approach the autumnal equinox. They then increase with the same rapidity as do the days in spring, and soon involve in darkness the north of Russia and Sweden, and all within

the vicinity of the arctic circle. To the countries actually within this circle, the year is divided into a day and a night, each of six months' duration. The tempered darkness of winter continues as long as the dubious and melancholy summer light.

I cannot yet cease from admiring the phenomenon of a polar night, whose clear beam almost equals that of the day. Nothing more interests than the different degrees in which light is distributed to the various portions of the globe. At the end of the year, all the opposite parts of the earth have beheld the same sun during an equal number of hours ; but what a difference between the days ! what a diversity also of temperature and hues ! The sun whose rays strike vertically upon the earth, and the sun whose beams fall obliquely, does not appear the same luminary, at least if we judge by effects.

As for myself, whose existence bears a sympathetic analogy to that of plants, I acknowledge a kind of fatality in climates ; and, impelled by the influence the heavens have over my mind, willingly pay respect to the theory of Montesquieu. To such a degree are my temper and faculties subject to the action of the atmosphere, that I cannot doubt its effects upon politics. But the genius of Montesquieu has exaggerated and carried too far the consequences of this belief. Obstinacy of opinion is the rock on which genius has too often made shipwreck. Powerful minds will only see what they wish to see : the world is within themselves ; they understand everything but that which is told to them.

About an hour ago, I beheld the sun sinking in the ocean between the NN.W. and N. He has left behind a long bright track, which continues to light me at this midnight hour, and enables me to write upon deck while my fellow-passengers are sleeping. As I lay down my pen to look around, I perceive already towards the NN.E. the first streaks of morning light. Yesterday is not ended, yet to-morrow is begun. The sublimity of this polar scene I feel as a compensation for all the toils of the journey. In these regions of the globe the day is one continued morning, which never performs the promises of its birth. This singular twilight precedes neither day nor night; for the things which bear those names in southern countries have in reality no existence here. The magic effects of colour, the religious dimness of night, are forgotten; nature appears no longer a painting, but a sketch; and it is difficult to preserve belief in the wonders of those blest climates where the sun reigns in his full power.

The sun of the north is an alabaster lamp, hung breast-high, and revolving between heaven and earth. This lamp, burning (for weeks and months) without interruption, sheds its melancholy rays over a vault, which it scarcely lightens; nothing is bright, but all things are visible. The face of nature, everywhere equally illuminated by this pale light, resembles that of a poet rapt in vision and hoary with years. It is Ossian who remembers his loves no more, and who listens only to the voices of the tombs.

The aspect of these unvaried surfaces—of distances without objects, horizons undefined, and lines half effaced—all this, this confusion of form and colouring, throws me into a gentle reverie, the peaceful awakening from which is as like death as life. The soul resembles the scene, and rests suspended between day and night—between waking and sleeping. It is no lively pleasure that it feels; the raptures of passion cease, but the inquietude of violent desires ceases also. If there is not exemption from ennui, there is from sorrow; a perpetual repose possesses both the mind and the body, the image of which is reflected by this indolent light, that spreads its mortal coldness equally over day and night, over the ocean and the land; blended into one by the icy hand of winter, and the overspreading mantle of the polar snows.

The light of these flat regions near the pole accords well with the bright blue eyes, the inexpressive features, the pale locks, and the timidly romantic imagination of the women of the North. These women are for ever dreaming what others are enacting; of them more especially can it be said, that life is but the vision of a shadow.

In approaching these northerly regions you seem to be climbing the platform of a chain of glaciers; the nearer you advance, the more perfectly is the illusion realised. The globe itself seems to be the mountain you are ascending. The moment you attain the summit of this large alp, you experience what is felt less vividly in ascending other alps: the rocks sink, the precipices crumble away, population recedes, the earth is beneath your feet, you touch the pole.

Viewed from such elevation, the earth appears diminished, but the sea rises and forms around you a vaguely defined circle; you continue as though mounting to the summit of a dome—a dome which is the world, and whose architect is God.

From thence the eye extends over frozen seas and crystal fields, in which imagination might picture the abodes of the blest, unchangeable inhabitants of an immutable heaven.

Such were the feelings I experienced in approaching the Gulf of Bothnia, whose northern limits extend to Torneo.

The coast of Finland, generally considered mountainous, appears to me but a succession of gentle, imperceptible hills; all is lost in the distance and indistinctness of the misty horizon. This untransparent atmosphere deprives objects of their lively colours; everything is dulled and dimmed beneath its heavens of mother-of-pearl. The vessels, just visible in the horizon, quickly disappear again, for the glimmering of the perpetual twilight, to which they here give the name of day, scarcely lights up the waters; it has not power to gild the sails of a distant vessel. The canvas of a ship under full sail in northern seas, in place of shining as it does in other latitudes, is darkly figured against the gray curtain of heaven; which resembles a sheet spread out for the representation of Chinese figures. I am ashamed to confess it, but the view of nature in the North reminds me, in spite of myself, of an enormous magic-lantern, whose lamp gives a bad light, and the figures on whose glasses are worn with use. I dislike compa-

risons which degrade the subject ; but we must, at any rate, endeavour to describe our conceptions. It is easier to admire than to disparage ; nevertheless, to describe with truth, the feeling that prompts both sentiments must be suffered to operate.

On entering these whitened deserts, a poetic terror takes possession of the soul ; you pause, affrighted, on the threshold of the palace of winter. As you advance in these abodes of cold illusions, of visions, brilliant, though with a silvered rather than a golden light, an indefinable kind of sadness takes possession of the heart ; the failing imagination ceases to create, or its feeble conceptions resemble only the undefined forms of the wanly glittering clouds that meet the eye.

When the mind reverts from the scenery to itself, it is to partake of the hitherto incomprehensible melancholy of the people of the North ; and to feel, as they feel, the fascination of their monotonous poetry. This initiation into the pleasures of sadness is painful, while it is pleasing ; you follow with slow steps the chariot of death, chaunting hymns of lamentation, yet of hope ; your sorrowing soul lends itself to the illusions around, and sympathises with the objects that meet the sight ; the air, the mist, the water, all produce a novel impression. There is, whether the impression be made through the organ of smell or of touch, something strange and unusual in the sensation ; it announces to you that you are approaching the confines of the habitable world ; the icy zone is before you, and the polar air pierces even to the heart. This is not agreeable, but it is novel and very strange.

Marquis de Custine's " Empire of the Czar."

A FORTNIGHT ON THE GREAT WESTERN PRAIRIES.

THE morning breezes of the 9th of June were bland, and a thousand young flowers gemmed the grassy plains. It seemed as if the tints of a brighter sky, and the increasing beauty of the earth, were lifting the clouds from the future and shedding vigour upon our withering hopes. We crossed the Osage river at eight in the morning ; passed through the groves which border it, and continued to follow the Santa Fe trail. The portion of country over which it ran to-day, was undulating and beautiful ; the soil rich, very deep, and intersected by three small streams, which appeared, from their courses, to be tributary to the Osage. At nightfall, we found ourselves upon a height overlooking a beautiful grove. This we supposed to be Council Grove. On the swell of the hill were the remains of an old Kauzaus encampment. A beautiful clear spring gushed out from the rock below. The whole was so inviting to us, weary and hungry as we were, that we determined to make our bed for the night on the spot. Accordingly, we fired signal-guns for the hunters, pitched our tents, broke up the boughs which had been used by the Indians in building their wigwams for fuel, and proceeded to cook our supper. This encampment was made by the Kauzaus six

years ago, when on their way south to their annual buffalo hunt. A semicircular piece of ground was inclosed by the outer lodges. The area was filled with wigwams, built in straight lines, running from the diameter to the circumference. They were constructed in the following manner. Boughs of about two inches in diameter were inserted by their butts in the ground, and withed together at the top in an arched form. Over these were spread blankets, skins of the buffalo, &c. Fires were built in front of each ; the grass beneath, covered with skins, made a delightful couch, and the Indian's home was complete. Several yards from the outer semicircular row of lodges, and parallel to it, we found large stakes driven firmly into the earth for the purpose of securing their horses during the night. We appropriated to ourselves, without hesitation, whatever we found here of earth, wood, and water that could be useful to us, and were soon very comfortable. About nine o'clock, our signal-guns were answered by the return of our hunters. They had scoured the country all day in quest of game, but found none. Our hopes were somewhat depressed by this result. We had but 100 pounds of flour and one side of bacon left ; and the buffalo, by the best estimate we could make, were still 300 miles distant. The country between us and these animals, too, being constantly scoured by Indian hunters, afforded us but little prospect of obtaining other game. We did not, however, dwell very minutely upon the evils that might await us ; but, having put ourselves upon

short allowances, and looked at our horses as the means of preventing starvation, we sought rest for the fatigues of the next day's march. In the morning we moved down the hill. Our way lay directly through the little grove already referred to ; and, however we might have admired its freshness and beauty, we were deterred from entering into the full enjoyment of the scene by the necessity which we thought existed of keeping a sharp look-out among its green recesses for the lurking savage. This grove is the northern limit of the wanderings of the Cumanches, a tribe of Indians that make their home on the rich plains along the western borders of the Republic of Texas. Their ten thousand warriors, however, their incomparable horsemanship, their terrible charge that can scarcely be resisted by the troops of the Saxon race ; their loading and firing, outstripping the movement of minutes in rapidity, did not arrest our march. And merrily did we cross the Savannah between the woodland, from which we had emerged, and Council Grove—a beautiful lawn of the wilderness ; some of the men hoping for the sweets of a bee-tree ; others, for a shot at a turkey or deer ; and still others, that among the drooping boughs and silent glades might be found the panting loins of a stately elk. Council Grove derives its name from the practice among the traders from the commencement of the overland commerce with the Mexican dominions, of assembling there for the appointment of officers, and the establishment of rules and regulations to govern their march through

the dangerous country south of it. They first elect their commander-in-chief. His duty is to appoint subordinate leaders, and to divide the owners and men into watches, and assign them their several hours of duty in guarding the camp during the remainder of their perilous journey. He also divides the caravan into two parts, each of which forms a column when on march. In these lines he assigns each team the place in which it must always be found. Having arranged these several matters, the council breaks up ; and the commander, with the guard on duty, moves off in advance to select the track and anticipate approaching danger. After this guard, the head teams of each column lead off about 30 feet apart, and the others follow in regular lines ; rising and dipping gloriously ; 200 men, 100 wagons, 800 mules ; shoutings and whippings, and whistlings and cheerings, are all there ; and amidst them all the hardy Yankees move happily onward to the siege of the mines of Montezuma. Several objects are gained by this arrangement of the wagons. If they are attacked on march by the Cumanche cavalry or other foes, the leading teams file to the right and left and close the front ; and the hindermost, by a similar movement, close the rear ; and thus they form an oblong rampart of wagons laden with cotton goods, that effectually shields teams and men from the small-arms of the Indians. The same arrangement is made when they halt for the night. Within the area are put, after they are fed, many of the more valuable horses and the oxen. The

remainder of the animals are "staked," *i. e.*, tied to stakes, at a distance of twenty or thirty yards, around the line of the wagons. The ropes by which they are fastened are from thirty to forty feet in length, and the stakes to which they are attached are carefully driven at such distances apart as shall prevent their being entangled one with another. Among these animals the guard on duty is stationed, standing motionless near them, or crouching, so as to discover every moving spot upon the horizon of night. The reasons assigned for this, by those who are wise in such matters, are, that a guard in motion would be discovered, and fired upon by the cautious savage before his presence could be known; and further, that it is impossible to discern the approach of an Indian creeping among the grass in the dark, unless the eye of the observer be so close to the ground as to bring the whole surface lying within the range of vision between it and the line of light around the lower edge of the horizon. If the camp be attacked, the guard fire and retreat to the wagons. The whole body then take positions for defence; sometimes sallying out and rescuing their animals from the grasp of the Indians; or, concealed behind their wagons, load and fire upon the intruders with all possible skill and rapidity. And many were the bloody battles fought on the "trail," and such were some of the anxieties and dangers that attended and still attend the "Santa Fe trade." And many are the graves along the track, of those who have fallen before the terrible cavalry of the Cumanches. They

slumber alone in this ocean of plains. No tear bedews their graves. No lament of affection breaks the stillness of their tomb. The tramp of savage horsemen—the deep bellowings of the buffalo—the nightly howl of the restive wolf—the storms that sweep down at midnight from the groaning caverns of the “shining heights;” or, when Nature is in a tenderer mood—the sweet breeze that seems to whisper among the wild flowers that nod over his dust in the spring—say to the dead “You are alone, no kindred bones moulder at your side.”

We traversed Council Grove with the same caution, and in the same manner, as we had the other. A platoon of four persons in advance, to see the first appearance of an ambuscade; behind these, the pack-animals and their drivers, on each side an unincumbered horseman; in the rear, a platoon of four men, all on the look out, silent, with rifles lying on the saddles in front, steadily winding along the path that the heavy wagons of the traders had made among the matted under-brush. In this manner we marched half a mile, and emerged from the Grove at a place where the gentlemen traders had a few days before held their council. The grass in the vicinity had been gnawed to the earth by their numerous animals; their fires were still smouldering and smoking; and the ruts in the road were fresh. These indications of our vicinity to the great body of the traders produced an exhilarating effect on our spirits; and we drove merrily away along the trail, cheered with renewed hopes that we should overtake our countrymen, and be saved from starvation.

The Grove that we were now leaving was the largest and most beautiful that we had passed since leaving the frontier of the States. The trees, maple, ash, hickory, black walnut, cotton-wood, oaks of several kinds, butternut, and a great variety of shrubs, clothed with the sweet foliage of June ; a pure stream of water murmuring along a gravelly bottom, and the songs of the robin and thrush, made Council Grove a source of delights to us, akin to those that warm the hearts of pilgrims in the great deserts of the East, when they behold from the hills of scorching sands the green thorn-tree by the side of the welling spring. For we also were pilgrims in a land destitute of the means of subsistence, with a morsel only of meat and bread per day, lonely and hungry ; and although we were among grassy plains instead of sandy wastes, we had freezing storms, tempests, tornadoes of lightning and hail, which, if not similar in the means, were certainly equal in the amount of discomfort they produced, to the sand-storms of the great Sahara.

But we were leaving the Grove, and the protection it might yield us in such disagreeable circumstances. On the shrubless plain again ! To our right the prairie rose gradually, and stretched away for ten miles, forming a bold and beautiful outline of the horizon. The whole was covered with a fine coat of grass, a foot in height, which was at this season of the deepest and richest green. Behind us lay a dark line of timber reaching from the Grove far into the eastern limits of sight, till the leafy tops seemed to wave and mingle among the grass of the wild swelling

meadows. The eye was pained in endeavouring to embrace the view. A sense of vastness, beautiful vastness, was the single and sole conception of the mind! We had advanced a few miles in the open country, when we discovered, on the summit to the right, a small band of Indians. They proved to be a party of Caws or Kauzaus. As soon as they discovered our approach, two of them started in different directions, at the top of their speed, to spread the news of our arrival among the remote members of the party. The remainder urged on with all practicable velocity their pack-horses, laden with meat, skins, blankets, and the other paraphernalia of a hunting excursion. We pursued our way, making no demonstrations of any kind, until one old *brave* left his party, came towards us, and stationing himself beside our path, awaited our near approach. He stood bolt upright and motionless. As we advanced, we noted closely his appearance and position. He had no clothing, save a blanket, tied over the left shoulder and drawn under the right arm. His head was shaven entirely bare, with the exception of a tuft of hair about two inches in width, extending from the centre of the occiput over the middle of the head to the forehead. It was short and coarse, and stood erect, like the comb of a cock. His figure was the perfection of physical beauty. He was five feet nine or ten inches in height, and looked the Indian in everything. He stood by the roadside, apparently perfectly at ease; and seemed to regard all surrounding objects with as much interest as he did us. This,

everybody knows, is the distinguishing characteristic of the Indian. If a bolt of thunder could be embodied and put in living form before their eyes, it would not startle them from their gravity. So stood our savage friend, to all appearances unaware of our approach. Not a muscle of his body or face moved, until we rode up and proffered him a friendly hand. He seized it eagerly, and continued to shake it very warmly, uttering meanwhile, with great emphasis and rapidity, the words "How de," "how," "how," "how." As soon as one individual had withdrawn his hand from his grasp, he passed to another, repeating the same process and the same words. From the careful watch we had kept upon his movements since he took his station, we had noticed that a very delicate operation had been performed upon the lock of his gun. Something had been warily removed therefrom, and slipped into the leathern pouch worn at his side. We expected, therefore, that the never-failing appeal to our charities would be made for something; and in this we were not disappointed. As soon as the greetings were over, he showed us, with the most solicitous gestures, that his piece had no flint. We furnished him with one; and he then signified to us that he would like something to put in the pan; and having given him something of all, he departed, at the rapid swinging gait so peculiar to his race. As we advanced, the prairie became more gently undulating. The heaving ridges which had made our trail, thus far, appear to pass over an immense sea, the billows of which had been changed to waving meadows, the

instant they had escaped from the embraces of the tempest, gave place to wide and gentle swells, scarcely perceptible over the increased expanse in sight. Ten miles on the day's march; the animals were tugging lustily through the mud, when the advance guard shouted "Elk! Elk! to the right!" a mile and a half away; and "Elk," and "steaks broiled," and "ribs boiled," and "marrow-bones," and "no more hunger;" "Oregon for ever, starve or live," were some of the ejaculations of my companions, as an appointed number filed off to the chase.

The hunters circled around the point of the sharp ridge on which the elk were feeding, in order to bring them between themselves and the wind; and lying closely to their horses' necks, they rode slowly and silently up the ravine towards them. While these movements were making, the cavalcade moved quietly along the trail, for the purpose of diverting the attention of the elk from the hunters; and thus were the latter enabled to approach within 300 yards of the game before they were discovered. But the instant—that awful instant to our gnawing appetites—the instant that the elk saw the crouching forms of their pursuers nearing them, tossing their heads in the air, and snuffing disdainfully at such attempt to deceive their wakeful senses, they put hoof to turf in fine style. The hunters attempted pursuit; but having to ascend one side of the ridge, while the elk in their flight descended the other, they were at least 400 yards distant before the first bullet whistled after them. None killed! none! and we were

obliged to console our hunger with the hope that three hunters, who had been despatched a-head this morning, would meet with more success. We encamped soon after this tourney of ill-luck—ate one of the last morsels of food that remained—stationed the night-guard—pitched our tent—and, fatigued and famished, stretched ourselves within it.

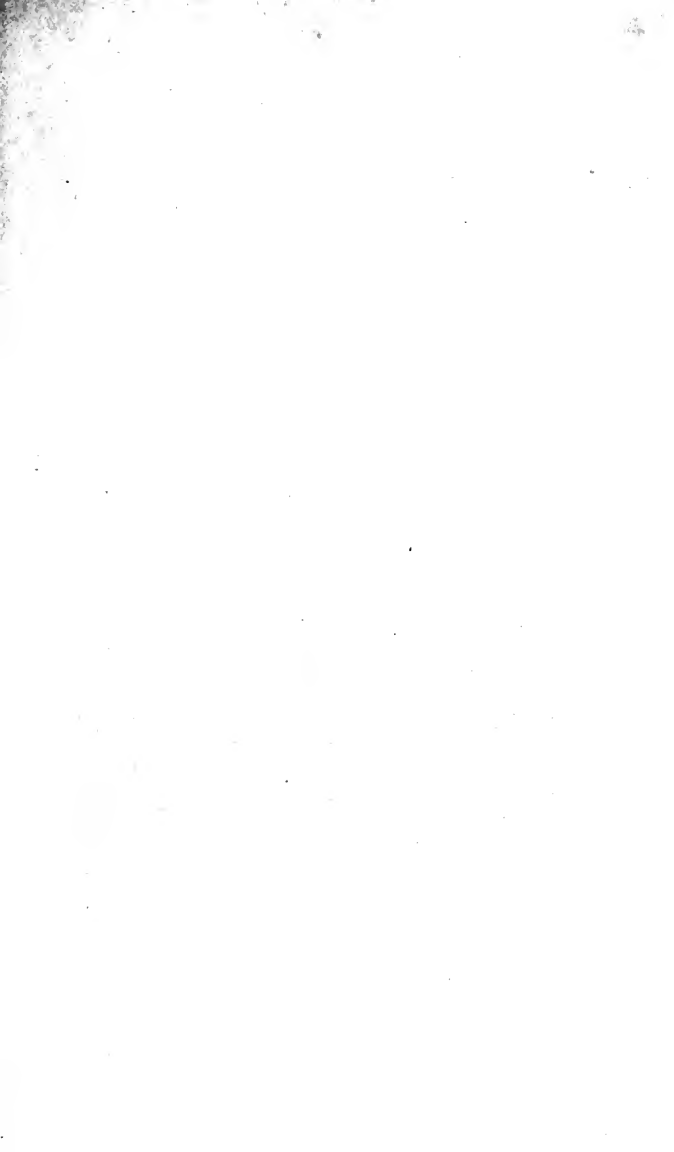
On the following day we made twenty-five miles over a prairie, nearly level and occasionally marshy. In the afternoon we were favoured with what we had scarcely failed for a single day to receive, since the commencement of our journey, viz.: all several and singular the numerous benefits of a thunder-storm. As we went into camp at night, the fresh ruts along the trail indicated the near vicinity of the Santa Fe teams. No sleep; spent the night in drying our drenched bodies and clothes.

On the 12th under way very early; and travelled briskly along, intending to overtake the traders before nightfall. But another thunder-storm for a while arrested the prosecution of our desires. It was about 3 o'clock, when a black cloud arose in the south-east, another in the south-west, and still another in the north-east; and, involving and evolving themselves like those that accompany tornadoes of other countries, they rose with awful rapidity towards the zenith. Having mingled their dreadful masses over our heads, for a moment they struggled so terrifically that the winds appeared hushed at the voice of their dread artillery—a moment of direful battle; and yet not a breath of wind. We looked up for the coming

of the catastrophe foretold by the awful stillness ; and had scarcely beheld the troubled clouds, when they appeared rent in fragments by an explosion of electricity, that all my previous conceptions of grandeur and sublimity could never have allowed me to believe might exist. And then, as if every energy of the destroying elements had been roused by this mighty effort, peal upon peal of thunder rolled around, and up and down the heavens ; and the burning bolts leaped from cloud to cloud across the sky and from heaven to earth in such fearful rapidity, that the lurid glare of one had scarcely fallen on the sight, when another followed of still greater intensity. The senses were absolutely stunned by the conflict. Our animals, partaking of the stupifying horror of the scene, madly huddled themselves together, and became immovable. They heeded neither whip nor spur ; but with back to the tempest drooped their heads, as if waiting their doom. The hail and rain came in torrents. The plains were converted into a sea. The sky, overflowing with floods, lighted by a continual blaze of electric fire ; the creation trembling at the voice of the warring heavens ! It was a scene fit for the pencil of a Raphael when sketching the bursting foundations of the world, as the ark of Scripture loosed its cable on the billows of the flood.

After the violence of the storm had in some degree abated, we pursued our way, weary, cold, and hungry. About six o'clock we overtook a company of Santa Fe traders, commanded by Captain Kelly. The gloom of the atmosphere was such when we

approached his camp, that Captain K. supposed us Indians, and took measures accordingly to defend himself. Having stationed his twenty-nine men within the barricade formed by his wagons, he himself, accompanied by a single man, came out to reconnoitre ; and he was not less agreeably affected to find us whites and friends, than were we at the prospect of society and food. Traders always carry a supply of wood over these naked plains, and it may be supposed that, drenched and pelted as we had been by the storm, we did not hesitate to accept the offer of their fire to cook our supper and warm ourselves. But the rain continued to fall in cold shivering floods : and, fire excepted, we might as well have been elsewhere as in company with our countrymen, who were as badly sheltered and fed as ourselves. We therefore cast about for our own means of comfort ; and while some were cooking our morsel of supper, others staked out the animals, others pitched our tent, and all, when tasks were done, huddled under its shelter. We now numbered thirteen. This quantity of human flesh, standing upon an area of eighteen feet in diameter, gave off a sufficient quantity of animal heat in a short time to render our trembling forms somewhat comfortable. We ate our scanty suppers, drank the water from the puddles, and sought rest. But all our packs being wet, we had no change of wardrobe that would have enabled us to have done so with a hope of success. We spread our wet blankets upon the mud, put our saddles under our heads, had a song





INCIDENT ON THE PRAIRIE.

from our jolly Joe, and mused and shivered until morning.

As the sun of the 13th rose we drove our animals through Cottonwood creek. It had been very much swollen by the rains of the previous day ; and our packs and ourselves were again thoroughly wet. But once out of mire and the dangers of the flood, our hearts beat merrily as we lessened step by step the distance from Oregon.

Our hunters who had been despatched from Council Grove in search of game, had rejoined us in Kelly's camp ; and as our larder had not been improved by the hunt, another party was sent out under orders to advance to the Buffalo with all possible alacrity, and send back to the main body a portion of the first meat that should be taken. This was a day of mud and discomfort. Our pack and riding animals, constantly annoyed by the slippery clay beneath them, became restive, and not unfrequently relieved themselves of riders or packs, with little apparent respect for the wishes of their masters. And yet, as if a thousand thorns should hatchel out at least one rose, we had one incident of lively interest, for while halting to secure the load of a pack-mule, whose obstinacy would have entitled him to that name, whatever had been his form, we espied upon the side of a neighbouring ravine several elk and antelope. The men uttered pleas for their stomachs at the sight of so much fine meat, and with teeth shut in the agony of starving expectation, primed anew their rifles and rushed away for the prize. Hope is very delusive

when it hunts elk upon the open plain. This fact was never more painfully true than in the present instance. They were approached against the wind—the ravines that were deepest, and ran nearest the elk, were traversed in such manner that the hunters were within 300 yards before they were discovered by the wary elk; and then never did horses run nearer their topmost speed for a stake in dollars than did ours for a steak of meat. But, alas! the little advantage gained at the start from the bewildered inaction of the game, began to diminish as soon as those fleet coursers of the prairie laid their nimble hoofs to sward, and pledged life upon speed. In this exigency a few balls were sent whistling after them, but they soon slept in the earth instead of the panting hearts they were designed to render pulseless: and we returned to our lonely and hungry march. We encamped at sunset on the banks of a branch of the Arkansas. This night our rations were reduced to one-eighth of a pint of flour to each man. This, as our custom was, was kneaded with water, and baked, or rather dried, in our frying-pan over a fire sufficiently destitute of combustibles to have satisfied the most fastidious miser in that line. Thus refreshed, and our clothing dried in the wind during the day, we hugged our rifles to our hearts and slept soundly.

The sun of the following morning was unusually bright—the sky cloudless and delightfully blue. These were new pleasures. For the heavens and the earth had, till that morning, since our departure from

Peoria, scourged us with every discouragement within the laws of matter to produce. Now all around us smiled. Dame Nature, a prude though she be, seemed pleased that she had belaboured our courage with so little success. And to add to the joy of the occasion, a herd of oxen and mules were feeding and lowing upon the opposite bank of the stream. They belonged to the Messrs. Bents, who have a trading post upon the Arkansas. One of the partners and thirty odd men were on the way to St. Louis, with ten wagons laden with peltries. They were also driving down 200 Santa Fe sheep, and forty horses and mules, for the Missouri market. These animals are usually purchased from the Spaniards for the merest trifle; and if the Indians prove far enough from the track to permit the purchaser to drive them into the States, his investment is unusually profitable. The Indians, too, residing along the Mexican frontier, not unfrequently find it convenient to steal large numbers of mules, &c. from their no less swarthy neighbours; and from the ease with which they acquire them, find themselves able and willing to sell them to gentlemen-traders for a very easily arranged compensation. Of all or a part of these sources of gain, it would seem the Messrs. Bents avail themselves; since, on meeting the gentleman in charge of the wagons before spoken of, he informed us that he had lost thirty Mexican mules and seven horses. He desired us, as we intended to pass his post, to recover and take them back. A request of any kind from a white face in the wilderness is never denied. Accord-

ingly we agreed to do as he desired, if within our power.

We made little progress to-day. Our packs, that had been soaked by storm and stream, required drying; and for that purpose we went early into camp. The country in which we now were was by no means sacred to safety of life, limb, and property. The Pawnee and Cumanche war parties roam through it during the spring and summer months, for plunder and scalps. The guards which we had had on the alert since leaving Council Grove were, therefore, carefully stationed at nightfall among the animals around the tent, and urged to the most careful watchfulness. But no foe molested us. In the expressive language of the giant of our band, prefaced always with an appropriate sigh and arms a-kimbo, "We were not murdered yet."

About twelve o'clock of the 14th we passed Little Arkansas. Our hunters had been there the previous night, and had succeeded in taking a dozen cat-fish. Their own keen hunger had devoured a part of them without pepper, or salt, or bread, or vegetable. The remainder we found attached to a bush in the stream, in an unwholesome state of decomposition. They were taken up and examined by the senses of sight and smell alternately; and viewed and smelt again in reference to our ravenous palates; and although some doubt may have existed in regard to the Hebrew principle of devouring so unclean a thing, our appetites allowed of no demurring. We roasted and ate as our companions had done.

I had an opportunity at this place to observe the great extent of the rise and fall of these streams of the plains in a single day or night. It would readily be presumed, by those who have a correct idea of the floods of water that the thunder-storms of this region pour upon these rolling prairies, that a few miles of the channels of a number of the creeks over which the storms pass may be filled to the brim in an hour, and that there are prenomina of floods and falls of water occurring in this vast den of tempests, such as are found nowhere else. Still, with this evidently true explanation in mind, it was with some difficulty that I yielded to the evidences on the banks of the Little Arkansas, that that stream had fallen fifteen feet during the last twelve hours. It was still too deep for the safety of the pack-animals, in an attempt to ford it in the usual way. The banks, also, at the fording place, were left by the retiring flood a most unfriendly quagmire ; so soft, that a horse without burden could with the greatest difficulty drag himself through it to the water below. In our extremity, however, we resorted to the Chilian mode of overcoming such difficulties ;—tied our lashing lines together, and attached one end to a strong stake on the side we occupied, sent the other across the stream by a vigorous swimmer, and tied it firmly to a tree. Our baggage, saddles, and clothing, attached to hooks running to and fro on this line, we securely passed over. The horses being then driven across at the ill-omened ford, and ourselves over by swimming and other means, we saddled and loaded

our animals with their several burdens, and recommenced our march. The 14th, 15th, and 16th were days of more than ordinary hardships. With barely food enough to support life—drenched daily by thunder-storms, and by swimming and fording the numerous drains of this alluvial region, and wearied by the continual packing and unpacking of our animals, and enfeebled by the dampness of my couch at night, I was so much reduced when I dismounted from my horse on the evening of the 16th, that I was unable to loosen the girth of my saddle or spread my blanket for repose.

The soil thus far from the frontier appeared to be from three to six feet in depth—generally undulating, and occasionally, far on the western horizon, broken into ragged and picturesque bluffs. Between the swells we occasionally met small tracts of marshy ground, saturated with brackish water.

On the night of the 16th, near the hour of eight o'clock, we were suddenly roused by the rapid trampling of animals in such numbers that made the ground tremble as if an earthquake were rustling beneath it. "Indians!" was the cry from the guard: "Indians!" We had expected an encounter with them as we approached the Buffalo, and were consequently not unprepared for it. Each man seized his rifle and was instantly in position to give the intruders a proper reception. On they came, rushing furiously in a dense column till within thirty yards of our tent, and then wheeling short to the left, abruptly halted. Not a rifle-ball or an

arrow had yet cleft the air. Nor was it so necessary that there should, as it might have been, had we not discovered that instead of bipeds of bloody memory, they were the quadrupeds that had eloped from the fatherly care of Mr. Bent, making a call of ceremony upon their compatriot mules, &c., tied to stakes within our camp.

17th. We were on the trail at seven o'clock. The sun of a fine morning shone upon our ranks of beasts and men. Were I able to sketch the woe-shrivelled visages of my starving men, contorted with occasional bursts of wrath upon Mr. Bent's mules as they displayed their ungrateful heels to us, who had restored them from the indecencies of savage life to the dominion of civilised beings, my readers would say that the sun never looked upon braver appearances, or a more determined disregard of educated loveliness. A long march before us ; the Arkansas and its fish before us ; the buffalo, with all the delicate bits of tender loin and marrow-bones—the remembrance of them inspires me ; with all these before us, who that have the glorious sympathies of the gastric sensibilities within them can suppose that we did not use spur, whip, and goad, with right good-will on that memorable day. Thirty or forty miles—none but the vexed plains can tell which—were travelled by one o'clock. The afternoon hours too were counted slowly. High bluffs and butes, and rolls and salt marshes, alternately appearing and falling behind us, with here and there a plat of thick short grass of the upper plains, and the stray

bunches of the branching columnar and foliated prickly pear indicated that we were approaching some more important course of the mountain waters than any we had yet seen since leaving the majestic Missouri. "On, merrily on," rang from our parched and hungry mouths; and if the cheerful shout did not allay our appetites or thirst, it quickened the pace of our mules, and satisfied each the other of our determined purpose to behold the Arkansas by the light of that day.

During this hurried drive of the afternoon, we became separated from one another among the swells over which our track ran. Two of the advance platoon took the liberty, in the absence of their commander, to give chase to an antelope, that seemed to tantalise their forbearance by exhibiting his fine sirloins to their view. Never did men better earn forgiveness for disobedience of orders. One of them crept, as I learned, half-a-mile upon his hands and knees to get within rifle-shot of his game—shot at 300 yards distance, and brought him down! And now, who in the tameness of an enough-and-to-spare state of existence, in which every emotion of the mind is surfeited and gouty, can estimate our pleasure at seeing these men gallop into our ranks with this antelope? You may "guess," reader, you may "reckon," you may "calculate," or, if learned in the demisemiquavers of modern exquisiteness, you may thrust rudely aside all these wholesome and fat old words of the heart, and "shrewdly imagine," and still you cannot comprehend the feelings of that

moment. Did we shout?—were we silent? No, neither. Did we gather quickly around the horse, stained with the blood of the suspended animal? No, nor this. An involuntary murmur of relief from the most fearful forebodings, and the sudden halt of the riding animals in their tracks, were the only movements, the only acts, that indicated our grateful joy at this deliverance.

Our intention of seeing the Arkansas that night, however, soon banished every other thought from the mind. Whips and spurs, therefore, were freely used upon our wearied animals as they ascended tediously a long roll of prairie, covered with the wild grasses and stunted stalks of the sun-flower. We rightly conceived this to be the bordering ridge of the valley of the Arkansas, for on attaining its summit, we saw ten miles of that stream lying in the sunset like a beautiful lake curved among the windings of the hills. It was six miles distant. The sun was setting. The road lay over sharp rolls of land that rendered it nearly impossible for us to keep our jaded animals on a trot. But the sweet water of that American Nile, and a copse of timber upon its banks that offered us the means of cooking the antelope to satisfy our insufferable hunger, were motives that gave us new energy; and on we went at a rapid pace while sufficient light remained to show us the trail.

When within about a mile and a half of the river, a most annoying circumstance crossed our path. A swarm of the most gigantic and persevering mos-

quitos, that ever gathered tribute from human kind, lighted on us, and demanded blood. Not in the least scrupulous as to the manner in which they urged their claims, they fixed themselves boldly and without ceremony upon our organs of sight, smell, and whipping, the last not least in our situation; in such numbers, that in consequence of the employments they gave ourselves, in keeping them at the distance which a well-defined respect for our divine faces would have rendered proper, and in consequence of the pain which they inflicted upon our restive animals, we lost the trail. And now came quagmires, flounderings, and mud, such as would have taught the most hardened rebel in morals that deviations from the path of duty lead sometimes to pain, sometimes to swamps. Long perseverance at length enabled us to reach the great "River of the Plains."

We tarried for a moment upon the banks of the stream, and cast about to extricate ourselves from the Egyptian plagues around us. It appeared that to regain our track in the darkness of night, now becoming mingled with a dense fog, was no easy task. We, however, took the lead of a swell of land that ran across it, and in thirty minutes entered a path so well marked that we could thread our way onward till we should find wood sufficient to cook our supper. That was a dreary ride. The stars gave a little light among the mist, which enabled us to discern on the even line of the horizon a small speck that, after three hours' travel, we found to be a small grove of cotton-wood upon an island. We encamped near it;

and, after our baggage was piled up so as to form a circle of breastworks for defence, our weariness was such that we sank among it supperless, and slept with nothing but the heavens over us ; and although we were in the range of the Cumanche hunting as well as war parties, the guards slept in spite of the savage eyes that might be gloating vengeance upon our little band. No fear nor war-whoop could have broken the slumbers of that night. It was a temporary death. Nature had made its extreme effort, and sunk in helplessness till its ebbing energies should reflow. The morning of the 18th of June brought us clear weather and fine spirits. We were early up—early around among our animals, to pull up the stakes to which they were tied, and drive them fast again where they might graze while we should eat. Then to the care of our noble selves. We wrestled manfully with the frying-pan and roasting-stick ; and anon in the very manner that one sublime act always follows its predecessor, tore bone from bone the antelope ribs, with so strong a grip and such unrestrained delight, that a truly philosophic observer might have discovered in the flash of our eyes, and the quick energetic motion of the nether portions of our physiognomies, that eating, though an uncommon, was nevertheless our favourite occupation. And then “catch up,” “saddles on,” “packs on,” “mount,” “march,” all severally said and done, we were *en route*, hurry-scurry, with forty loose mules and horses leering, kicking, and braying ; and some six or eight pack-animals making every honourable effort to free

themselves from servitude, while we were applying to their heads and ears certain gentle intimations that such ambitious views accorded poorly with their masters' wishes.

In the course of the day we crossed several tributaries of the Arkansas. At one of these, called by the traders Big Turkey Creek, we were forced to resort again to our Chilian bridge. In consequence of the spongy nature of the soil, and the scarcity of timber, there was more difficulty here in procuring fastenings for our ropes than in any previous instance. We at length, however, obtained pieces of flood-wood, and drove them into the soft banks "at an inclination," said he of the axe, "of precisely 45° to the plane of the horizon." Thus supported by the powerful aid of 45° of the firmament, the stakes stood sufficiently firm for our purposes; and our bags, packs, selves, and beasts, were over in a trice, and in the half of that mathematical fraction of time we were repacked, remounted, and trotting off at a generous pace up the Arkansas. The river appeared quite unlike the streams of the east and south and south-west portions of the States in all its qualities. Its banks were low, one-and-a-half foot above the medium stage of water, composed of an alluvion of sand and loam as hard as a public highway, and, in the main, covered with a species of wiry grass, that seldom grows to more than one-and-a-half or two inches in height. The sun-flower, of stunted growth, and a lonely bush of willow, or an ill-shaped sapless cotton-wood tree, whose decayed trunk trembled

under the weight of years, grew here and there. Bluffs of clay or coarse sandstone occurring occasionally, relieved in some degree the monotony of this region. The stream itself was generally three-quarters of a mile in width, with a current of five miles per hour, water three-and-a-half to four feet, and of a chalky whiteness. It was extremely sweet, so delicious that some of my men declared it an excellent substitute for milk. Camped on the bank of the river where the common tall grass of the prairie grew plentifully, posted our night-guard, and made a part of our meat into a soup for supper. Here I shall be expected by those civilised monsters who live by eating and drinking, to give a description of the manner of making this soup. It was indeed a rare dish. And my friends of the trencher, ye who have been spiced and peppered and salted from your youth up, do not distort your nasal protuberances when I declare that of all the vulgar innovations upon kitchen science that civilisation has patched upon the good old style of the patriarchs, nothing has produced so beastly an effect upon taste as these selfsame condiments of salt, pepper, &c. Woeful heresy ! human nature peppered and salted ! an abomination, in my humble opinion, that calls for the full force of the world's moral and physical posse to exterminate. But to our soup. It was made of simple meat and water—of pure water, such as kings drank from the streams of the good old land of pyramids and flies, and of the wild meat of the wilderness, untainted with any of the aforesaid

condiments, simply boiled, and then eaten with strong durable iron spoons and butcher-knives. Here I cannot restrain myself from penning one strong and irrepressible emotion that I well remember crowded through my heart while stretched upon my couch after our repast. The exceeding comfort of body and mind at that moment undoubtedly gave it being. It was an emotion of condolence for those of my fellow-mortals who are engaged in the manufacture of rheumatisms and gout. Could they only for an hour enter the portals of prairie life, for one hour breathe the inspirations of a hunter's transcendentalism, for one hour feed upon the milk and honey and marrow of life's pure unpeppered and unsalted viands, how soon would they forsake that ignoble employment, how soon would their hissing and vulgar laboratories of disease and graves be forsaken, and the crutch and Brandreth's pills be gathered to the tombs of the fathers ! But as I am an indifferent practitioner of these sublime teachings, I will pass, and inform my readers that the next day's march terminated in an encampment with the hunters I had sent forward for game. They had fared even worse than ourselves. Four of the seven days they had been absent from the company—they had been without food. Many of the streams, too, that were forded easily by us, were, when they passed, wide and angry floods. These they were obliged to swim, to the great danger of their lives.

On the 18th, however, they overtook Messrs. Walworth and Alvarez's teams, and were treated

with great hospitality by those gentlemen. On the same day they killed a buffalo bull, pulled off the flesh from the back, and commenced drying it over a slow fire, preparatory to packing. On the morning of the 19th, two of them started off for us with some strips of meat dangling over the shoulders of their horses. They met us about four o'clock, and with us returned to the place of drying the meat. Our horses were immediately turned loose to eat the dry grass, while we feasted ourselves upon roasted tongue and liver. After this we "caught up," and went eight miles with the intention of encamping with the Santa Feans. We travelled briskly onward for two hours, when we came upon the brow of a hill that overlooks the valley of Pawnee Fork, the largest branch of the Arkansas on its northern side. The Santa Fe traders had encamped on the east bank of the stream. The wagons surrounded an oval piece of ground, their shafts or tongues outside, and the forward wheel of each abreast of the hind wheel of the one before it. This arrangement gave them a fine aspect when viewed from the hill over which we were passing. But we had scarcely time to see the little I have described, when a terrific scream of "Pawnee," "Pawnee," arose from a thousand tongues on the farther bank of the river; and Indian women and children ran and shrieked horribly "Pawnee," "Pawnee," as they sought the glens and bushes of the neighbourhood. We were puzzled to know the object of such an outburst of savage delight as we deemed it to be, and for a time thought

that we might well expect our blood to slumber with the buffalo, whose bones lay bleaching around us. The camp of the traders also was in motion ; arms were seized, and horses saddled in "hot haste." A moment more, and two whites were galloping warily near us ; a moment more brought twenty savage warriors in full paint and plume around us. A quick reconnoitre, and the principal chief rode briskly up to me, shook me warmly by the hand, and with a clearly apparent friendship said, "Sacre foedus" (holy league), "Kauzaus," "Caw." His warriors followed his example. As soon as our friendly greetings were discovered by some of the minor chiefs, they galloped their fleet horses at full speed over the river, and the women and children issued from their concealments, and lined the bank with their dusky forms. The chiefs rode with us to our camping ground, and remained till dark, examining with great interest the various articles of our travelling equipage ; and particularly our tent, as it unfolded its broad sides like magic, and assumed the form of a solid white cone. Every arrangement being made to prevent these accomplished thieves from stealing our horses, &c., we supped, and prepared to make calls upon our neighbours.

The owners of the Santa Fe wagons were men who had seen much of life. Urbane and hospitable, they received us in the kindest manner, and gave us much information in regard to the mountains, the best modes of defence, &c., that proved in our experience remarkably correct. During the afternoon,

the chiefs of the Kauzaus sent me a number of buffalo-tongues, and other choice bits of meats. But the filth discoverable upon their persons generally deterred us from using them. For this they cared little. If their presents were accepted, an obligation was by their laws incurred on our part, from which we could only be relieved by presents in return. To this rule of Indian etiquette we submitted; and a council was accordingly held between myself and the principal chief, through an interpreter, to determine upon the amount and quality of my indebtedness in this regard. The final arrangement was, that in consideration of the small amount of property I had then in possession, I should give him two pounds of tobacco, a side-knife, and a few papers of vermilion; but that, on my return, which would be in fourteen moons, I must be very rich, and give him more.

To all which obligations and pleasant prophecies I, of course, gave my most hearty concurrence. The Caws are notorious thieves. We therefore put out a double guard to-night to watch their predatory operations, with instructions to fire upon them if they attempted to take our animals. Neither guard nor instructions, however, proved of use; for the tempest, which the experienced old Santa Feans had seen in the bank of thunder-cloud in the north-west at sunset proved a more efficient protection than the arm of man. The cloud rose slowly during the early part of the night, and appeared to hang in suspense of executing its awful purpose.

The lightning and heavy rumbling of the thunder were frightful. It came to the zenith about twelve o'clock. When in that position, the cloud covered one-half of the heavens, and for some minutes was nearly stationary. After this, the wind broke forth upon it at the horizon, and rolled up the dark masses over our heads—now swelling, now rending to shreds its immense folds ; but as yet, not a breath of air moved upon the plains. The animals stood motionless and silent at the spectacle. The nucleus of electricity was at the zenith, and thence large bolts at last leapt in every direction, and lighted for an instant the earth and skies so intensely, that the eyes could not endure the brightness. The report that followed was appalling. The ground trembled, the horses and mules shook with fear, and attempted to escape. But where could they or ourselves have found shelter ? The clouds at the next moment appeared in the wildest commotion, struggling with the wind. “Where shall we fly ?” could scarcely have been spoken before the wind struck our tent, tore the stakes from the ground, snapped the centre-pole, and buried us in its enraged folds. Every man, thirteen in number, immediately seized some portion and held it with all his might. Our opinion at the time was that the absence of the weight of a single man would have given the storm the victory—our tent would have eloped in the iron embraces of the tempest. We attempted to fit it up again after the violence of the storm had in some degree passed over, but were

unable so to do ; so that the remainder of the night was spent in gathering up our loose animals, and in shivering under the cold peltings of the rain. The Santa Feans, when on march through these plains, are in constant expectation of these tornadoes. Accordingly, when the sky at night indicates their approach, they chain the wheels of adjacent wagons strongly together, to prevent them from being upset, an accident that has often happened, when this precaution was not taken. It may well be conceived too, that to prevent their goods from being wetted in such cases, requires a covering of no ordinary powers of protection. Bows of the usual form, save that they are higher, are raised over long sunken Pennsylvania wagons, over which are spread two or three thicknesses of woollen blankets ; and over these, and extending to the lower edge of the body, is drawn a strong canvass covering, well guarded with cords and leathern straps. Through this covering these tempests seldom penetrate.

At seven o'clock on the morning of the 27th, "Catch up, catch up," rang around the wagons of the Santa Feans. Immediately each man had his hand upon a horse or mule ; and ere we, in attempting to follow their example, had our horses by the halter, the teams were harnessed and ready for the "march." A noble sight those teams were, forty odd in number, their immense wagons still unmoved, forming an oval breast-work of wealth, girded by an impatient mass of near 400 mules, harnessed and ready to move again along their solitary way. But

the interest of the scene was much increased when, at the call of the commander, the two lines, team after team, straightened themselves into the trail, and rolled majestically away over the undulating plain.

A band of buffalo cows was near us. In other words, we were determined upon a hunt. Our tent having been pitched, and baggage piled up, the fleetest horses selected and the best marksmen best mounted, we trotted slowly along a circling depression of the plain, that wound around near the herd on their leeward side. When we emerged in sight of them, we put the horses into a slow gallop till within 300 yards of our game; and then for the nimblest heel. Each was on his utmost speed. We all gained upon the herd. But two of the horses were by the side of the lubbers before the rest were within rifle reach, and the rifles and pistols of their riders discharged into the sleek well-larded body of a noble bull. The wounded animal did not drop; the balls had entered neither liver nor heart; and away he ran for dear life. But his unwieldy form moved slower and slower, as the dripping blood oozed from the bullet-holes in his loins. He ran towards our tent; and we followed him in that direction till within a fourth of a mile of it, when our heroes of the rifle laid him wallowing in his blood, a mountain of flesh weighing at least 3000 pounds. We butchered him in the following manner:—Having turned him upon his brisket, and split the skin along the spine, and pared off the hide as far down the sides as his position

would allow, we cut off the flesh that lay outside the ribs as far back as the loins. This the hunters call "the fleece." We next took the ribs that rise perpendicularly from the spine between the shoulders, and support what is termed the "hump." Then we laid our heavy wooden axes upon the enormous side ribs, opened the cavity, and took out the tender loins, tallow, &c.,—all this a load for two mules to carry into camp. It was prepared for packing as follows:—The fleece was cut across the grain into slices an eighth of an inch in thickness, and spread upon a scaffolding of poles, and dried and smoked over a slow fire.

On the 23d the buffalo were more numerous than ever. They were arranged in long lines from the eastern to the western horizon. The bulls were forty or fifty yards in advance of the bands of cows to which they severally intended to give protection; and as the moving embankment of wagons, led by an advanced guard, and flanked by horsemen riding slowly from front to rear, and guarded in the rear by my men, made its majestic way along, these fiery cavaliers would march each to his own band of dames and misses, with an air that seemed to say "We are here," and then back again to their lines, with great apparent satisfaction that they were able to do battle for their sweet ones and their native plains. We travelled fifteen or sixteen miles. This is the distance usually made in a day by the traders.

The face of the country was still an arid plain, almost without water—fuel, dried buffalo offal—

not a shrub of any kind in sight. Another storm occurred at night. Its movement was more rapid than that of any preceding one which we had experienced. In a few moments after it showed its dark outline above the earth, it rolled its pall over the whole sky, as if to build a wall of wrath between us and the mercies of Heaven. The flash of the lightning, as it bounded upon the firmament, and mingled its thunder with the blast that came groaning down from the mountains—the masses of inky darkness crowding in wild tumult along, as if anxious to lead the leaping bolt upon us—the wild world of buffalo, bellowing and starting in myriads, as the drapery of this funeral scene of nature, a vast cavern of fire, was lighted up—the rain roaring and foaming like a cataract—all this, a reeling world tottering under the great arm of its Maker, no eye could see and be unblenched, nor mind conceive and keep its clayey tenement erect. I drew the carryall in which Smith and myself were attempting to sleep close to the Santa Fe wagons, secured the curtains as firmly as I was able to do, spread blankets over the top and around the sides, and lashed them firmly with ropes passing over, under, and around the carriage in every direction; but to little use: the penetrating powers of that storm were not resisted by such means. Again we were thoroughly drenched. The men in the tent fared still worse than ourselves. It was blown down by the first blast; and the poor fellows were obliged to lie closely and hold on strongly to prevent it and themselves from a flight less safe than parachuting.

The buffalo during the last three days had covered the whole country so completely, that it appeared oftentimes extremely dangerous even for the immense cavalcade of the Santa Fe traders to attempt to break its way through them. We travelled at the rate of fifteen miles a day—the length of sight on either side of the trail 15 miles, on both sides 30 miles: $15 \times 3 = 45 \times 30 = 1,350$ square miles of country, so thickly covered with these noble animals that when viewed from a height it scarcely afforded a sight of a square league of its surface. What a quantity of food for the sustenance of the Indian and the white pilgrim of these plains!! It would have been gratifying to have seen the beam kick over the immense frames of some of those bulls; but all that any of us could do, was to “guess” or “reckon” their weight, and contend about the indubitable certainty of our several suppositions. In these disputes two butchers took the lead; and the substance of their discussions that could interest the reader is, “that many of the large bulls would weigh 3,000 pounds and upwards; and that, as a general rule, the buffaloes were much larger and heavier than the domesticated cattle of the States.” We were in view of the Arkansas at 4 o’clock, P. M. The face of the earth was visible again; for the buffalo were now seen in small herds only, fording the river, or feeding upon the bluffs. Near nightfall we killed a young bull, and went into camp for the night.

Farnham's “Travels in the Great Western Prairies.”

BULL-FIGHT AT MERIDA ON THE FEAST OF SAN CRISTOVAL.

THE Plaza de Toros, or in English the bull-ring, was in the square of the church San Cristoval. The enclosure, or space for spectators, occupied nearly the whole of the square, a strange and very original structure, which in its principles would astonish a European architect. It was a gigantic circular scaffold, perhaps fifteen hundred feet in circumference, capable of containing four or five thousand persons, erected and held together without the use of a single nail, being made of rude poles, just as they were cut in the woods, and tied together with withes. The interior was enclosed by long poles crossing and interlacing each other, leaving only an opening for a door, and was divided in like manner by poles into boxes. The whole formed a gigantic frame of rustic lattice-work, admirably adapted for that hot climate, as it admitted a free circulation of air. The top was covered with an arbour made of the leaves of the American palm. The whole structure was simple and curious. Every Indian could assist in building it, and when the fiesta was over, it could be torn down, and the materials used for firewood.

The corrida had begun when we arrived on the ground, and the place was already thronged. There was a great choice of seats, as one side was exposed to

the full blaze of the sun. Over the doors were written Palco No. 1, Palco No. 2, &c., and each box had a separate proprietor, who stood in the doorway, with a little rickety step-ladder of three or four steps, inviting customers. One of them undertook to provide for us, and for two reals apiece we were conducted to front seats. It was, if possible, hotter than at the loteria; and in the movement and confusion of passing us to our seats, the great scaffold trembled, and seemed actually swaying to and fro under its living load.

The spectators were of all classes, colours, and ages, from grey heads to children asleep in their mothers' arms; and next to me was a half-blooded maternal head of a family, with the key of her house in her hand, her children tucked in between the legs of her neighbours, or under their chairs. At the feet of those sitting in front seats was a row of boys and girls, with their little heads poked through the railing, and all around hung down a variegated fringe-work of black and white legs. Opposite, and on the top of the scaffold, was a band of music, the leader of which wore a shining black mask, caricaturing a negro.

A bull was in the ring, two barbed darts trimmed with blue and yellow paper were hanging from his flanks, and his neck was pierced with wounds, from which ran down streams of blood. The picadores stood aloof with bloody spears in their hands; a mounted dragoon was master of the ceremonies, and there were besides eight or ten vaqueros, or cattle-

tenders, from the neighbouring haciendas, hard riders and brought up to deal with cattle that run wild in the woods. These were dressed in pink-coloured shirts and trousers, and wore small hats of straw plaited thick, with low round crowns and narrow brims turned up at the side. Their saddles had large leathern flaps, covering half the body of the horse, and each had a lazo, or coil of rope, in his hand, and a pair of enormous iron spurs, six inches long, and weighing two or three pounds, which, contrasted with their small horses, gave a sort of *Bombastes Furioso* character to their appearance. By order of the dragoon, these vaqueros, striking their coils of rope against the large flaps of their saddles, started the bull, and chasing him round the ring, with a few throws of the lazo caught him by the horns, and dragged him to a post at one side of the ring, where, riding off with the rope, they hauled his head down to the ground close against the post. Keeping it down in that position, some of the others passed a rope twice round his body, just behind the fore legs, and, securing it on his back, passed it under his tail, and, returning it, crossed it with the coils around his body. Two or three men on each side then hauled upon the rope, which cut into and compressed the bull's chest, and by its tightness under the tail almost lifted his hind legs from off the ground. This was to excite and madden him. The poor animal bellowed, threw himself on the ground, and kicked and struggled to get rid of the brutal tie. From the place where we sat, we had in full view the front of the

church of San Cristoval, and over the door we read, in large characters, "*Hic est domus Dei—hic est portus cœli.*" "This is the house of God—this is the gate of heaven."

But they had got another goad for the bull. Watching narrowly that the ropes around his horns did not get loose, they fixed upon his back the figure of a soldier in a cocked hat, seated in a saddle. This excited a great laugh among the spectators. We learned that both the saddle and the figure of the soldier were made up of wood, paper, and gunpowder, composing a formidable piece of fireworks. When this was fairly secured, all fell back, and the picadores, mounted and with their spears poised, took their places in the ring. The band, perhaps in compliment to us, and to remind us of home, struck up the beautiful *national* melody of "Jim Crow." A villanous-looking fellow set off large and furiously-whizzing rockets within a few feet of the bull; another fired in the heel the figure of the soldier on his back; the spectators shouted, the rope was slipped, and the bull let loose.

His first dash was perfectly furious. Bounding forward and throwing up his hind legs, maddened by the shouts of the crowd, and the whizzing and explosion, fire and smoke, of the engine of torture on his back, he dashed blindly at every picador, receiving thrust after thrust with the spear, until, amid the loud laughter and shouts of the spectators, the powder burnt out, and the poor beast, with gaping wounds, and blood streaming from them, turned and

ran, bellowed for escape at the gate of entrance, and then crawled around the wall of the ring, looking up to the spectators, and with imploring eyes seemed pleading to the mild faces of the women for mercy. In a few minutes he was lazoed and dragged off, and he had hardly disappeared, when another was led in, the manner of whose introduction seemed more barbarous and brutal than any of the torments inflicted on the former. It was by a rope two or three hundred feet long, passed through the fleshy part of the bull's nose, and secured at both ends to a vaquero's saddle. In this way he was hauled through the streets and into the ring. Another vaquero followed, with a lazo over the horns, to hold the bull back, and keep him from rushing upon his leader. In the centre of the ring the leader loosed one end of the rope, and riding on, dragged it trailing on the ground its whole length, perhaps a hundred yards, through the bull's nose, leaving a crust of dirt on one side as it came out bloody on the other. The bull, held back by the rope over his horns, stood with neck outstretched; and when the end of the rope passed through, he licked his gory nose, pawed the ground, and bellowed.

He was then lazoed, dragged up to the post, girt with the rope around his body like the other, and then, amidst bursts of music, rockets, and shouts, again let loose. The chulos went at him, flaring before him with the left hand red and yellow ponchas, and holding in the right darts containing fireworks, and ornamented with yellow paper cut into slips: these they thrust into his neck and flanks.

The current of air accelerated the ignition of the fire; and when the fireworks exploded, the paper still rattled about his ears. The picadores then mounted their horses; but after a few thrusts of the spear, the bull flinched, and the spectators, indignant that he did not show more fight, cried out, "*Saca esa vaca !*" "Take out that cow !"

The next was hauled on in the same way by a rope through the nose. He was girt with the rope, tortured with darts, speared by the picadores on horseback, and, as he did not show good fight, they dismounted and attacked him on foot. This is considered the most dangerous contest both for man and beast. The picadores formed in front of him, each with a black or yellow poncha in his left hand, and poising his spear with his right. They stood, their legs extended and their knees bent, so as to keep a firm foothold, changing their position by a spring backward or forward, on one side or the other, to meet the movement of the bull's head. The object was to strike between the horns into the back of the neck. Two or three struck him fairly, with a cutting, heavy sound, and drew out their spears reeking with blood. One man misdirected his blow; the bull threw up his neck with the long handle of the spear standing upright in it, and, rushing upon the picador, hurled him to the ground, and passed over his body, seeming to strike him with all four of his hoofs. The man never moved, but lay on his back with his arms outstretched, apparently dead. The bull moved on, with the handle of the spear still standing up in his

neck, a terror to all the ring. The vaqueros went in pursuit of him with the lazos, and, chasing him round, the spear fell out, and they caught him. In the meantime, the fallen man was picked up by some of his companions, and carried off doubled up, and apparently cured for ever of bull-fighting. We heard afterwards that he only had some of his ribs broken.

He was hardly out of sight when the accident was forgotten ; the bull was again assaulted, worried out, and dragged off. Others followed, making eight in all. At twelve o'clock the church bells rang and the fight ended, but as we were dispersing, we were reminded that another would begin at four o'clock in the afternoon.

At four we were again in our places. Our special reason for following up this sport so closely was, because we were advised that in the morning common people only attended, but that in the afternoon all the *gente decente*, or upper classes of Merida, would be present. I am happy to say, however, that this was not true, and the only sensible difference that we noticed, was that it was more crowded and hotter, and that the price of admission was double.

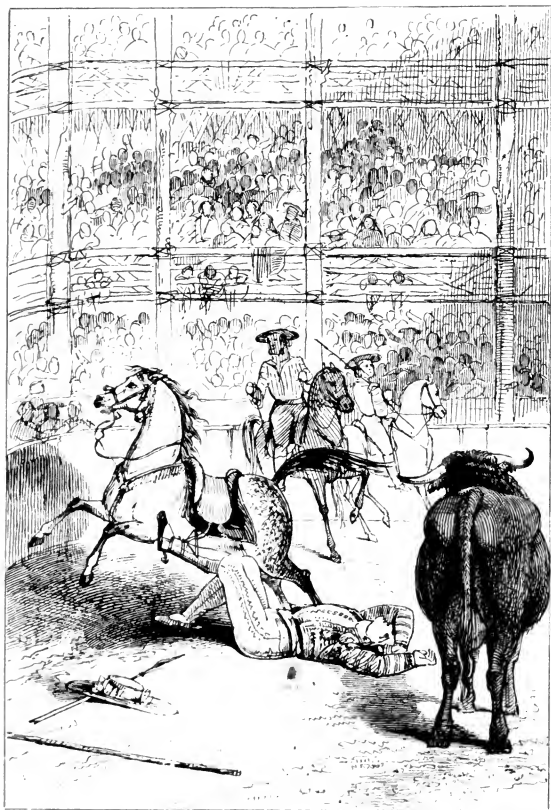
This was the last corrida of the fiesta, and some of the best bulls had been kept in reserve. The first that was dragged on was received with acclamations as having distinguished himself before during the fiesta ; but he bore an ugly mark for a favourite of the people, having been dragged by the nose till the cartilage was completely torn out by the rope.

The next would have been worthy of the best

bull-fights of Old Spain, when the cavalier, at the glance of his lady's eye, leaped into the ring to play the matador with his sword. He was a large black bull, without any particular marks of ferocity about him; but a man who sat in our box, and for whose judgment I had conceived a great respect, lighted a new straw cigar, and pronounced him "*muy bravo.*" There was no bellowing, blustering, or bravado about him, but he showed a calmness and self-possession which indicated a consciousness of strength. The picadores attacked him on horseback, and like the Noir Fainéant, or Sluggish Knight, in the lists at Ashby, for a time he contented himself with merely repelling the attacks of his assailants; but suddenly, as if a little vexed, he laid his head low, looked up at the spears pointed at his neck, and, shutting his eyes, rushed upon a picador on one side, struck his horse in the belly with his horns, lifted him off his feet, and brought horse and rider headlong to the ground. The horse fell upon the rider, rolled completely over him, with his heels in the air, and rose with one of his rider's feet entangled in the stirrup. For an instant he stood like a breathing statue, with nostrils wide and ears thrown back, wild with fright; and then, catching sight of the bull, he sprang clear of the ground, and dashed off at full speed round the ring, dragging after him the luckless picador. Around he went, senseless and helpless, his whole body grimed with dirt, and with no more life in it, apparently, than in a mere log of wood. At every bound it seemed as if the horse must strike his hind

hoofs into his forehead. A cold shudder ran through the spectators. The man was a favourite; he had friends and relatives present, and everybody knew his name. A deep murmur of "*El Pobre*" burst from every bosom. I felt actually lifted from my seat, and the president of the Life and Trust would not have given a policy on him for any premium. The picadores looked on aghast; the bull was roaming loose in the ring, perhaps the only indifferent spectator. My own feelings were roused against his companions, who, after what seemed an age of the rack, keeping a special good look-out upon the bull, at length started in pursuit with lazos, caught the horse around the neck, and brought him up headlong. The picadores extricated their fallen companion, and carried him out. His face was so begrimed with dirt that not a feature was visible; but, as he was borne across the ring, he opened his eyes, and they seemed starting from his head with terror. He was hardly out of the ring, when a hoarse cry ran through the spectators, "*A pie! a pie!*" "*On foot! on foot!*" The picadores dismounted and attacked the bull fiercely on foot, flourishing their ponchas. Almost at the first thrust he rushed upon one of his adversaries, tumbled him down, passed over his body, and walked on without even turning round to look at him. He, too, was picked up and carried off.

The attack was renewed, and the bull became roused. In a few moments he brought another picador to the ground, and, carried on by his own impetus, passed over the body, but with a violent



BULL-FIGHT AT MERIDA.

effort recovered himself, and turned short round upon his prostrate prey, glared over him for a moment with a loud bellow, almost a howl, and, raising his fore feet a little from the ground, so as to give full force to the blow, thrust both horns into the stomach of the fallen picador. Happily, the points were sawed off; and, furious at not being able to gore and toss him, he got one horn under the picador's sash, lifted him, and dashed him back violently upon the ground. Accustomed as the spectators were to scenes of this kind, there was a universal burst of horror. Not a man moved to save him. It would, perhaps, be unjust to brand them as cowards, for, brutal and degrading as their tie was, they, doubtless, had a feeling of companionship; but, at all events, not a man attempted to save him, and the bull, after glaring over him, smelling and pawing him for a moment—to all a moment of intense excitement—turned away and left him.

This man, too, was carried off. The sympathy of the spectators had for a while kept them hushed; but, as soon as the man was out of sight, all their pent-up feelings broke out in indignation against the bull, and there was a universal cry, in which the soft tones of women mingled with the hoarse voices of the men, "*Matalo! matalo!*" "Kill him! kill him!" The picadores stood aghast. Three of their companions had been struck down and carried off the field; the bull, pierced in several places, with blood streaming from him, but fresh as when he began, was roaming round the ring, and they held back,

evidently afraid to attack him. The spectators showered upon them the opprobrious name of "*Cobardes! cobardes!*" "Cowards! cowards!" The dragoon enforced obedience to their voice, and, fortifying themselves with a strong draught of *aqua ardiente*, they once more faced the bull, poised their spears before him, but with faint hearts and trembling hands; and finally, without a single thrust, amid the contemptuous shouts of the crowd, fell back and left the bull master of the field. Others were let in, and it was almost dark when the last fight ended. With the last bull the ring was opened to the boys, who, amid roars of laughter, pulled, hauled, and hustled him till he could hardly stand; and, amid the solemn tones of the vesper-bell, the bull-fight in honour of San Cristoval ended.

Stephens's "Incidents of Travel in Yucatan."

A GERMAN FUNERAL AND THE DEAD-ROOM AT MUNICH.

WHILE bargaining one day in a bookseller's shop, I observed preparations making for a funeral procession in a house on the opposite side of the street; and as I had not seen anything in Munich the least after the manner of a church-yard—a place above all others I delight to visit—I remained till the coffin was brought out. It was a rich massive piece of workmanship of a port-wine colour, having on the lid of it the sign of the cross. No mortcloth was

put over it, or any kind of covering whatever. A band of mourners took the advance in the procession, holding each in his hand a wax candle lighted, and larger and longer than a scroll of paper. These were followed by about a dozen personages, apparently of some order of the priesthood. Each bore in his hand an open book, the Bible probably, and from it they read, or rather sang, portions with loud and plaintive tones. Now and then, as they went along, they chanted a prayer, or a hymn, or an Ave Maria, or a grand "Miserere," not only with the most earnest solemnity, but with great simplicity and beauty. Next in procession was the corpse and coffin, carried shoulder-high, and behind the relations and acquaintances all uncovered. Their step was solemn and slow, and as they passed along, everybody on the street stood still, and uncovered their heads till the procession passed. Wreaths rested on the coffin, and were carried in the hands of the friends and followers. Forward we advanced through the city into the suburbs; and, fairly out of them, I asked if they were proceeding to some town in the country where the deceased might have been born, in which case I had made up my mind to turn back; but I was told that the cemetery was just at hand, and almost on the instant, the deep long toll of a large bell confirmed the fact. In three minutes more we stepped up the broad stairs, and entered a gate; and there I saw at one glance where I was—at what in Germany is emphatically called "God's Acre," or sometimes THE COURT OF PEACE; and a more in-

teresting spot than this silent city of the departed my eyes never beheld;—interesting not in any respect from the surrounding scenery, of which there is none, but from the manner in which things are managed within, so unlike in every respect, and so superior, to anything of the kind in Britain. The foliage of a few trees is seen around the outskirts, to relieve the eye, like a selvage to a garment. There are walks, at right angles, and laying off the field in such a way, that the graves of others need not be trampled upon by the stranger seeking the narrow bed of the remains of his own affectionate recollections. The first impression which arose in my mind was, How spacious, how neat, approaching almost to elegant, and, in a word, how comfortable an abode for the dead! Quite in the German style, there was nothing frivolous in the place; all was melancholy and massive, being a most judicious mixture of the useful, the ornamental simplicity, and although last, not least, the *impressive*, taken as a whole. For far beyond and on both sides of the very extended square field, grave after grave was ranked in close succession, but there was no crowding or confusion. Here was the turf, rich in its greenness as velvet itself. There the sod had been lately wounded by the rough spade of the sexton, the edges of it having not yet been skinned over. Yonder the red soil, remaining neatly broken and scattered on the surrounding turf, pointed out the grave of a day or two's existence; and that heap of bare mould, surmounted by skulls and other bones, and that hole in the earth beside, with boards propping up its sides,

and planks placed along its edges, must of course be the long-home of that rich apothecary, whose funeral I am now attending without having been invited. There were a vast number of crosses and grave-stones of various shapes, and other monuments of modest pretensions crowded together, yet not one of them was out of order. This, I thought, must be the grave of a schoolmaster or a scribe, for there are two pens engraved on the stone; that of a blacksmith, with hammer and tongs; and there too is our own *tempus fugit*, with the winged sand-glass. But how beautiful, how sweet, and how fresh those flower-beds and borders which adorn every grave appear, and how touching to the heart of the living are those wreaths of flowers entwined around the grave-stones, as tokens of affection and respect. There were groups of visitors, old and young, at various places, and here and there a solitary individual bending in silence and sadness, each over the grave of his or her own friend; but by the side of the main walk, as we passed, there was a scene true to nature, and worthy of being painted by one of our best artists. There were two boys and a little girl weeding the flower-bed on their father's grave, and there was the widowed mother taking off the chaplet already faded, and in its stead placing another of flowers fresh and in bloom. The woman was neither very beautiful nor very handsome, but she was deeply affected; and the children were dividing their little anxieties between the dead and the living parent, and that with singular activity and soothing composure. I had observed

stone basins filled with water, and placed carefully by the side of every grave; I took it to be holy-water, to enable the Catholics to cross themselves with it when visiting the home of the departed. There was a hair brush too attached to the basin with a little chain, and it also, I thought, must have some use, and that not in the mere performance of any religious rite. But the conduct of the little girl explained it all. She had finished the weeding of her flower-plot, and now, while the mother was still watering the grave with her tears, the child took the brush and sprinkled the grave over with water from the fount. It was well-timed, for the soil was dry, and the sun was burning, and the delicate buds had become sickly. But the water instantly made them look up with renewed vigour. There was something very affecting in these acts, the effusions of a minute; for they were all that the living now could do to express their feelings of esteem and grief for the departed.

While the procession was still proceeding up the broad centre walk to the open grave, as I supposed, I had unconsciously lingered, with a bleeding heart, beside this family group, who lost themselves in grief. But when I looked along, and saw that the procession had gone far past the open grave, and seemed as if proceeding out of the burial-ground altogether, I quickened my pace, and came up to it just as the mourners, with their wax-candles and open books, were filing off to the right and left, to allow the coffin to advance between. Here the song

of wailing was raised louder and in full chorus, and the crossings, and sprinklings of holy-water, and the perfumery of incense, were all redoubled. There was right in front of us a splendid building, with piazzas, porticoes, and pillars, under which and within there was a glass front, through which were seen ladies and gentlemen, dressed in the gayest colours, apparently of all ages, as if reclining at their ease, while a brilliant flood of light blazed from hundreds of large wax-candles. The doors were instantly thrown open to receive the body ; and the large procession returned down the same broad walk, very much like people in our own country retiring from a funeral. The doors were then shut, and I mounted the flight of steps to the platform, which was partly crowded by silent spectators and some officials ; but what was my surprise on pressing forward, and looking into the interior through its glass front, to see that all who, at a little distance, looked so like a gay assemblage in a ball or supper-room, were neither more nor less than dead bodies ! dressed for the grave, seated in their coffins, and surrounded each with six or eight wax-candles. There were old men and women, withered and toothless—there was youth and beauty, with the hectic flush scarcely yet faded—there was the vigour of manhood cut down in the midst of his days, with milk in his breasts and marrow in his bones—there was the countenance of the weather-beaten rustic, and the inviting smile of the city merchant—there was the stern, grim, death-defiance

attitude and expression of the soldier still in his regimentals, and beside him the peaceful, tender sleep of an infant, whose eyes had scarce ever opened on this world ; and already had they bolstered up my friend, who exhibited a full face, aged about sixty, with hair combed, linen pure as drifted snow, clothes new and fine, and silk stockings, such as he would have put on had he risen from his medicine and mortar, and dressed for dinner. Awed by what I had seen, I turned round to retire, as darkness was gathering fast, when at my very side there stood a coffin, with the lid off, and the body of a man, apparently about seventy, was exposed. He held in his hand a small wooden cross. He had a clean skin, a finely arched forehead, a Roman nose, and long chin. His expression seemed determined, and somewhat as if he had been disappointed in life. He had evidently been a person in the lower ranks of society ; yet everything was suitable, though coarse. Several poor people now advanced and blessed the body, and watered with their tears, and kneeled around it and crossed their own forehead, and prayed for a time for both the living and the dead ; and when, at length, the officials stepped up and put the lid on the coffin, screwed it down, and lifted it on their shoulders, then they walked to the grave, the followers raising the same melancholy song, or rather sounds, as before : but there were no large, long wax-candles. I again joined the procession, glad and grateful in my heart that even the dead body of the poorest man in Germany had friends to lament

his death ; and still more gratified to see the priest and his attendants advance to the grave which I had seen open when I first entered the cemetery. The body having been lowered, the relations in succession threw in a small quantity of earth, which rattled on the coffin. The priest went through his service at the grave, and retired with great solemnity.

The grave-digger then set to work in the usual business-like manner ; the friends waited till the grave was covered in, then they crossed themselves and went away. In going back towards the main gate, I saw arcades, and some simple but sumptuous monuments, pointing out the wealth or rank of the occupiers. Some of these had been newly erected, and others but lately painted. In various parts there were wooden, worn-out, triangular monuments on the totter, while others had evidently been so long exposed to the sun and rain, the wind and storm, that they had decayed into rottenness, like the body of the departed below, whose life and death they had vainly presumed to commemorate. Although the inscriptions recorded by these flattering, frail historians were scarcely legible, yet the roses and annual flowers, blooming on the graves, plainly showed that there was still in existence some friendly hand, some foot, some heart that moved with kindly recollections towards the dead. To my mind these roses, blanchèd as some of them seemed to be, and these little flowers, sullied as they were, spoke a language of deeper and more lasting affection than our large, cold, white marble monuments. Marble is dull and dead, and

children and females can do nothing for it; but flowers live as if along the dark avenue between time and eternity; and thus to bestow a little care in weeding and in watering is seemly, and must afford a hallowed sort of pleasure to the survivors. On leaving the gate, I cast my eye back the last time to the gay and glittering chamber where the dead bodies were sitting in their coffins, awaiting the time appointed for their interment. But the twilight, now thickened into darkness, gave it a glare as if of triumph, very humbling, and somewhat terrifying, especially to a solitary wanderer so far from home; nay, so much so, that for more than a week I never put out my candle at bed-time without remembering the expression of every feature of the departed druggist of Munich. When I returned to the city, the lamps were lighted, within-doors many were laughing and talking amid mirth and music, and the streets were crowded with thousands all busied about time as if there were to be no eternity. Much solemnised and even awed by the contrast, which was not pleasant, I bent my steps to a house and home which I knew I was destined to occupy for a very short time, as a mere stranger and sojourner; and I felt even *that* to be a fit emblem of my own journey through life, and of the short step which might, and ever must remain between me and that country, from whose bourne no traveller returns.

I afterwards learned that within twelve hours after a death happens in a family, the public authorities step forward thus to remove the body of the

deceased to this kind of intermediate state, even upon earth. Should the connections be poor, the dead-cart calls at the door at an appointed time, and the body is thus conveyed to an inferior sort of dead-room, lighted only by a dismal lamp; and there the fingers of the corpse are placed in the loops of a bell-rope attached to an alarum clock, which is fixed in the apartment of an attendant, appointed to be on the watch: the least pulsation or quiver of the body would give the alarm, and medical aid would be on the spot in a minute. In the cases of those who can afford the expense of decorations, a funeral such as I saw takes place as soon after the death as the necessary arrangements can be completed; and, instead of the mechanical apparatus already mentioned, matrons and medical men sit night and day for the time appointed by law. With all our pretensions to good sense and fine feeling, every Englishman must admit that in the whole affair such matters are better managed abroad than at home. Should there have been any suspicions of foul play in the death of the departed, here are means afforded to detect the fact; or should there be one chance in a hundred thousand of animation being merely suspended, the dead and living have both the benefit of it, in the wonderful precautions which they adopt to guard against the possibility of premature interment.

“Eight Weeks in Germany.”

STORY OF A CHAMOIS HUNTER.

ONE day I met a Styrian Chamois hunter, who related to me many interesting adventures he had met with in pursuit of those animals. Observing that I occasionally made a note of what I heard, he said, "Ah, write it all down, and I'll tell you something about the cunning of the chamois, that no one has heard before." The previous year he had found a geis (female chamois) ready to bring forth. He had followed for eight days to see where she would deposit her young. Sometimes he took off his shoes, and climbed on his bare feet like a cat; and once, when he had to clamber up the steep face of a rock, he cut off all the buttons from his clothes that they might not make a "jingle." At last he discovered the two young ones in a niche at the top of a high rock, in a "kästh," as the hunters call it. Exactly in front of the niche the rock descended perpendicularly to an immense depth. At the back was another steep descent. Some fragments of rock formed a kind of bridge between the larger masses; but these were placed too high to be accessible to the little ones, and could only be available for their mother. The hunter rejoiced as he contemplated this position, and pressed upon the animals, whose escape seemed impossible. When the old one caught

sight of him, and measured with a glance the unfavourable disposition of the rocks, she sprang upon the hunter with the fury that maternal love will breathe into the most timid creatures. The danger of such attacks from the chamois is less from the thrust, which is not very violent, than from the endeavour of the animals to fix the points of their horns, which are bent like fish-hooks, somewhere in the legs of the hunter, and then press him backwards round the precipices. It happens sometimes that the chamois and hunter, thus entangled, roll into the abyss together. Our hunter was in no condition to fire at the advancing chamois, as he found both hands necessary to sustain him on the narrow path; he, therefore, warded off the blows as well as he could with his feet, and kept still advancing. The anguish of the mother increased; she dashed back to her young, coursed round them with loud cries, as if to warn them of the danger, and then leaped upon the before-named fragments of rock, from which the second but more difficult egress from the grotto was to be won. She then leaped down again to her little ones, and seemed to encourage them to attempt the leap. In vain the little creatures sprang and wounded their foreheads against the rocks that were too high for them, and in vain the mother repeated again and again her firm and graceful leap, to show them the way. All this was the work of a few minutes, whilst the hunter had again advanced some steps nearer. He was just preparing to make the last effort, when the

following picture,—which was the particular circumstance he referred to in speaking of the chamois's cunning,—met his astonished eyes. The old chamois, fixing her legs firmly on the rock behind, had stretched her body to its utmost length, and planted her fore-feet on the rock above, thus forming a temporary bridge of her back. The little ones seemed in a minute to comprehend the design of their mother, sprang upon her like cats, and thus reached the point of safety. The picture only lasted long enough to enable their pursuer to make the last step. He sprang into the niche, thinking himself now sure of the young chamois ; but all three were off with the speed of the wind, and a couple of shots, that he sent after the fugitives, merely announced by their echo to the surrounding rocks that he had missed his game.

Kohl's "Austria."

ICEBERGS IN THE ATLANTIC.

THERE was a glorious sunset on the sea,
Making the meeting-spot of sky and wave
A path of molten gold. Just where the flush
Was brightest, as if heaven's refulgent gate
One moment gave its portals to our gaze—
Just at that point uprose an awful form,
Rugged and huge, and freezing with its breath
The pulse of twilight. Even the bravest brow
Was blanched, for in the distance others came—
Sheer on the horizon's burning disk they came,
Attendant planets on that mass opaque.

They drifted toward us, like a monster-host,
From Death's dark stream. High o'er old Ocean's
 breast,
And deep below, they held their wondrous way,
Troubling the surge. Winter was in their heart,
And stern destruction on their icy crown.
So, in their fearful company, the night
Closed in upon us.

 The astonish'd ship,
Watch'd by its sleepless master, held her breath
As they approach'd, and found her furrowing feet
Seal'd to the curdling brine.

 It was a time
Of bitter dread, and many a prayer went up

To Him who moves the iceberg and the storm
To go their way and spare the voyager.
Slow sped the night-watch, and, when morn came up
Timid and pale, there stood that frowning host,
In horrible array, all multiplied,
Until the deep was hoary. Every bay
And frost-bound inlet of the arctic zone
Had stirr'd itself, methought, and launch'd amain
Its quota of thick-ribbed ice, to swell
The bristling squadron.

Through those awful ranks
It was our lot to pass. Each one had power
To crush our lone bark like a scallop-shell,
And in their stony eyes we read the will
To do such deed. When through the curtaining mist
The sun with transient glimpse that host survey'd,
They flash'd and dazzled with a thousand hues,
Like cliffs with diamond spear-points serried o'er,
Turrets and towers, in rainbow banners wrapp'd,
Or minarets of pearl, with crest of stars,
So terrible in beauty, that, methought,
He stood amazed at what his glance had done.
I said, that through the centre of this host
'Twas ours to pass.

Who led us on our way?
Who through that path of horror was our guide?
Sparing us words to tell our friends at home
A tale of those destroyers, who so oft,
With one strong buffet of their icy hands,
Have plunged the mightiest ship beneath the deep,
Nor left a lip to syllable her fate.

O Thou, who spread us not on ocean's floor
A sleeping-place unconsecrate with prayer,
But brought us to our blessed homes again,
And to the burial-places of our sires,
Praise to thy holy name !

The morning of Sunday, April 18th, was serene but cold. Walking on the deck before breakfast, I could not but imagine that I detected the latent chill of ice in the atmosphere ; but the apprehension was not admitted by those who had more knowledge of those watery regions than myself. Our noble ship, the Great Western, vigorously pursued her way, and the deep, slightly agitated and strongly coloured, was exceedingly beautiful.

We had divine worship in the saloon, and the dead-lights, which had been in for nearly a week, were removed. The service was read by Captain Hoskins, and the Rev. President Wayland gave an impressive discourse on the right education for eternity, from the passage, "Now see we through a glass darkly, but then face to face."

At seven we went on deck to see a most glorious sunset. The king of day, robed in surpassing splendour, took his farewell of the last Sabbath that we were to spend at sea. While we were gazing with delight, a huge dark mass arose exactly in the brilliant track of the departed orb. It was pronounced by the captain to be an iceberg three quarters of a mile in length, and its most prominent points 100

feet high. Of course its entire altitude was 400 feet, as only one-third of the ice-mountains appear above the surface. It presented an irregular outline, towering up into sharp and broken crags, and, at a distance, resembled the black hulks of several enormous men-of-war lashed together. Three others of smaller dimensions soon came on in its train, like a fleet following the admiral. We were then in north latitude 43° , and in longitude $48^{\circ} 40''$. We literally shivered with cold; for, on the approach of these ambassadors from the frigid zone, the thermometer suddenly sank below the freezing point, leaving the temperature of the water 25° , and of the atmosphere 28° .

On this strange and appalling scene the stars looked out, one after another, with their calm, pure eyes. All at once a glare of splendour burst forth, and a magnificent aurora borealis went streaming up the concave. The phosphorescence in our watery path was unusually brilliant, while over our heads flashed and dazzled this vast arch of scintillating flame. We seemed to be, at the same time, in a realm of fire and in a realm of frost; our poor, fleshly natures surrounded by contradictions, and the very elements themselves bewildered, and at conflict. And there they were, dashing and drifting around us, those terrible kings of the arctic, in their mountain majesty; while, like the tribes in the desert, our mysterious path was between the pillar of cloud and the pillar of flame.

At nine, from the sentinels stationed at different points of observation, a cry was made of "Ice ahead!"

ice starboard ! ice leeward !” and we found ourselves suddenly imbedded in field-ice. To turn was impossible ; so a path was laboriously cut with the paddles, through which our steamer was propelled, stern foremost, not without peril, changing her course due south, in the teeth of a driving blast.

When we were once more in an open sea, the captain advised the passengers to retire. This we did a little before midnight, if not to sleep, at least to seek that rest which might aid in preparing us for future trials. At three we were aroused by harsh grating, and occasional concussions, which caused the strong timbers of the ship to tremble. This was from floating masses of ice, by which, after having skirted an expanse of field-ice fifty miles in extent, we were surrounded. It varied from two to five feet in thickness, viz., from eight inches to a foot and a half above the water, and was interspersed with icebergs, some of them comparatively small, and others of tremendous size and altitude. By the Divine blessing upon nautical skill and presence of mind, we were a second time extricated from this besieging and paralysing mass ; but our path still lay through clusters and hosts of icebergs, which covered the whole sea around us. The captain, who had not left his post of responsibility during the night, reported between 300 and 400 distinct ones, visible to the naked eye. There they were, of all forms and sizes, and careering in every direction. Their general aspect was vitreous, or of a silvery whiteness, except when a sunbeam pierced the mist ; then they loomed up, and radiated

with every hue of the rainbow, striking out turrets, and columns, and arches, like solid pearl and diamond, till we were transfixed with wonder at the terribly beautiful architecture of the northern deep.

The engine of the Great Western accommodated itself every moment, like a living and intelligent thing, to the commands of the captain. "Half a stroke!" and its tumultuous action was controlled; "A quarter of a stroke!" and its breath seemed suspended; "Stand still!" and our huge bulk lay motionless upon the waters, till two or three of the icy squadron drifted by us; "Let her go!" and with the velocity of lightning we darted by another detachment of our deadly foes. It was then that we were made sensible of the advantages of steam, to whose agency, at our embarkation, many of us had committed ourselves with extreme reluctance. Yet a vessel more under the dominion of the winds, and beleaguered as we were amid walls of ice, in a rough sea, must inevitably have been destroyed.

By nine in the morning of April 19th, it pleased God to set us free from this great danger. Afterwards, when the smallest sails appeared on the distant horizon, our excellent captain caused two guns to be fired, to bespeak attention, and then, by flags and signals, warned them to avoid the fearful region, from which we had, with such difficulty, escaped. Two tiny barks came struggling through the billows to seek a more intimate conversation with the mighty steam-ship, who, herself not wholly unscathed from the recent contest, willingly dispensed her dear-bought

wisdom. There was a kind of sublimity in this gift of advice and interchange of sympathy between the strong, experienced voyager, and the more frail, white-winged wanderers of the trackless waste of waters. It seemed like some aged Mentor, wayworn in life's weary pilgrimage, counselling him who had newly girded on his harness "not to be high-minded, but fear."

As we drew near the end of our voyage, we felt how community in danger had endeared those to each other, who, during the sixteen days of their companionship upon the ocean, had been united by the courtesies of kind and friendly intercourse. Collected, as the passengers were, from various climes and nations, and many of them about to separate without hope of again meeting in this life, amid the joy which animated those who were approaching native land and home, the truth of the great moralist's axiom was realised, that "there is always some degree of sadness in doing anything for the last time." Hereafter, with the memory of each other will doubtless blend the terrific sublimity of that arctic scene which it was our privilege to witness, and the thrill of heartfelt gratitude to our Almighty Preserver.

Sigourney's "Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands."

HOUSES AND STREETS OF ST. PETERSBURG.

SOME of the private houses in St. Petersburg are of enormous extent. I knew one of which the ground-floor, on one side, was occupied by a public bazaar, in which thousands of the necessities and conveniences of life were offered for sale. On the other side, a multitude of German, English, and French mechanics and tradesmen had hung out their signs. On the first-floor dwelt two senators, and the families of various persons of distinction. On the second-floor was a school of very high repute, and a host of academicians, teachers, and professors, dwelt there with their families. In the back part of the building, not to talk of a multitude of obscure personages, there resided several colonels and majors, a few retired generals, an Armenian priest, and a German pastor. Had all the rest of St. Petersburg gone to the ground, and this house alone remained, its inhabitants would have sufficed for the formation of a little political community of their own, in which every rank in society would have had its representatives. When such a house is burnt down, 200 families at once become roofless. To seek any one in such a house is a real trial of patience. Ask the policeman at the corner of the street, and he will tell you, perhaps, that his knowledge extends only to the one

side of the house ; but that the names of those who live in the other half are unknown to him. There are so many holes and corners in such a house, that even those who dwell in it are unable to tell you the names of all the inmates ; and no man thinks another his neighbour, merely because they happen to live under the same roof. Many of these houses look unpretending enough when seen from the street, to which they always turn their smallest side ; but enter the gateway, and you are astonished at the succession of side-buildings and back-buildings, of passages and courts, some of the latter large enough to review a regiment of cavalry in them.

Few of the houses in St. Petersburg exceed two floors in height, except in one or two of the most central streets. A speculator, some time ago, built several houses of three stories, in one of the cross streets, and was completely ruined by the undertaking, for he could find no tenant who was willing to mount so high. On the other hand, even in the central parts of the city, there are not a few houses of only one floor in height, belonging to wealthy individuals, who, in the spirit of their national predilection, spread themselves out upon the ground, whereas a house of two stories, containing the same number of rooms, would only cost them half as much. To a Russian particularly, a wooden house holds out a multitude of recommendations. Firstly, wood is more easily fashioned into the wished-for shape than stone ; and then a wooden house is more quickly built, costs less, and is much warmer. The govern-

ment discourages the erection of wooden houses in many ways ; nevertheless, the majority of the houses in St. Petersburg—perhaps two-thirds—are still of wood.

The building of a house is a much more costly undertaking in St. Petersburg than in any other part of Russia. Provisions are dear, and the price of labour always comparatively high. Then the ground brings often enormously high prices. There are private houses, the mere ground-rent of which is valued at 200,000 rubles, a sum for which, in other parts of the empire, a man might buy an estate of several square leagues, with houses, woods, rivers, and lakes, and all the eagles, bears, wolves, oxen, and human creatures that inhabit them. In particularly favourable situations for business, as much as 1,000 rubles a year have been paid by way of rent for every window looking out into the street. The next thing that renders building so costly, is the difficulty of obtaining a solid foundation. The spongy nature of the soil makes it necessary for the builder to begin by constructing a strong scaffolding, underground, before he can think of rearing one over it. Every building, of any size, rests on piles, and would vanish like a stage-ghost, were it not for the enormous beams which furnish it support. Such is the pedestal on which stands the citadel, with all its walls ; and even the quays along the river-side, the foot-pavements, and the framework of the canals, must be secured in a similar way. The foundation alone for the Isaac's Church cost upwards of a

million of rubles (£40,000), a sum for which a magnificent church might have been finished in most countries. Even with all this costly precaution, the builders do not always succeed in getting a solid basis to build on. After the inundation of 1824, the walls in many houses burst asunder, in consequence of the foundation having given way. The English Palace, as it is called, which lies on the road to Peterhof, has fairly separated from the steps leading up to it; either the palace has drawn itself back one way, or the steps the other. On all the fine quays, the blocks of granite of which they are formed have settled more or less, and the street pavement in spring may be said to approach to a state of solution; when carriages drive over the ground, it shakes like a bog, and, in many places, the stones rise up or sink into the earth, forming often the most dangerous holes.

The frosts of winter are particularly destructive to the buildings. The moisture, that finds its way during autumn into the pores of the stones, freezes in winter, and some of the largest stones are then rent and torn, and, on the return of spring, fall asunder. Most of the monuments of the capital have already suffered from this cause, and in another century will probably be falling into ruins.

The rapidity with which buildings are run up in St. Petersburg is truly astonishing. This is partly owing to the shortness of the season during which building operations can be carried on, but partly also to the characteristic impatience of the Russians to

see the termination of a work they have once commenced. The new Winter Palace is one of the most striking examples of this. Within one year not less than twenty millions of rubles were expended upon the building; the operations were not even allowed to suffer interruption from the frosts of winter, but fires were kept burning everywhere to prevent the materials from freezing, and to dry the walls. The same system has been acted on with respect to many of the private mansions of the nobility. Palaces, in short, are put together with a rapidity that can be compared only to that with which theatrical decorations are arranged; this very rapidity, however, will make the city a more easy meal for old Father Time to devour at a fitting season. He will have ground the brittle columns of bricks and mortar to powder, some thousands of years before his teeth will have been able to make an impression on some of the monuments of Egypt. The Russians build only to prepare ruins; indeed, it is painful, in most of their cities, to see the early decrepitude of so many buildings of a recent erection. They furnish a suitable picture of the precocious civilisation of the empire. It must, at the same time, be admitted, that similar remarks will apply to the modern architecture of other parts of Europe.

Among the most magnificent ornaments of the mansions of St. Petersburg, must not be forgotten the splendid plate-glass of their windows. In most of the aristocratic saloons, there is at least one large window, composed of a single plate of glass, round

which the ladies delight to range their work-tables, and their ottomans, whence they gaze out upon the animated *tableaux vivans* of the street. In some houses every window is fitted up on the same plan. They ought not, however, to be permitted on the ground-floor, for a poor milk-maid, or a porter with a load, passing by one of these costly windows, may be ruined by a single false step.

A Russian is easily tempted to make changes in his house ; and the consequence is, that an abundance of building and unbuilding is at all times going on in St. Petersburg. A single dinner, or a ball, often causes a house to put on a new face. To augment the suite of rooms, a hole will perhaps be broken in a wall, and some additional apartments thus be gained, or a temporary room will be built over the balcony. The house of a genuine Russian rarely remains fourteen days without undergoing some change.

The pavement of St. Petersburg, owing to the marshy nature of the soil, requires constant repair, and is, therefore, one of the most expensive that can be imagined. It is scarcely possible to obtain for it a firm foundation, whatever amount of rubbish or sand may have previously been laid down. The moisture penetrates through everywhere. I saw a riding-school, the bottom of which had been vaulted like a cellar, and, upon the solid masonry, sand and rubbish had been laid to the depth of two yards, and yet the horses were constantly wading through mud.

It is not to be denied that the Russian pavements

are in general very bad—good-looking enough when just laid down, but calculated rather for show than wear. One kind of pavement, however, is admirable in St. Petersburg; I mean the wood pavement, over which the carriages roll as smoothly and as noiselessly as ivory balls over a billiard-table. The pavement, however, is a matter of less importance here than in most of the European capitals. For more than six months of the year, the streets of St. Petersburg are filled with snow and ice, that form a more convenient road for man and horse than any that art has been able to construct. In autumn, vast quantities of snow begin to fall, and lie at first in loose and formless masses, through which the Russian steeds dash fearlessly, scattering showers of sparkling flakes around them in their progress. Gradually the snow is beaten down, and then forms a beautiful, solid, even way, and, in most of the streets, the mass remains compact throughout the winter.

On the return of spring, all this undergoes a remarkable change. In German cities, the police usually take care to remove the snow; but in St. Petersburg, owing to the great accumulation in its broad streets, this would scarcely be possible. All that the police, therefore, do, when the thaw sets in in good earnest, is to cut trenches through the icy mass, to allow the water to run off in proportion as the snow melts. It is not difficult to imagine the filthy state in which the streets necessarily remain under these circumstances. The month of May is in general far advanced, when the pavement still pre-

sents nothing to the eye but a lake of mud, with a dirty stream of water rolling through the centre, where the gutter is invariably constructed. The horses are often all but swimming, and a man may sometimes be thankful if he can get from the house-door into his carriage without an accident. This season must be a regular harvest for the brushmakers. The lackeys and shoeblacks are heard to groan aloud over the condition of their masters' boots and cloaks, and to swear that they never hired themselves for such dirty work. A sudden return of frost often restores the whole mass to a solid substance. The streets are then covered again with ice, on which many an over-driven horse is doomed to break a limb.

A Russian *ishvoshtik* (cabman) prefers his sledge to every other kind of vehicle, and continues to use it as long as an apology for snow is to be found in the streets. The consequence is, that sledges will often be seen on the shady side, when, on the sunny side, nothing but a wheeled carriage is able to get along.

The dust in summer is intolerable, as in most Russian towns, and owing to the same reasons: the immense width of the streets, and the vast, open, unpaved squares or places that everywhere abound, leaving the wind to exercise its power without control. If in some of our closely-built European cities, the want of open spaces is felt as an evil, the Russian cities, and St. Petersburg in particular, may be said to have gone into the other extreme.

The unnecessary space allowed for their streets, makes it almost impossible to light them at night, or to obtain shade in them by day. During summer, no lamps are necessary, the streets being then nearly as light at midnight as in London at noon, and the long days that prevail one half of the year, are, perhaps, in part answerable for the imperfect manner in which the streets are lighted during the long winter-nights. The small oil-lamps, then lighted, are large enough to be seen themselves, but not to make other objects visible. They are placed at the sides of the street, whence their rays are scarcely able to reach the centre. They diffuse light only to a distance of about four paces, and, when seen from a more remote point, look only like little stars. The broad long streets on a clear night look pretty enough with their double rows of little stars; but these serve more for ornament than use. In the Nevskoi Prospekt, indeed, there is no lack of illumination, the shops being for the most part brilliantly lighted up; but, in some streets, even the glimmering oil-lamps are wanting, and in such a neighbourhood the poor wanderer is grateful for the little light that may escape from some social sitting-room, of which the shutters have been charitably left unclosed.

Notwithstanding this gloomy darkness, the streets are not wanting in life, though it is often not without positive danger that a pedestrian can venture from one side to the other. Sledges are every moment seen to emerge from obscurity, and to

plunge again as rapidly into impenetrable gloom. Huge shadows seem to be pursuing each other over the snow, the incessant cry of the drivers, "Padyee, padyee!" (Place, place!) "Beregissa!" (Have a care!) serving them as a mutual warning. The skill and care of these drivers are really deserving of great praise; for accidents, after all, are of rare occurrence. The quiet character of the Russians is shown by the great rarity of murders and other acts of violence during these long dark winter nights. Three ineffectual attempts have been made to light the city with gas.

The huge placards and the colossal letters, by which the tradesmen of London and Paris seek to attract public attention, are unknown in St. Petersburg. The reading public there is extremely limited; and the merchant, who wishes to recommend himself to the multitude, must have recourse to a less lettered process. This accounts for the abundance of pictorial illustrations that decorate so many of the shop-fronts, or advertise the passenger that such and such an artist may be found within. The optician announces his calling by a profuse display of spectacles and telescopes; the butcher suspends in the front of his establishment a couple of painted oxen, or perhaps a portrait of himself in the act of presenting a ruddy joint to a passing dame. The signs, that speak the only mute language intelligible to a Russian multitude, relieve in some measure the monotony of the streets. The baker is sure to have a board over his door, with a representation of every species of roll

and loaf offered for sale in his shop; the tallow-chandler is equally careful to suspend the portraits of all his varieties of longs and shorts destined for the enlightenment of mankind. The musician, the pastry-cook, and, in short, every handicraftsman to whom the humbler classes are likely to apply, have adopted the same plan; and from the second and third floors huge pictures may sometimes be seen suspended, with appalling likenesses of fiddles, flutes, tarts, sugar-plums, sausages, smoked hams, coats, caps, shoes, stockings, &c.

For a barber the customary symbol is the following picture:—A lady sits fainting in a chair; before her stands the man of science, with a glittering lancet in his hand, and from her snow-white arm a purple fountain springs into the air, to fall afterwards into a basin held by an attendant youth. By the side of the lady sits a phlegmatic philosopher, undergoing the operation of shaving, without manifesting the slightest sympathy for the fair sufferer. Around the whole is a kind of arabesque border, composed of black leeches and instruments for drawing teeth. This picture is of frequent occurrence in every large Russian town.

Most of these pictures are very tolerably executed; and that of a Parisian milliner is particularly entitled to commendation, for the art expended on the gauze caps and the lace trimmings. Nor must it be supposed that the merchant is content with displaying only one or two of the articles in which he deals; no, the whole shop must figure on the board, and not

only the dealer, but his customers must be portrayed there. The coffee-house keeper does not think he has done enough when he has displayed a steaming kettle and a graceful array of cups ; he must have a whole party making themselves comfortable over their coffee and cigars, and crying to the wavering passenger, "Go thou and do likewise." The jeweller must have not only rings, and stars, and crosses, but he must have generals and excellencies as large as life, with their breasts blazing with orders, and at least five fingers on each hand laden with rings. The Russians attach great importance to these signs ; and a stranger may obtain from them some knowledge of the manners of the people.

Abridged from Kohl's "Russia."

COW-MILKING IN THE BUSH.

WE strolled on leisurely through the bush, and were within a short distance of New Norfolk, when our ears were suddenly assailed by a confusion of sounds that startled the quiet wilderness, and made us wonder what outbreak or disorder could occasion such a furious outcry. Presently we descried a horseman riding with all his might through the trees beside us, now jumping over fallen timber, then ducking his head to avoid the branches of trees, but in spite of the dangers which he seemed ever to avoid

by some special miracle, still keeping at the top of his speed, and urging on his horse, which seemed to be as much excited as the rider. Presently the cracking, it seemed, of innumerable whips, making sharp reports like small fire-arms, was heard around, and a straggling multitude began to encircle us. * * My kangaroo-skin friend seemed to regard with a sort of scornful glee the hurly-burly around us. * * "Now," said he, "master, you'll see how they manage some matters in this beautiful country." "What *can* the matter be?" said I. As I pronounced these words, a sudden crash of dead boughs and dry bushes, at no great distance from us, excited in me apprehension of danger. Instinctively I turned to the quarter whence the threatening sounds proceeded, and stood ready with my fowling-piece against accidents. I saw my friend Crab give a grim smile at this movement, as I was inclined to do myself, had I not been, I must confess, rather frightened; for at this moment I beheld a mad bull, as it seemed to me, making right to the spot where we stood. The animal appeared to be in a state of the most intense excitement, with its mouth covered with foam, its nostrils dilated, eyes wild, and its tail twisted into that corkscrew figure indicative of a disposition to mischief. I jumped aside as the creature made a plunge at me, glad enough to escape. "It's a mad cow," said I. "I suppose this climate makes cattle very savage when they get worried?" "Not madder than the people that are after her," said Crab; "however, wait a bit till you see the end of it." By

this time we were in the midst of the crowd which was chasing the cow, but I could not yet divine their particular object. "What do you want to do with her?" said I to a tall thin man, who had ceased for a moment to crack his whip; "she seems terribly wild." "Wild!" said he, "the brute is always wild, but she's one of the best milkers I've got, and have her in the stock-yard I will this blessed evening, if I raise all New Norfolk for it." "I shall be glad to lend a hand," said I, "but I'm not used to the ways of the country yet, and perhaps I might do harm instead of good." But my aid was not wanted on this occasion, for at this moment a general shout in the distance proclaimed that the victory was won. **

The cow, however, was not milked yet; to arrive at that conclusion, some further steps were necessary. The animal was now standing with its legs firmly planted before it, its neck elongated, its tongue hanging out of its mouth, and kicking with its hind legs continuously. These refractory members were now secured by a loop, into which they were dexterously insinuated, and half a dozen men catching up the end, hauled it out, and kept it on the stretch, to prevent her from plunging about. The creature, it seems, was now in a correct posture to be milked. Crab gave me another look. The man with the one-legged stool and pannikin now advanced, speaking soothingly to the animal to be operated on, and using much ceremony and caution on his approach. Seizing a favourable opportunity, he contrived to squeeze a few drops of milk into

his pannikin; but the sensitive cow, outraged, it seemed, at this indignity on her person, gave a sudden plunge, which upset the heel-rope holders, and, recovering her legs, she kicked man, stool, and pannikin over and over. Shouts of laughter proclaimed the amusement of the bystanders, and numerous were the gibes and jeers lavished on the occasion. And now, the pride of the stockmen being roused, and their honour being piqued by the presence, besides, of two strangers, the witnesses of their manœuvres, they set-to again to manacle the almost spent animal; and he of the pannikin, discarding the stool as a womanly encumbrance, boldly kneeling down, with the determination of a hero, and undaunted by the moanings and writhings of his victim, contrived to exude from her about half a pint of milk. This triumph achieved, the cow was set at liberty, the poles of the gateway were withdrawn, and the animal bounded into the bush.

There were about thirty people assembled, among whom were one or two women. I observed that some of the men were provided with ropes made of bullock's hide twisted together, of great strength. I was still puzzled to know what was intended by all these preparations. Presently a farming man appeared, with a tin pannikin of a half-pint measure, and a stool with one leg. The stool with one leg looked like a design to milk the animal, but what the tin pannikin was for was a mystery to me. Had there been a milk-pail, I should have made out their object at once; but this piece of

machinery was as yet but little known in the colony. I continued to watch the proceedings with great interest, when presently a man advanced with a stoutish long stick, or a small pole, with a hide-rope forming a large loop at the end of it; the other part of the rope he held in one hand in a coil. Climbing over the rails of the stock-yard, which were formed of the solid trunks of trees placed lengthways, about six feet high, he stood within the space. The cow eyed him as if she was used to the game, and without waiting to be attacked, made a dart at him ferociously. This did not disconcert the man with the pole and loop, who, stepping aside with the most perfect coolness, and with infinite agility, let the animal knock her head against the rails, which she did with a force that made the massive pile tremble. This process was repeated several times, to the great amusement of the spectators, some of whom applauded the pole-bearer's nimbleness, while others were inclined to back the cow. "That was a near go," said one, as the beast made a sudden plunge at her tormentor, tearing off, with her horn, a portion of his jacket; "she'll pin you presently, Jem." "Never fear," said Jem, "a miss is as good as a mile. She is the most cantankerous varmint I ever seed: but I'll have her yet." "What are you going to do," said I, "kill her?" "Kill her!" exclaimed my tall friend; "what! kill the best, the nicest, and sweetest-tempered creature of the whole herd; she's so tame, she'll almost let you pat her, only she

doesn't like to be milked ; that always puts her out. Now for it, Jemmy, that's the way ; haul in quick, keep it up—don't slack—hold her tight ; now we've got her. Where's the foot-rope ? " Watching his opportunity, the man with the pole had succeeded in throwing the loop over the animal's horns, and two or three men on the outside of the yard, quickly gathering the end of it, hauled it taut, as seamen do a cable in getting up the anchor, round the thick stump of a tree.

" Tales of the Colonies ; or, Adventures of an Emigrant."

POMARE, QUEEN OF TAHITI.

ABOUT nine o'clock, A. M., Queen Pomare was seen moving in state along the beach, escorted by her body-guards, numbering over a hundred, who, at the distance we viewed them, presented a very imposing pageant. Before the procession were borne the royal standards of Tahiti, red, white, and red, in horizontal bars ; then followed the queen and king ; and after them, their dashing soldiery, two by two, *"in proportionē perturbata,"* as the geometricians say. The rear was brought up by all who could make any pretensions to decency of appearance ; the whole procession extending to a great distance along the beach, and, in this order, moving slowly along towards the church. Soon after they had passed, Captain Spring

and I directed our steps thither, and entered a large thatched building upon the beach, within a few yards of the water. The body of the church was occupied by the queen and the military, and the galleries principally by women. We took seats near the pulpit, in full view of her majesty and her retinue. Queen Pomare is a good-looking woman, of a light olive complexion, with very dark expressive eyes, and black hair. In person she is about the medium height, and is rather inclined to *embonpoint*, and as she stood up several times during the service, she rose with an air of dignity that was truly royal. She wore a white satin hat, flaring open and flattened upon the upper rim, after the Tahitian style, trimmed with broad satin ribband and then surmounted by three white ostrich feathers. Her dress was of satin or figured silk of a pink colour, with slippers to correspond. The husband of the queen, *Pomare-tane*,—"Pomare's-man," as he is usually called,—sustains the relation of a Prince Albert to the government. He is a young man of about twenty-one years of age, while her majesty is not far from thirty; a disparity, on the side of the lady, highly averse to our notions of propriety. In the affairs of the government he has no power, as he was an inferior chief before his marriage with Pomare; but, in domestic matters, is very tenacious of his rights. Pomare-tane is a good-looking man, with very much of the *bon-vivant* in his appearance, and an easy good-humoured way about him. Although so young, his hair is very gray, an indication of age, prematurely developed, I

doubt not, by the repeated floggings he received from her majesty many years ago, when he was but a mere boy—occurrences entirely contrary to the order of nature. Pomare-tane was, however, very restive under her authority, and, stimulated by the foreigners, had many desperate contests with his spouse, until she was compelled to succumb to his superior prowess. Since then, if reports speak true, he has not only administered wholesome chastisement for offences coming under his immediate supervision, but repays with compound interest her maternal care over him in his boyish days. Invested in a brilliant crimson uniform, decked with gold epaulets, a sword at his side, and his *chapeau* surmounted by white ostrich feathers, his majesty presented a highly imposing appearance. It would have been a matter of deep envy to all hen-pecked husbands, acquainted with the past history of his household, to have witnessed with what utter *nonchalance* his majesty attended his royal spouse, appearing entirely regardless of her presence.

The officers of the royal household, eight or ten in number perhaps, were dressed in uniforms, but of various colours and fashions, which had been adopted as chance, or the visit of some man-of-war, gave them an opportunity for purchasing. White pantaloons were indulged in by all; but the state of them indicated either a ludicrous deficiency of material, or a peculiar taste for imitating *small clothes*, which they were essentially, as far as regards dimensions. One or two of these worthies wore a pair of stockings;

but most of them inserted their feet into thick leather boxes, without any intervening obstacle. The garb of one of these gentlemen struck me as being entirely anomalous : it consisted of a clergyman's black coat, of a most peaceful character, transmuted into the "horrid aspect of war," by means of sundry red stripes, about half an inch wide, bounding the outline of the coat, around which was buckled a bright red sword-belt—a combination of colours that was quite enchanting.

The officers of the queen's guards are undoubtedly the highest chiefs of the nation ; no very illustrious personages, one would infer from the fact, that they have been seen paddling off to a man-of-war, with nothing but a maro around the waist, to solicit the privilege of washing the clothes of any one who would favour them with his patronage, from the officer who promenaded the quarter-deck down to Jack before the mast. These are specimens of much of the *nobility* of the Pacific Islands. Behind the officers were seated the privates, with an approach towards similarity in their uniforms, which were blue, and at a distance would have appeared very well, but whose diversity of trimming was revealed by our proximity. Some of these coats were buttoned together ; others had fastenings of hooks and eyes ; and not a few were held together by drawing a threaded needle from side to side, which from appearances must have taken wonderful strides in many instances. The nether garments of the soldiery were always white, but, in many instances, prepared

without observing this invariable law of nature, that a large man requires garments of corresponding proportions. The ingenuity of one of these, displayed in devising expedients, was highly creditable to him. By some miscalculation, his coat and pantaloons, when adjusted to his person, were found not to be within six inches of one another, which disclosed a "*hiatus valde deflendus*" between the top of his nether garments and the edge of his coat. In this crisis, he had procured a large black silk neckerchief, which, encircling his waist, and secured in a huge knot in front, effectually concealed the unskilfulness of his tailor. The soldiers, agreeably to the advice of the missionaries, leave their muskets at their quarters on the Sabbath, and carry nothing but ramrods. Their principal employment, as well as that of their officers, appeared to be in criticising and admiring the peculiar taste each one had displayed in the decoration of his uniform. Queen Pomare seemed to be extremely anxious to exhibit her soldiery advantageously; and many were the searching looks she darted in among them, to see if any were indulging in their propensity to avail themselves of the occasion for repose. The congregation was rather disorderly, owing to the constant restlessness of some who were running in and out of the church every few minutes.

Tahitians are extremely fond of dress and show; and although the maintenance of one hundred and fifty men, of which the royal body-guard consists, is impoverishing the nation, yet they are not discon-

tented, as their ruling passion is gratified. The queen is constantly endeavouring to augment the grandeur of her appearance, much to the injury of the finances of her government; and, notwithstanding the heavy expense she has incurred in the equipment of this body of men, she has sent orders to Sydney, in New Holland, for additional articles. Her principal object at present, in collecting together and keeping under arms so large a body of men—large in proportion to the population—is for the purpose of making a grand display in an intended excursion to some of the Leeward Islands, which has been determined upon every few days for the last six weeks, and as often postponed. Several days after seeing her at church, we were alarmed on board the *Flora* by the discharge of artillery at intervals of every few minutes, the rolling of drums, and the gathering of a dense throng of natives upon the beach, in gay costumes. The three or four small vessels, belonging to her majesty, were crowded to overflowing, the sails were hoisted, and the national colours were gaily waving from the masthead, when an unlooked-for obstacle presented itself, which put a stop to all further proceedings.

In the eagerness for commencing the excursion, the idea did not occur that these little vessels might not possess sufficiently ample dimensions for the large retinue that were to attend her majesty; and it was not until it was demonstrated, in the present instance, that the fact was apparent, and the expedition was, of necessity, postponed, much to the chagrin of her majesty. So desirous is she of

making a constant display, that she never appears in public without being followed by half a dozen soldiers, who step with a becoming consciousness of a proximity to royalty. On a subsequent day, when she was returning to Papeete from a visit to Point Venus, the attempt at magnificence had a semblance of the ludicrous. As soon as the royal barge—in this case, a whale-boat—was seen entering the bay, with the national ensign waving proudly over Her Tahitian Majesty, a salute was fired by one of her loyal subjects, who was stationed upon the beach with a *musket* in his hand, which he continued to load and discharge with as much rapidity as possible, until her majesty reached the shore, exhibiting the most praiseworthy zeal upon the occasion. Pomare is a constant attendant upon church, but is scrupulously careful to appear in the afternoon in a different dress from the one she assumed in the morning. This is, however, the prevailing fashion among the *élite* of Tahiti, in which respect they imitate the fashionables at most of our watering-places, whose constant study, in some instances, appears to be the acquisition of the cameleon-like property of changing the hue of their garb every time they appear in public. The Tahitians are a finer-looking race than the Hawaiians; for the features are more regular, and their complexion of a lighter shade of colour. Their men are generally tall and well-formed; and the women are, many of them, very pretty, with their long dark hair hanging gracefully over their shoulders, relieved by some bright flower

interwoven with their tresses ; and my taste for the beautiful was in no instance shocked with ugliness, as was frequently the case at the Hawaiian islands. It is astonishing at what an early age they arrive at maturity. I saw numbers of them afterwards, whose ages were far from what I should have judged from their appearance ; for they look older at thirteen than American women do at the age of twenty-three or twenty-five. At the church, the congregation was very well dressed, and presented a neat appearance, that was highly creditable to them. The singing was very delightful, although it was entirely unlike anything I have ever heard before. The Tahitians have such a natural faculty for music, that they not only catch a tune with readiness, but even adapt symphonious parts to it ; and their voices blend together in a strange but agreeable harmony. The church is a large and convenient edifice, and the rafters and framework supporting the roof are concealed in part by ornamental matting, extending ten or fifteen feet upwards from the wall. At the conclusion of the services, the soldiery were extended from the church door in two parallel rows, facing inwards, between which the royal party marched to the head of the column, and then led the way in solemn state along the beach, through the dust and over the stones, shells and bones, strewn plentifully in their path, instead of a direct course to the "palace," by a delightful road, which led along under the cool bread-fruit groves. This preference had no other object than to present an imposing pageant to

the shipping at anchor in the harbour. In company with my friend, I took a walk through the lovely grove at the back of the beach to the "palace," by which appellation the queen's residence is designated by the natives. It is the largest house in Papeete, though but one story high, running up in a peaked roof of thatch, and having a wide piazza extending entirely across the front. It is situated within an inclosure of green grass, and presents a somewhat pretty appearance, although, as a royal residence, it would be thought rather humble. At the gate were lounging three sentinels, whose attitudes indicated a judicious regard for their personal comfort. As the royal *cortège* had not yet come in sight, we seated ourselves in the piazza to await its approach, and before long it was seen deploying through the trees. The officers of the household came first, who separated at the entrance, and, walking in solemn style up to the door-step, faced inwards, with hats doffed, while Queen Pomare and Pomare-tane passed between them, and took their seats in the piazza, as the soldiery were arranging themselves in the form of a crescent upon the greensward before us. Meanwhile, I shook hands with the king, with whom I had previously been made acquainted, and was then presented to Her Tahitian Majesty by my friend. The "presentation" was divested of any Court formalities, and consisted in merely shaking hands, and saying "Your honour, boy," which is the exact sound, when spoken rapidly, of the native salutation, "Ia ora na oe," or "Peace be with you." Her majesty was not very communicative,

as all her attention was absorbed in watching the movements of her guards, and in refreshing herself with plentiful draughts from a cocoa-nut, which had been brought to her the moment she arrived ; while Pomare-tane produced some cigars, and, offering one to me, adjusted himself for smoking with the utmost tranquillity. In imitation of the queen, I called for a cocoa-nut, and refreshed myself with its delicious beverage, entertaining the most benevolent wishes for the prosperity of Her Tahitian Majesty.

The soldiers, as I have before said, were marshalling themselves in a semicircle in front of the palace, to be reviewed by the queen. At the word of command they succeeded in averting their faces, although some of them manifested a strong indecision of mind with regard to those opposite positions of the body, "front" and "rear." After going through the intricate manœuvres of presenting their faces and their backs to the royal vision, they were dismissed, and my friend and I took our leave of their majesties.

Olmsted's "Incidents of a Whaling Voyage."

JEWS IN POLAND.

IF anything is calculated to make a residence in Lemberg, or, indeed, in any part of Poland, disagreeable, it is the Jews—those torments of peasants and travellers. During our stay, we were generally surrounded with them, even before breakfast. While we were yet in bed, slumbering drowsily on our pillows, they were generally round us screaming their various offers into our ears. Three factors, each of whom announced himself as the one real factor of our hotel; ten drivers, who offered to convey us safely and comfortably to any part of the world, at a moment's notice—and whom we in vain assured that we had yet no intention of proceeding further; a dozen brokers, who offered to transact business for us anywhere, of any kind; and innumerable vendors of new and old wares, who importuned us to purchase wares we did not want: these officious tormentors often plagued us so, that we sought refuge in the street, in sheer despair. There, however, we were no better off. The stranger has no chance of escaping the eyes of these pitiless vultures, who follow and fasten on him like a swarm of bees. Nothing can exceed the officious and tormenting importunity of the Polish Jews; no assurances, no declarations, suffice. One may give them all denials a thousand times a day without getting rid of one of them.

A detailed history of the Jews in Poland, by the hand of any one who knew and understood them, would abound in extraordinary and interesting events and anecdotes; and a description of their present condition would combine pictures of the most squalid misery and of the greatest luxury. The extraordinary privileges with which the Polish nobles have sometimes, and the degrading treatment with which they have at other times, loaded them, have given rise to the greatest extremes in their condition. Sometimes the Jews, who had their own deputies at Warsaw, and their own marshal over them, appeared to form a state within the state, preparing to face the Poles as nation to nation; sometimes, on the contrary, they were made the slaves of slaves.

The affairs of the Court at Warsaw have often been guided by some fair Jewish Esther. Conspiracies and insurrections of the Jews have often taken place; and, in the wars of the Poles for independence, the Jews, who mourn with them for the downfall of the old republic, took an active part. Casimir the Great, upon whom a Jewish mistress exercised great influence, enacted many laws highly advantageous to them. He gave them a privileged court of justice, for settling their disputes with Gentiles, and other courts of their own for settling their disputes among themselves; he freed them from all state burdens, and endeavoured to relieve them from the tyranny and oppression of their masters. This tyranny and oppression have, however, continued ever since to be exercised upon them; and the nobleman has always

done what he pleased with the Jews on his estate. He fines, and increases at pleasure the taxes which they pay him ; and the fear of driving away these useful slaves, by overweening tyranny, is the only restraint upon his despotic caprice. The law forbids the nobleman to flog his Jews ; but the Jew, dependent upon his master's humour in so many respects, dares not claim the protection of the law ; and, in reward for his endurance, he is allowed to tyrannise over the peasant, as the noble tyrannises over him.

It was formerly a common custom for the Polish nobles to keep Jews at their castles as fools. Even now, these Jewish jesters are often met with in great families ; they bear every kind of insult and ill-treatment with patience and servility. They are treated just like house-dogs, eat and sleep in their masters' rooms, but are the butts and scapegoats of the whole family, on whom each throws his own sins, and vents his own ill-humour. In a certain Polish household, there lived lately a *house Jew* of this kind. He had received the brilliant name of Prince Friedrich, and was never called by any other. He was as elegantly dressed as the master of the house, and was fed by every one like a pet parrot. Each member of the family was continually popping things into his mouth, which he was compelled to swallow : if he was in favour, it was a lump of sugar ; if they wished to tease him, rhubarb and magnesia, and sometimes a rap on the knuckles at the same time. He was obliged to be alternately rocking-horse, dancing-bear, draught-ox, and jack-ass

for the children, as they and their play required. On Sundays, they dressed him up and masked him, now as a negro, now as a Brahmin, now as a he-goat, and now as Jupiter, or Pluto. The master himself often played tricks upon his fool, even more *piquant* than those of his children, for they did not always pass off without bloodshed. One day the Jew met him in the castle-court, just as he returned from the chase in a great ill-humour, having shot nothing. "I hope the *guädige Herr* has had a good day's sport?" said the fool, bowing low. "Peace! Jew! I haven't so much as shot one chattering magpie. My gun is still loaded. But stay—I think I can bring down a magpie yet! Up into the tree, sirrah! Up! no flinching! Higher, higher, or I'll give you the ball in your head! Up into that branch—now sit still, magpie!" So saying, he discharged the contents of the gun into the leg of the screaming Jew, who fell down from the tree into the courtyard, and the nobleman rode past him laughing heartily, and fully content with his day's sport. The Jew was taken up, cured, fed with honey and *bonbons*, and remained in the house as before.

At Lemberg, we were told of two young noblemen who had, a short time previously, played the following trick, by no means the worst of which I was told at the time. They had been riding along a very dirty road, and came to a Jewish village, where some Jewish families, men, women, and children, all attired in their Sabbath splendour, were walking along the clean pathway, while the young noblemen

were splashed with mud from top to toe. "Look at the Jews how fine they are, with their white stockings and bright black shoes. They go in finer clothes than the nobility of the country." "Let us make them dance in the mud a bit," proposed one. The proposal met with the greatest approbation. "Down, Jews, down from the foot-path; you shall have a fine Sunday's sport. Come, dance a mazurka here in the mud. We will provide music." The Jews prayed the "good gentlemen" to have mercy, and not to turn the merry jest into mournful earnest; but the latter ordered their servants to blow a mazurka on their hunting-horns, and, driving the Jews into the mud with their horsewhips, forced them to dance in pairs, to the united music of the hunting-horns and horsewhips, until they were covered with mud, when the young nobles rode on, delighted with their practical joke. To the honour of the Austrian government, however, it must be added, that such things very seldom happen in Galicia.

All the Polish Jews have tall, meagre figures, that is to say, the men; for the women, probably on account of their inactive way of life, are often stout. The men are wrapped in a long caftan, generally of silk, and always black, which is confined round the waist by a silken girdle. Their complexion is always pale; and this does not appear to be occasioned by personal cares and troubles, but to be the common colour of the race. Their complexion, however, is at the same time delicate, so that their faces often

look as if they had been carved of alabaster. Their hands are, in general, remarkably soft and delicate ; and I have seen such brilliant eyes, such bright dark hair, such beautiful forms, such noble countenances, among the Polish Jews, that I have often wondered how such beings could grow up in such deep social degradation and abasement. There are parts of Lithuania where every Jew is a handsome man.

Kohl's "Austria."

RENCONTRE WITH AN ELEPHANT NEAR MOSCOW.

I AM now writing at a post-house between Vladimir and Moscow.

Among all the chances and accidents by which a traveller is in danger of losing his life on a Russian high-road, the imagination of the reader would be at fault to single out the one by which my life has been just menaced. The danger was so great, that, without the address, the strength, and the presence of mind, of my Italian servant, I should not be the writer of the following account :—

It was necessary that the Schah of Persia should have an object in conciliating the friendship of the Emperor of Russia ; and that, with this view, building his expectations upon bulky presents, he should send to the Czar one of the most enormous black elephants of Asia : it was also needful that this

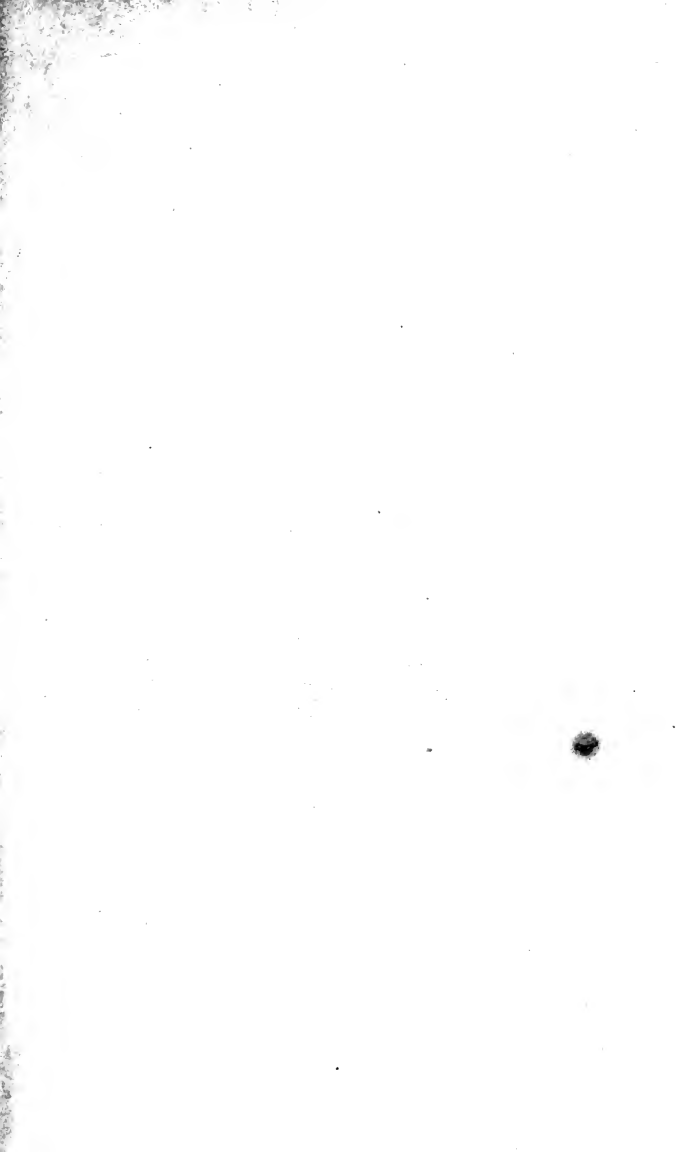
walking tower should be clothed with superb hangings, serving as a caparison for the colossus, and that he should be escorted by a *cortège* of horsemen, resembling a cloud of grasshoppers; that the whole should be followed by a file of camels, who appeared no larger than donkeys by the side of this elephant, the most enormous that I ever beheld: it was yet further necessary, that at the summit of the living monument should be seen a man with olive complexion, and oriental costume, carrying a parasol, and sitting cross-legged upon the back of the monster; and, finally, it was necessary that, whilst this potentate of the desert was forced to journey on foot towards Petersburg, where the climate will soon transfer him to the collection of the mammoths and the mastodons, I should be travelling post by the same route, and that my departure from Vladimir should so coincide with that of the Persians, that, at a certain point of the deserted road, the gallop of my Russian horses should bring me behind them, and make it necessary to pass by the side of the giant:—it required nothing less, I say, than all these combined circumstances, to explain the danger caused by the terror that seized my four horses, on seeing before them an animated pyramid, moving as if by magic in the midst of a crowd of strange-looking men and beasts.

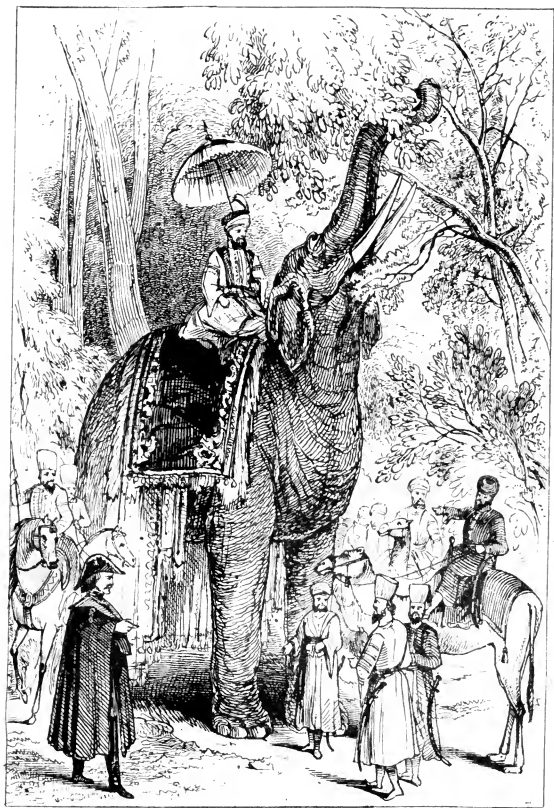
Their astonishment as they approached the colossus was at first shown by a general start aside, by extraordinary neighings and snortings, and by refusing to proceed. But the words and the whip of the coach-

man at length so far mastered them, as to compel them to pass the fantastic object of their terror. They submitted trembling; their manes stood erect; and scarcely were they alongside of the monster than, reproaching themselves, as it were, for a courage which was nothing more than fear of another object, they yielded to their panic, and the voice and reins of the driver became useless. The man was conquered at the moment when he thought himself the conqueror. Scarcely had the horses felt that the elephant was behind them, than they dashed off at full speed, heedless as to where their blind frenzy might carry them. This furious course had very nearly cost us our lives; the coachman, bewildered and powerless, remained immovable on his seat, and slackened the reins; the feldjäger, placed beside him, partook of his stupefaction and helplessness; Antonio and I, seated within the *calèche*, which was closed, on account of the weather and my ailment, remained pale and mute. Our species of *tarandasse* has no doors; it is a boat, over the sides of which we have to step to get in or out. On a sudden, the maddened horses swerved from the road, and dashed at an almost perpendicular bank, about ten feet high: one of the small fore-wheels was already buried in the bank side; two of the horses had reached the top without breaking the traces; I saw their feet on a level with our heads; one strain more, and the coach would have followed, but certainly not upon its wheels. I thought all was over with us. The Cossacks who escorted the puissant cause of this peril, seeing our critical situation,

had the prudence to avoid following us, for fear of further exciting our horses ; I, without even thinking of springing from the carriage, had commended my soul to God, when suddenly Antonio disappeared : I thought he was killed. The head and leather curtains of the *calèche* concealed the scene from me, but at the same moment I felt the horses stop. " We are saved," cried Antonio. This *we* touched me, for he himself was beyond all danger, after having succeeded in getting out of the *calèche* without accident. His rare presence of mind had indicated to him the moment favourable to springing out with the least risk ; afterwards, with that agility which strong emotions impart, but which they cannot explain, he found himself, without knowing how, upon the top of the bank, at the heads of the two horses who had scaled it, and whose desperate efforts threatened to destroy us all. The carriage was just about to overturn when the horses were stopped ; but Antonio's activity gave time to the others to follow his example. The coachman was in a moment at the heads of the two other horses, while the courier propped up the coach ; at the same moment the Cossack guard of the elephant, who had put their horses to a gallop, arrived to our assistance ; they made me alight, and helped my people to hold the still trembling horses. Never was an accident more nearly being disastrous, and never was one repaired at less cost. Not a screw of the coach was disturbed, and scarcely a strap of harness broken.

At the expiration of a quarter of an hour, Antonio





GIGANTIC ELEPHANT.

was seated quietly by my side in the *calèche*; in another ten minutes he was as fast asleep as if he had not been the means of saving all our lives. While they put the harness in order, I approached the cause of all this mischief. The groom of the elephant had prudently led him into the wood adjoining one of the side-alleys of the road. The formidable beast appeared to me yet larger, after the peril to which he had exposed me. His trunk, busy in the top of the birch-trees, reminded me of a boa twisted among the palms. I began to make excuses for my horses, and left him, giving thanks to God for having escaped a death which at one moment appeared to me inevitable.

Marquis de Custine's "Empire of the Czar."

A FREE INDIAN GENTLEMAN.

ONE of the trappers was from New Hampshire. He had been educated at Dartmouth College, and was, altogether, one of the most remarkable men I ever knew—a splendid gentleman, a finished scholar, a critic in English and Roman literature, a politician, a trapper, an Indian! His stature was something more than six feet; his shoulders and chest were broad, and his arms and lower limbs well formed and very muscular. His forehead was high and expansive; causality, comparison, eventuality, and all the perceptive organs, to use a phrenological description,

remarkably large; locality was, however, larger than any other organ in the frontal region; benevolence, wonder, ideality, secretiveness, destructiveness, and adhesiveness, combativeness, self-esteem, and hope, were very high. The remaining organs were low. His head was clothed with hair as black as jet, two feet and a half in length, smoothly combed and hanging down his back. He was dressed in a deer-skin frock, leggings, and moccasins; not a shred of cloth about his person. On my first interview with him, he addressed me with the stiff cold formality of one conscious of his own importance; and, in a manner that he thought unobserved, scrutinised the movement of every muscle of my face, and every word that I uttered; and when anything was said of political events in the States or Europe, he gave silent and intense attention. I left him without any very good impressions of his character; for I had induced him to open his compressed mouth but once, and then to make the no very agreeable inquiries, "When do you start?" and "What route do you intend to take?"

At my second interview, he was more familiar. Having ascertained that he was proud of his learning, I approached him through that medium. He seemed pleased at this compliment to his superiority over those around him, and at once became easy and talkative. His "Alma Mater" was described and re-described; all the fields, and walks, and rivulets, the beautiful Connecticut, the evergreen primitive ridges lying along its banks, which he said "had

smiled for a thousand ages on the march of decay," were successive themes of his gigantic imagination. His descriptions were minute and exquisite. He saw in everything all that science sees, together with all that his capacious intellect, instructed and imbrued with the wild fancyings and legends of his race, could see. I inquired the reason of his leaving civilised life for a precarious livelihood in the wilderness. "For reasons found in the nature of my race," he replied. "The Indian's eye cannot be satisfied with a description of things, how beautiful soever may be the style, or the harmonies of verse in which it is conveyed; for neither the periods of burning eloquence, nor the mighty and beautiful creations of the imagination, can unbosom the treasures of realities as they live in their own native magnificence on the eternal mountains, and in the secret untrodden vale. As soon as you thrust the ploughshare under the earth, it teems with worms and useless weeds: it increases population to an unnatural extent—creates the necessity of penal enactments—builds the jail—erects the gallows—spreads over the human face a mask of deception and selfishness—and substitutes villany, love of wealth and power, and the slaughter of millions, for the gratification of some royal cut-throat, in the place of the single-minded honesty, the hospitality, the honour and the purity of the natural state. Hence, wherever agriculture appears, the increase of moral and physical wretchedness induces the thousands of necessities, as they are termed, for abridging human liberty; for fettering down the mind to the

principles of right, derived, not from nature, but from a restrained and forced condition of existence. And hence my race, with mental and physical habits as free as the waters that flow from the hills, become restive under the rules of civilised life—dwindle to their graves under the control of laws, and customs, and forms, which have grown out of the endless vices, and the factitious virtues of another race. Red men often acquire and love the sciences. But with the nature which the Great Spirit has given them, what are all their truths to them? Would an Indian ever measure the height of a mountain that he could climb? No, never. The legends of his tribe tell him nothing about quadrants, and base lines and angles. Their old braves, however, have for ages watched from the cliffs the green life in the spring, and the yellow death in the autumn, of their holy forests. Why should he ever calculate an eclipse? He always knew such occurrences to be the doings of the Great Spirit. Science, 'tis true, can tell the times and seasons of their coming; but the Indian, when they do occur, looks through Nature, without the aid of science, up to its cause. Of what use is a Lunar to him? His swift canoe has the green embowered shores, and well known headlands, to guide its course. In fine, what are the arts of peace, of war, of agriculture, or anything civilised, to him? His nature and its elements, like the pine which shadows his wigwam, are too mighty, too grand, of too strong a fibre, to form a stock on which to engraft the rose or the violet of polished life. No.

I must range the hills; I must always be able to out-travel my horse; I must always be able to strip my own wardrobe from the backs of the deer and buffalo, and to feed upon their rich loins: I must always be able to punish my enemy with my own hand, or I am no longer an Indian. And if I am anything else, I am a mere imitation, an ape." The enthusiasm with which these sentiments were uttered, impressed me with an awe I had never previously felt for the unborrowed dignity and independence of the genuine, original character of the American Indians. Enfeebled, and reduced to a state of dependence by disease and the crowded hosts of civilised men, we find among them still, too much of their own, to adopt the character of another race; too much bravery to feel like a conquered people; and a preference of annihilation to the abandonment of that course of life, consecrated by a thousand generations of venerated ancestors.

This Indian has been trapping among the Rocky Mountains for seventeen years. During that time, he has been often employed as an express to carry news from one trading-post to another, and from the mountains to Missouri. In these journeys he has been remarkable for the directness of his courses, and the exceedingly short spaces of time required to accomplish them. Mountains that neither Indian nor white men dared attempt to scale—if opposing his right-line track—he has crossed. Angry streams, heavy and cold from the snows, and plunging and roaring among the girding caverns of the hills, he has

swum ; he has met the tempest as it groaned over the plains, and hung upon the trembling towers of the everlasting hills ; and without a horse, or even a dog, traversed often the terrible and boundless wastes of mountains, and plains, and desert valleys, through which I am travelling ; and the ruder the blast, the larger the bolts, and the louder the peals of the dreadful tempest, when the earth and the sky seem joined by a moving cataract of flood and flame driven by the wind, the more was it like himself, a free, unmarred manifestation of the sublime energies of Nature. He says that he never intends again to visit the States ; or any other part of the earth “ which has been torn and spoiled by the slaves of agriculture.” “ I shall live,” says he, “ and die in the wilderness.” And assuredly he should thus live and die. The music of the rushing waters should be his requiem, and the Great Wilderness his tomb.

Farnham's “ Travels in the Great Western Prairies.”

CEREMONY OF TAKING THE VEIL AT MEXICO.

HAVING gone out in the carriage to pay some visits, I suddenly recollected that it was the very morning of the day in which a young girl was to take the veil, and also that it was necessary to inquire where I was to be placed ; for as to entering the church with the crowd on these occasions, it is out of the question, particularly when the girl being, as in the present case, of distinguished family, the ceremony is expected to be peculiarly magnificent. I accordingly called at the house, was shown up stairs, and, to my horror, found myself in the midst of a “goodlie companie,” in rich array, consisting of the relations of the family, to the number of about a hundred persons ; the bishop himself in his purple robes and amethysts, a number of priests, the father of the young lady in his general’s uniform ; she herself in purple velvet, with diamonds and pearls, and a crown of flowers ; the *corsage* of her gown entirely covered with little bows of riband of divers colours, which her friends had given her, each adding one, like stones thrown on a cairn in memory of the departed. She had also short sleeves, and white satin shoes.

Being very handsome, with fine black eyes, good teeth, and fresh colour, and above all with the beauty

of youth, for she is but eighteen, she was not disfigured even by this overloaded dress. Her mother, on the contrary, who was to act the part of *madrina*, who wore a dress *fac simile*, and who was pale and sad, her eyes almost extinguished with weeping, looked like a picture of misery in a ball-dress. In the adjoining room long tables were laid out, on which servants were placing refreshments for the fête about to be given on this joyous occasion. I was welcomed with true Mexican hospitality ; repeatedly thanked for my kindness in coming to see the nun ; and hospitably pressed to join the family feast. I only got off upon a promise of returning at half-past five to accompany them to the ceremony, which, in fact, I greatly preferred to going there alone.

I arrived at the hour appointed, and being led up stairs by the senator Don —, found the morning party, with many additions, lingering over the dessert. There was some gaiety, but evidently forced. It reminded me of a marriage feast previous to the departure of the bride, who is about to be separated from her family for the first time. Yet how different in fact this banquet, where the mother and daughter met together for the last time on earth !

At stated periods, indeed, the mother may hear her daughter's voice speaking to her as from the depths of the tomb ; but she may never more fold her in her arms, never more share in her joys, or in her sorrows, or nurse her in sickness ; and when her last hour arrives, though but a few streets divide them, she may not give her dying blessing to the

child who has been for so many years the pride of her eye and her heart.

I have seen no country where families are so knit together as in Mexico, where the affections are so concentrated, or where such devoted respect and obedience are shown by the married sons and daughters to their parents. In that respect they always remain as little children. I know many families, of which the married branches continue to live in their father's house, forming a sort of small colony, and living in the most perfect harmony. They cannot bear the idea of being separated, and nothing but dire necessity ever forces them to leave their *fatherland*. To all the accounts which travellers give them of the pleasures to be met with in European capitals, they turn a deaf ear. Their families are in Mexico—their parents, and sisters, and relatives,—and there is no happiness for *them* elsewhere. The greater, therefore, is the sacrifice which those parents make, who, from religious motives, devote their daughters to a conventual life.

———, however, was furious at the whole affair, which, he said, was entirely against the mother's consent, though that of the father had been obtained; and pointed out to me the confessor whose influence had brought it about. The girl herself was now very pale, but evidently resolved to conceal her agitation, and the mother seemed as if she could shed no more tears—quite exhausted with weeping. As the hour for the ceremony drew near, the whole

party became more grave and sad, all but the priests, who were smiling, and talking together in groups. The girl was not still a moment. She kept walking hastily through the house, taking leave of the servants, and naming probably her last wishes about everything. She was followed by her younger sisters, all in tears.

But it struck six; and the priests intimated that it was time to move. She and her mother went down the stairs alone, and entered the carriage which was to drive them through all the principal streets, to show the nun to the public according to custom, and to let them take their last look,—they of her, and she of them. As they got in, we all crowded to the balconies to see her take leave of her house, her aunt saying, “Yes, child, *despidete de tu casa*, take leave of your house, for you will never see it again!” Then came sobs from the sisters, and many of the gentlemen, ashamed of their emotion, hastily quitted the room. I hope, for the sake of humanity, I did not rightly interpret the look of constrained anguish which the poor girl threw from the window of the carriage at the home of her childhood.

They drove off, and the relations prepared to walk in procession to the church. I walked with the Count S——, the others followed in pairs. The church was very brilliantly illuminated, and as we entered, the band was playing one of *Strauss's waltzes*! The crowd was so tremendous, that we were nearly squeezed to a jelly in getting to our

places. I was carried off my feet between two fat Señoras, in mantillas, and shaking diamond pendants, exactly as if I had been packed between two movable feather-beds.

They gave me, however, an excellent place, quite close to the grating, that is to say, a place to kneel on. A great bustle and much preparation seemed to be going on within the convent, and veiled figures were flitting about, whispering, arranging, &c. Sometimes a skinny old dame would come close to the grating, and, lifting up her veil, bestow upon the pensive public a generous view of a very haughty and very wrinkled visage of some seventy years' standing, and beckon into the church for the majordomo of the convent, or for padre this or that. Some of the holy ladies recognised and spoke to me through the grating.

But at the discharge of fire-works outside the church, the curtain was dropped, for this was the signal that the nun and her mother had arrived. An opening was made in the crowd as they passed into the church; and the girl kneeling down, was questioned by the bishop, but I could not make out the dialogue, which was carried on in a low voice. She then passed into the convent by a side door; and her mother, quite exhausted, and nearly in hysterics, was supported through the crowd to a place beside us in front of the grating. The music struck up; the curtain was again drawn aside. The scene was as striking here as in the convent of Santa Teresa, but not so lugubrious. The nuns, all ranged around,

and carrying lighted tapers in their hands, were dressed in mantles of bright blue, with a gold plate on the left shoulder. Their faces, however, were covered with deep black veils. The girl, kneeling in front, and also bearing a heavy lighted taper, looked beautiful, with her dark hair and rich dress, and the long black lashes resting on her glowing face. The churchmen near the illuminated and magnificently-decked altar, formed, as usual, a brilliant background to the picture. The ceremony was nearly the same as on a former occasion, but there was no sermon.

The most terrible thing to witness was the last, straining, anxious look which the mother gave her daughter through the grating. She had seen her child pressed to the arms of strangers, and welcomed to her new home. She was no longer hers. All the sweet ties of nature had been rudely severed, and she had been forced to consign her, in the very bloom of youth and beauty, at the very age in which she most required a mother's care, and when she had just fulfilled the promise of her childhood, to a living tomb. Still, as long as the curtain had not fallen, she could gaze upon her, as upon one on whom, though dead, the coffin-lid is not yet closed.

But while the new-made nun was in a blaze of light, and distinct on the fore-ground, so that we could mark each varying expression of her face, the crowd in the church, and the comparative faintness of the light, probably made it difficult for her to distinguish her mother; for, knowing that the end

was at hand, she looked anxiously and hurriedly into the church, without seeming able to fix her eyes on any particular object; while her mother seemed as if her eyes were glazed, so intently were they fixed upon her daughter.

Suddenly, and without any preparation, down fell the black curtain like a pall, and the sobs and tears of the family broke forth. One beautiful little child was carried out almost in fits. Water was brought to the poor mother; and, at last, making our way through the dense crowd, we got into the sacristy.

I went home thinking by what law of God a child can be thus dragged from the mother who bore and bred her, and immured in a cloister for life, amongst strangers, to whom she has no tie, and towards whom she owes no duty. That a convent may be a blessed shelter from the calamities of life, a haven for the unprotected, a resting-place for the weary, a safe and holy asylum, where a new family and kind friends, await those whose natural ties are broken, and, whose early friends are gone, I am willing to admit; but it is not in the flower of youth that the warm heart should be consigned to the cold cloister. Let the young take their chance of sunshine or of storm: the calm and shady retreat is for helpless and unprotected old age.

———, to whom I described these ceremonies, wrote some verses, suggested by my account of them, which I send you.

In tropic gorgeousness, the Lord of Day
To the bright chambers of the west retired,
And with the glory of his parting ray,
The hundred domes of Mexico he fired,
When I, with vague and solemn awe inspired,
Entered The Incarnation's sacred fane.

The vaulted roof, the dim aisle far retired,
Echoed the deep-toned organ's holy strain,
Which through the incensed air did mournfully complain.

The veiling curtain suddenly withdrew,
Opening a glorious altar to the sight,
Where crimson intermixed its regal hue
With gold and jewels that outblazed the light
Of the huge tapers near them flaming bright,
From golden stands—the bishop, mitre-crowned
And robed, to minister a sacred rite,
Stood stately near—in order due around
The sisterhood knelt down, their brows upon the
ground.

The novice entered : to her doom she went,
Gems in her robes, and flowers upon her brow.
Virgin of tender years, poor innocent !
Pause, ere thou speak th' irrevocable vow.
What if thy heart should change, thy spirit fail ?
She kneels. The black-robed sisters cease to bow.
They raise a hymn which seems a funeral wail,
While o'er the pageant falls the dark, lugubrious
veil.

Again the veil is up. On earth she lies,
With the drear mantle of the pall spread o'er,
The new-made nun, the living sacrifice,
Dead to this world of ours for evermore !
The sun his parting rays hath ceased to pour,
As loth to lend his light to such a scene—
The sisters raise her from the sacred floor,
Supporting her their holy arms between ;—
The mitred priest stands up with patriarchal mien,
And speaks the benediction ; all is done.
A life-in-death must all her years consume.
She clasped her new-made sisters one by one :
As the black shadows their embraces gave,
They seemed like spectres from their place of doom,
Stealing from out eternal night's black cave,
To meet their comrade new, and hail her to the grave.
The curtain fell again, the scene was o'er,
The pageant gone, its glitter and its pride,
And it would be a pageant and no more,
But for the maid miscalled the Heavenly Bride.
Say, if an utter stranger, unallied
To her by slightest tie, some grief sustain,
What feels the yearning mother from whose side
Is torn the child whom she hath reared in vain,
To share her joys no more, no more to soothe her pain !

Madame de la Barca's "Life in Mexico."

DESERT JOURNEY FROM GRAND CAIRO TO SUEZ.

I REACHED Cairo early in February, after several months' tour in Upper Egypt. I immediately commenced making preparations for my journey through the deserts to Mount Sinai, Akaba, and thence to Petra, and onwards through Idumea to Palestine. My companion, unwilling to risk the dangers and fatigues of this route, had left me at Cairo, and departed for Alexandria. I was thus left to pursue my journey alone. Fortunately, two Englishmen in the service of Mohammed Ali, hearing of my intentions, joined me when on the point of starting. As they proposed to go only as far as Mount Sinai, I was obliged to lay in a large store of provisions. For several days I was busy with my dragoman Abdallah, in the bazaars, buying dates, coffee, tea, potatoes, maccaroni, water-skins, charcoal, a tent, and the other essentials of a journey in the desert. Mr. Gliddon, our estimable consul in Egypt, was kind enough to volunteer his assistance in making our contracts with the Arabs. Twaylibb, one of the sheiks of the Tawarah tribe, was then encamped on the desert outside the walls of Cairo. These Arabs are the Gahfirs, or protectors of the convent of Mount Sinai, and with the Dhuheiry, Awarimeh, and Aleikat, alone enjoy the privilege of conducting

travellers between Cairo and the convent. Though the distance from the consul's to the tents of the Tawarah was but a few miles, yet, with the usual procrastination of the Arabs, nothing could be effected on the first day but an interchange of messengers. On the second day we met Twaylibb in the house of Mr. Gliddon. He received us with great courtesy, touching his head, mouth, and breast, to signify that his thoughts, words, and heart were ours. He was short and spare in stature, of a keen eye, and a countenance which was crafty, mild, and benevolent in its expression. As I had gained some knowledge of the craftiness and cunning of the Arabs in my dealings with the boatmen on the Nile, I was tolerably prepared for an encounter with a Bedouin sheik in the art of bargaining.

The ceremony was opened, as usual, with pipes and coffee. It was only after we had smoked some half-dozen pipes that we got fairly under way. On the first pipe, the sheik commenced with a long account of the dangers and toils of the journey, expatiating at large upon the stoical virtues of the Bedouins—their poverty, fidelity, &c. On the second, the high prices paid by several Frank travellers were duly commented on. On the third, a compliment was rendered to the generosity and liberality of the Franks, with sundry indirect allusions to the good traits of Americans and Englishmen. On the fourth, after this ingenious preface, the bargain was broached, and continued under discussion until the demolition of not a few pipe-bowls, and the interchange of sundry

hard words, when we shook hands, and agreed upon the terms. I contracted with the sheik for five camels, at 250 piastres each, being 1250 piastres for all, for the journey from Cairo to Akaba, by Mount Sinai. Exclusive of this, Twaylibb was to receive 250 piastres for his services as conductor of the caravan, so that the journey, according to this estimate, would cost 75 dollars. In the end, including *back-sheesh* on the route, it cost near 100 dollars to Akaba. In the presence of the consul, a written agreement in Arabic and French was drawn up, which was signed by the contracting parties.

The terms being thus concluded on, the Arabs begged a day's grace to obtain provisions for their camels. In the meanwhile, I doffed my European habiliments, and assumed the guise of an Oriental. I put myself into the hands of a barber, who shaved my hair almost to the skull, leaving not even the usual tuft upon the crown of the head, which he explained by saying, that as the Franks were not admitted into the Mussulman heaven, there was no necessity for this appendage, by which the faithful are drawn into heaven. The head being shaved, the tailor entered. Having explained to me the mysteries of the Turkish toilette, he proceeded to envelop my head in a turban, the stainless hue and imposing dignity of which might have become the head of the pasha himself. I next encased my feet in a pair of red slippers, for in this country of dust and sand boots are unnecessary. Lastly, I buckled a Damascus scimitar around my waist, rammed a pair of silver-

mounted Albanian pistols in my belt, and strode out into the street, curling my moustache, and strutting in the best style of Turkish dandyism. It was amusing to see how the Arabs opened a path for me, who before, when costumed as a Frank, would not give me an inch of room. As I had mastered the every-day portion of the Arabic vocabulary, I was not at a loss for words to sustain my new character. But little time, however, was left for promenading, as on the morrow I was to leave behind me the walls of Cairo, and embark upon the desert.

It was early in the morning, when the Arabs brought the camels to our inn. Here, near half the day was consumed in packing and unpacking the baggage. The dromedary which was assigned to me was a noble-looking beast, full ten feet high, with a spare body, long legs and neck, and an eye of exceeding softness and beauty. He was perfectly white, and was said to be very fleet, having, on several occasions, made eleven miles an hour. I did not fancy the lofty promontory on his back, upon which I was to stride the saddle, so I declined mounting in the city, and winding my way through the crowds of the narrow bazaars, seated upon the back of this graceful giant. With my companions, I followed the caravan upon a donkey, until we passed beneath the Bab el Nasr, the gate of Victory, and issued upon the desert. Proceeding some distance, we came to the encampment of the Arabs, among the tombs of the Caliphs. Near to these magnificent mausolea lay the humble grave of Burckhardt, almost concealed from view by

the sand. It was rather disheartening thus to meet, on the threshold of our journey, the grave of a traveller, who had wasted his life in the gloomy deserts of Arabia. We dismissed our donkeys, bade our friends adieu, and turned to our future companions, the Ishmaelites of the desert. They, like all the Arabs we met, were armed to the teeth: thus answering the prediction concerning Ishmael, in Genesis—"He will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand will be against him."

As the day was nearly spent, no further progress could be made, so we pitched our tents, spread our *sedjeddahs*, or carpets, beneath them, lighted our pipes, and laid down to talk over the route. Around our tents there lay several encampments of Bedouins. As the night approached the hollow in which we lay was dotted over by numerous fires, around which were gathered clusters of Arabs, whose loud voices, breaking out in rude songs, or in angry strife, were the only sounds that broke the deep silence of the desert. Each of these camp-fires was encircled by a line of camels, sleeping with their knees bent beneath their bodies, and their long necks thrust out upon the sand. There was no moon in the sky, but the blue roof above us was fretted with multitudes of dazzling stars, that cast a faint illumination upon the desert. The blue expanse of the firmament, and the desert stretching boundless and limitless, as far as the eye could see, produced a sensation of infinity that I never felt within the walls of the crowded

city. The mind felt something of religious awe in contemplating the majesty and grandeur of the scene around. Shut out from the noisy haunts of men, and launched upon the bosom of the desert, the imagination was impressed with the unearthly silence of the waste, and seemed to approach in silent communion with the Creator of the Universe, before whom nature here stood mute. As the night advanced, the fires went out one by one, the sounds of human voices ceased, and darkness and silence reigned around. I threw myself down upon a carpet, with a camel saddle for a pillow, and turned to my first night's sleep in the desert. The stars streamed brightly through the door of the tent, before which my faithful servant was lying as a guard. The Bedouins slept around the embers of their fires in the open air, wrapped up in their *abbas*. Indeed, the air was so mild and pure, that the shelter of a tent was almost superfluous.

We rose with the dawn, and bathed our eyes with a cupful of water, our scanty stock not permitting us to indulge in the luxury of a good wash. A cup of black coffee and a crust of bread, upon the first, as on all succeeding days, was the ordinary refreshment before mounting our camels for the day's travel. My companions being practised camel-riders, found no trouble in mounting their dromedaries, but with me it was a matter of serious difficulty. An Arab was holding my dromedary down until I should get seated in the saddle. I saw that the beast was very impatient, so I made an effort to vault into the saddle

at a leap ; unluckily, I lodged upon the edge of the saddle, and, before I had time to secure myself, the angry beast rose with a sudden jerk, that completely "destroyed," as Sir Harcourt Courtly would say, "the equilibrium of my etiquette," and pitched me over his head. The sand was too soft to break any bones, but, as I did not court a repetition of this manœuvre, I begged of the Arab to give me a lesson before making another attempt to mount. I followed with no little trepidation the movements of my instructor. I straddled firmly the huge colossus of flesh, and held strongly upon the high pommels in front and behind the saddle. He rose first upon his fore legs, which threw me violently against the pommel, bruising my back not a little ; then, with the lifting of the hind legs, I was thrown forward, with my breast upon the front pommel, and the huge machine got in motion, swinging backwards and forwards in such a way as to put me in the most excruciating torture for the first half hour. A few more rough-and-tumble somersets, however, gave me such experience, that before the first day was over, I received the compliments of the sheik upon my skill in dromedary-riding.

The next morning we had fairly got under way on our desert voyage. After a terrible dispute among the Bedouins, as to the division of the money, the order was given to fall into the line and march. We made quite a respectable caravan, there being nearly thirty camels, including those which carried the family of the sheik. In an hour after starting, we

lost sight of the walls of Cairo, and nothing was to be seen but the sandy wastes of the desert. The camels stretched over the desert in a long file, treading one after the other in solemn march, occasionally stopping to snatch at some dry shrub or thistle in the path. The wind was very high. According to the Arabs, it was the pioneer of the simooms which were to sweep across the desert in the ensuing month. In the cloud of drifting sand, which swept before us, we saw a beautiful gazelle running before the wind. It bounded gracefully and buoyantly over the desert, light as the air, and swift as the wind. All chase was in vain. A few hours from Cairo we passed through a petrified forest. Here the desert was covered with the prostrate bodies, limbs, and trunks of trees, petrified as hard as rock, but still retaining their original form and structure, even to the very fibres. These petrifications are found lying in a valley along the desert, for several miles. Whether an antediluvian forest once stood on the spot, or whether these trees have been swept here by some inundation of the Nile, which has borne them hither from its banks, is a curious subject of inquiry. All that we know is, that they have lain here from the times of the remotest tradition. We halted at sundown, under the lee of some friendly hills, after eight hours' continued march since starting. And thus ends our first day's journey in the desert.

On the second day after leaving Cairo the caravan turned to the south, and stretched out into the

sandy ocean of the desert, towards the Red Sea. Our way lay over a rough and stony waste, broken by isolated hills of rock and narrow valleys, which wound their way between the sandy ridges that furrowed the desert. Nothing could be more desolate than the prospect that lay before us the whole of this day. Not a shrub or plant was to be seen on the naked earth. The very rocks were blackened by the scorching heat of the sun, and rendered the scene more dismal. The bones of camels and men, that lay bleaching on the sand, spoke of the fate of some unfortunate travellers, who had here been buried in the sandy whirlwind of a simoom. The sun glared intensely upon the dazzling surface of the desert, almost blinding me with the fierceness of its lustre. I kept my face enveloped in the folds of my turban, but the fitful gusts that swept across our path constantly snatched away the covering, and sometimes even rendered it difficult to retain one's seat in the saddle. The dromedary never abated his pace, but walked undaunted on. I essayed once or twice to stop his progress, by jerking the rope, which, attached to a ring, passed through his nostrils, and served as a kind of bridle. It was all in vain, however. He indignantly tossed his head aside, and only strode along the faster, probably setting me down as a greenhorn, who had the presumption to teach a dromedary of the desert how to regulate his movements. At noon we made a temporary halt beneath the shadow of a sand-hill, and took a hurried repast of tea and eggs. By

sundown we reached an open plain. Here the sheik, who had gone ahead to select a place of encampment, directed us to halt for the night.

The dromedaries and camels were made to kneel, and we descended, excessively fatigued by a march of more than ten hours, which was rendered the more annoying by the gusts which clouded the air with sand, and the intense heat of the noonday sun. We selected a smooth place for our tents, carefully swept the stones away, raised the tent-pole, drove the stakes into the ground, and spread the canvas roof, which was to cover us for the night. This done, the servants lighted our pipes, and we threw ourselves down upon the carpets, to await the preparation of the dinner, for which the fatigues of the day had given us a good appetite. In an hour more dinner was prepared. Dinner being past, the travelling library was opened, the pipes relighted, the coffee-pot placed upon the fire, and the old sheik called in to give an account of the country over which we had passed during the day, or to entertain us with tales of Bedouin life. Among all our books, however, we found the Bible the most valuable guide in the route we were travelling, and the most faithful portraiture of the desert and its wandering inhabitants. The fixed customs, pursuits, and modes of life of the Bedouins, render the descriptions in Holy Writ, of the pastoral life of the early patriarchs, perfectly applicable to the modern tenants of the desert. The dress, tents, and food of the Arabs of the desert have probably remained without a change

since Moses fed the flocks of Jethro, in the wilderness of Sinai. Our tents were always pitched in the centre of the encampment. Around us lay the Bedouins by their fires, which were kept blazing all night, and beyond them, on the outer verge, the camels were disposed in a circle, forming a bulwark to our little encampment. We rose at sunrise, refreshed by a sound sleep, and again continued our journey without intermission, (except a halt of a few minutes at noon,) to sunset. Such is the traveller's life in the desert.

On the following, as upon preceding days, the desert was quite varied in its surface. We were constantly crossing plains, mounting hills, or winding through valleys. In the afternoon we entered Wady Ramliyah, a long, narrow valley, running between high hills of limestone, in a very tortuous course. The desert here is not entirely *desert*. Several acacia trees bloom in the bottom of the pass, but the inhospitable bed of thorns that fall from the tree, deny the traveller the pleasure of reposing beneath its shade. A thin growth of prickly shrubs afforded our camels a good pasture, which they availed themselves of, in hurried and frequent snatches, as they passed along. At the mouth of the valley we passed a large herd of camels and goats, browsing among the shrubs. They were tended by a Bedouin girl, who ran screaming up the hills as soon as she saw the European costume of my companions. We saw no water on the route. It is surprising to see people living, with their herds, day by day, in a district

where there is not a single drop of water. Our sheik had expected on the previous morning to find water, but the sun had dried up all that the recent rains left. He was now out of water, and we were obliged to loan him a portion of our own scanty stock. As on the preceding day, we saw several small birds flying about the desert, also a fine plump hare, which after a hunt of more than an hour, we finally succeeded in capturing. This was a great prize, as we had consumed all our meat. The greatest wonder is, how these animals contrive to live here without water.

Three hours after starting this morning, we saw the waters of the Red Sea glittering at a distance, in the rays of the sun. At sundown we arrived upon the "Red Sea Coast," probably upon the very spot where the Israelites first pitched their tents upon its shores, as we had followed upon one of the supposed routes of the children of Israel, on their flight from Egypt. We encamped upon the beach of the sea. The roar of the surf rang in our ears all night. The door of my tent opened upon the sea. The tumultuous and foaming waters reminded me of that dreadful night when its

———"waves o'erthrew

Busiris and his Memphian cavalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcasses
And broken chariot wheels."

We struck our tents with the rising of the sun,

and marched along the coast of the Red Sea. We suffered not a little all the day for the want of potable water. The water is carried in goat-skins, being almost the only thing that is impervious to the consuming heat of the sun. We took care at Cairo to procure old and dry skins, but as they are placed upon the backs of the camels, the water has become so hot and fetid from the constant exposure to the sun, and so acrid from its having imbibed the smell of the skins, that it is now absolutely insupportable. Last night and to-day we had nothing else to moisten our parched throats with but the juice of a few withered lemons. The knowledge, too, that we had no longer any drinkable water, excited our thirst to such a degree as to cause us the most extreme suffering. A party of Arabs were out among the hills of the desert during the night to look for water, but they returned this morning without finding any. Had we not expected to reach Suez to-night, we should have left our bones in the desert with the other unfortunate travellers, whose bleaching remains have whitened the sands from Cairo. The camels had not tasted a drop of water since leaving Cairo, but as they were liberally fed upon *hasheesh* (green grass), they can go without anything to drink for twenty or thirty days to come. The Bedouins, like their camels, seem to possess the power of abstaining from water for an astonishing length of time; for I believe no one of them has drunk more than half a tumbler full for the last five days. A handful of dates and a few crusts of bread serve them for daily

food, notwithstanding the excessive fatigues they undergo, of walking by the side of their camels from morning till night. Of meat they have not touched a morsel, nor have we been able to give them any, owing to our deficiency. Meat is but seldom eaten by the Bedouins, their poverty only permitting them on rare occasions to indulge in this luxury. Their light fare, however, does not incapacitate them from enduring great fatigue. Though spare of form, they possess much muscular strength, and can suffer the fiercest extremes of heat, and bear the pinchings of hunger and want, amid the severest fatigue and sufferings of over-tasked labour.

Faint with thirst and the heat of the sun, we pursued our way slowly along the narrow beach, between the mountains and the sea. The sight of the tossing waters of the sea excited in us all the horrors of Tantalian suffering. I rode my camel in an almost perfect state of insensibility, indifferent to existence itself. My companions uttered not a word, and the caravan marched on in gloomy, death-like stillness. The splashing of the waters upon the beach, and the hollow moan of the wind among the sandy caverns of the mountains, were the only sounds that smote upon the ear. Our faithful Arabs, suffering as they were themselves, endeavoured to cheer us with the rude snatches of an Arab song, but, as we no longer paid them any attention, or gave them any answer, they desisted, and left us to the communion of our dreary thoughts. Before night I became unable to hold my seat, and fell senseless

upon the sand. The Arabs made a couch of the tent, and swung it upon the side of the dromedary. Into this I was thrust, and there I remained, speechless and nearly senseless, for the rest of the journey. As our condition required the constant care of the few Arabs with us, we could not send any one ahead to obtain water for us from Suez. I fell into a deep sleep, from which I was not awakened until late in the night, when I heard the distant barking of dogs. I raised myself on to the saddle, and there I beheld the solitary minaret of Suez, tipped by the light of the moon, rising as a beacon of light and hope above the naked waste around. In one hour more we were encamped beneath the walls of Suez. Our first cry was "Water! water!" Our servants arrested an Arab, who was returning, with an ass loaded with water-skins, from the well which stands in the desert, some miles to the north of Suez. They seized the poor fellow, and brought him and his beast to us, to his great alarm, which he manifested by loud cries of terror. As soon as he saw that he had fallen among Franks, he changed his tune to an incessant howl of "Howadji! Backsheesh! Backsheesh!" Impatient to desperation, I seized my sword and ripped open a skin, and plunged my head through the opening into the cool element beneath. There I drank and drank, and should have continued to drink until I had killed myself, had not the sheik forcibly seized me and thrust me away. The water was brackish, but yet it was fresh and cool. Never did I drain a more delicious draught. I crawled into my tent, and fell

into a sound slumber, from which I awoke long after sunrise.

The next morning found us restored to our wonted health, but suffering from the exhaustion of the preceding day. At ten o'clock we rode into the town of Suez.

Morris's "Tour through Turkey, &c."

FIRE AT A GERMAN INN ON THE RHINE.

I WAS strangely disturbed in my rest at Lorch. Last week, at about one in the morning, the whole town being asleep, I was writing in my room, when, suddenly, my paper became red under my pen, and, looking up, I found my room brightened by a vivid light from the windows, which had become two great sheets of opal, through which a mysterious light was diffusing a fearful radiance: on opening them, I beheld an immense vault of smoke and flame bending over my head with an alarming roar. The neighbouring inn, the "Gasthaus P.," was enveloped in flames.

In an instant the whole house was up, shrieking out *Feuer! Feuer!* The quay was soon crowded, and the alarm-bell rung. Having closed my windows, and opened my door, another scene presented itself. The great staircase, in wood, of my hotel, all but connected with the burning house, and having large windows, seemed likewise on fire, while a crowd ran

up and down carrying all sorts of objects. The whole house was trying to escape, many in their shirts; the travellers with their portmanteaus, the servants with the furniture. The flames were frightful! As for myself (for every one thinks of himself on such occasions), having no baggage, and being lodged on the first story, my only fear was being compelled to escape from the window. A storm luckily came on, and torrents of rain fell. As is always the case in such hurries, people got out with difficulty, and a terrible confusion ensued; some chose to rush out, others to rush in. The furniture was let down from the windows by ropes; and mattresses, carpet-bags, chairs, tables, and dirty linen, were showered from the windows above. Children were screaming with fright; and on all sides, summoned by the fire-bell, the peasants flocked into the town, fire-buckets in hand. The fire, which had already gained the attics, was said not to be accidental, a circumstance which always imparts a gloomy interest to such a catastrophe. The engines arrived, water-parties were formed, and I mounted to the loft, in which was a super-complication of framework, such as is usual under the high slated roofs of the houses on the Rhine. The whole timber-work of the adjoining house was in a blaze, which, waving over our roofing, let fall burning flakes, and ignited it in several places. The thing became serious, for if one house caught fire, others must certainly share its fate; and the wind, being favourable, endangered the whole town.

No time was to be lost ; and, under a shower of burning embers, they set to work, tore off the slating, and cut away the projecting timbers of the gables. The engines worked well. From the windows of the loft I looked into the furnace. A conflagration closely viewed is a noble spectacle. Having never beheld such a scene, and the opportunity presenting itself, I profited to the utmost by the occasion.

At first, on finding one's self enveloped in an immense cavern of fire, amid the blazing and sparkling, the cracking, splitting, screaming, and shouting, it is impossible to avoid a feeling of anxiety. Everything seems lost ; for it appears in vain to contend against the irresistible force of the terrible element called fire!

It is curious to observe with what impetuosity water seems to attack its enemy. Scarcely has the snake-like hose passed its neck above the wall, and shown the glittering copper tube in the flames, than it is seen to spout its stream of liquid steel full at the frame of the thousand-headed chimera. The furnace, roused by the attack, roars amain, springs up more fiercely, and, from its ardent gorges, spouts up flames and showers of ruby sparks in all directions, while endless tongues of flame dart simultaneously upon the doors and windows. Steam now blends with the smoke ; and clouds, black and white, and grey, eddied by the wind, writhe and struggle in the dark. The hissing of the water responds to the roar of the fire. Nothing can be more terrible than this renewal of the ancient and eternal warfare between the hydra and the dragon. The force of

the column of water sent forth by the engine is prodigious. It shatters the slate like glass. The fall of the timbers is a magnificent moment. The flames vanishing for an instant in the midst of a startling crash, a rush of sparks succeeds. A chimney left standing alone, is next suddenly knocked down by the force of the spout of the engine. As I stood contemplating the scene, the Rhine, with all its villages, ruins, and churches, became visible in the midst of the horrid glare; and, combined with the crashing of the falling walls, the strokes of the axe, and all the storm and tumult of the town, produced a truly fine and appalling spectacle.

Nothing can be more curious than to watch the details of such a scene. In the interval between a cloud of smoke and a sheet of fire, you see men's heads on the tops of ladders, who bravely attack the advancing flame with the tube they hold in their hands. In the midst of the general confusion, there are always unnoticed corners where the fire silently rages, and where the window-frames are opened and banged-to by the wind. Small blue flames flicker at the extremities of the rafters. Heavy beams give way, and remain half-suspended in the air, shaking with the tempest and enveloped in flame. Others, falling across the street, establish a bridge of fire. In the interior rooms, the smart Parisian hangings appear and disappear amidst the clouds of smoke. On the third story I saw an unfortunate panel in the style of Louis XV., with its rockwork, trees, and gentle shepherds of *gentil Bernard*, offer a

prolonged resistance. I gazed at it with admiration. Never did I see an eclogue put on so brave a face. At length, a devouring flame penetrated the room, seized the unfortunate pea-green landscape, the shepherd kissing his shepherdess; and Thyrsis, while softly cajoling Glycera, disappeared in the smoke.

A tiny garden, covered with burning cinders, lay close to the house, in which an acacia, confined to a trellis, would not take fire, and remained untouched for four hours, showing its pretty green head amid the shower of sparks, as though it found them refreshing. In addition to all this, there was a group of fair and pale Englishwomen, who stood half dressed by the side of their boxes, a few paces from the river, with all the children of the town laughing and clapping their hands every time the water fell upon them. This is a true and particular account of the fire at Lorch! The most afflicting part of the story is, that a man was killed on the spot.

At four in the morning, the fire was what is called "got under;" the Gasthaus P. was still burning in the interior, but we had succeeded in saving our inn.

Water now succeeded to fire. A host of girls wiping, scouring, and dusting, invaded all the rooms, to set them in their accustomed trim. Nothing had been stolen; everything hastily taken away was religiously brought back by the poor peasants of Lorch.

Next morning I was surprised to see two or three chambers on the ground-floor closed, and in a perfect state, though the fire had raged about them, but

without effecting the least damage. I must tell you a story current in the country on this subject, for the truth of which I by no means vouch.

Some years ago, an Englishman arrived late at the inn of Braubach, where he supped and slept. In the course of the night the inn caught fire ; and they burst into the Englishman's room, he being fast asleep. They woke him hastily, informing him that he must rise and fly—

“Get away with you !” cried he. “Why disturb me for such nonsense. Leave the room ; I am tired, and will *not* get up. Do you suppose I am going to run about the country in my night-shirt ? Not I ! I must have my nine hours' rest. Put out the fire if you choose, but leave me to my rest—good night, my good friends ; come again to-morrow.”

He then lay down, and the fire advancing, the people made their escape, having closed the door upon the snoring Englishman. With great difficulty the fire was extinguished. Next morning, in clearing away the rubbish, upon reaching the Englishman's room, they found him half awake. Rubbing his eyes, he quietly inquired if they had a boot-jack, and then rose and breakfasted, to the great disappointment of the waiters, who had reckoned upon having an English mummy, of the kind called in the Rhine country “a smoked Burgomaster,” to show for a few sols to future travellers. With such a curiosity in hand, they felt sure of procuring from every new comer “something to drink.”

Victor Hugo's “Excursions on the Rhine.”

JUVENILE SHOPKEEPERS IN MOSCOW.

WE have often remarked that the talent for trafficking lies deep in the Russian blood. The merest children show an address and dexterity in commercial dealings, such as are displayed only by long-practised traders with us. I went one day into a wax-chandler's shop, on the invitation of a mannikin of seven years old. With us, at such an age, children are helpless, timid, childish, and childlike ; in Russia they are adroit, cunning, and too clever by half. Dressed in his little blue caftan, of precisely the same cut as that worn by men, the infant merchant entreated me to enter his shop, bowing in the same obsequious fashion as his elders ; and when I told him that I was not going to buy, but only wanted to look at his wares, he answered as complaisantly as his papa could have done, " Pray oblige me by looking at whatever you please." He showed me all his stock, opened every press with a dexterous willingness, which I could not but admire ; knew not only the price of every sort of candle, but the whole capital invested in the stock ; the yearly returns, the wholesale price, the profit at so much per cent. : in a word, he had in every respect the demeanour of an experienced trader. Just such children as this are often found at the money-broker's table ; and at an age when with us they would

hardly be trusted with a few pence, a considerable capital will be committed to their care. Many similar millionnaires in prospective, are running about the streets with fruit, honey-cakes, kwas, and so forth; who jingle their money and handle their reckoning-boards with so much address, that it is easy to comprehend how so many opulent individuals issue from their ranks. In Russia, the greater number of wealthy merchants must look back to the streets and pedlar's booth for their youthful reminiscences, when all their merchandise consisted of picture-books, kwas, or wax-tapers.

Khol's "Russia."

MODERN PERFORMANCE OF THE ANCIENT NORSE SWORD-DANCE.

PAPA STOUR (one of the Shetland Islands, about a couple of miles in length and one in breadth) is the only island in which a practical knowledge of the ancient Norwegian sword-dance has been preserved from former times, and where its performance still beguiles the tedium of long winter nights. Being anxious to witness this curious custom of the days gone by, we made inquiry regarding its efficient actors, and soon found that the *dramatis personæ* might be speedily assembled. An old fiddler and a bottle of whisky were potent spells. While the Norse warriors were gathering themselves together from various parts of the island, we accompanied the

Secretary in the cutter's boat, to inspect the Frau-Stack, and other rocks we had previously passed upon our entrance. This Frau-Stack is an insular crag, steep but not altogether precipitous. On its summit are the remains of a ruined building, and its name of Lady's Rock accords with the following tradition. The laird of Papa, to preserve his daughter from the addresses of her lover, a certain Udaller of Islesburgh, built the keep in question; but, as the lady sat knitting, one fine evening, at the window of this her sea-girt prison, by some accident or other she let fall her clew of worsted, and on drawing it up she found a stronger cord attached to it; continuing to draw the latter, she next discovered a stout rope, which she still continued to upheave, probably from mere curiosity, till, to her astonishment, she at last found her lover adhering tenaciously to the other end. This proves how difficult it has always been to build a nunnery, when even knitting stockings is a dangerous thing.

One of the most curious natural objects on this side of the island is a tunnel or natural excavation, in the form of a long and sinuous passage through the projecting cliffs. Boats may thread their way through it in calm weather; but although on the lee-side of the island, there was yet a heaving swell, and our oars, moreover, were too long to be of any use within its narrow jaws. We might have entered the mouth, but would assuredly have stuck in the gullet; so we satisfied ourselves with the external view. The entrances are extremely picturesque, the rosy-

hued rocks being covered with richly-tinted sea-weed below, while lichens and many-coloured moss prevail above. On re-entering the bay we landed upon a rude pier near the fishing station.

Now came the tug of war. We set some cooper lads to work, and cleared out sundry empty barrels and other lumber from a tolerably large store-room, to make way for the Norse swordsmen and a fiddler, whom we perched on the top of a tall cask. The room had no windows; and when the door was even partially closed, to prevent the intrusion of a too numerous and floor-encumbering audience, was as dingy as Erebus; but we had brought with us, and stuck into various crevices of the cobwebbed walls, a supply of wax candles, which threw the light,

“ Whose beauty gilds the more than midnight darkness,

And makes it grateful as the dawn of day.”

We believe that, in ancient times, the sword-dance was simply a representation of heroic exercise; but at an after period, through the influence of more southern settlers, it became combined with a kind of dramatic personation of the Seven Champions of Christendom—St. George assuming the character of master of the ceremonies. At least so it was on the present occasion. Our champions consisted of the requisite number of stout active men, of various ages and dimensions; some being fat and short, others strong and tall. Our sensations during the exhibition were of a very mingled nature, probably owing

to the fact that, of the many thousand steps which we saw danced, one of them may have been that which conducts from the sublime to the ridiculous.

The floor being cleared for action, and a select company assembled with their backs to the wall, the fiddler mounted his barrel, and striking up a stave, St. George entered with a straightened portion of a herring hoop in his hand, to represent a sword. Bowing his head and body, and scraping the ground with one of his legs, he then gave utterance to the following prologue:—

“ Brave gentles all within this bow’r,
If ye delight in any sport,
Come see me dance upon the floor ;—
You, minstrel man, play me a porte.”

He then toddles about the floor for a few seconds, with a shifting motion of the feet, the toes turned well inwards ; and, making a low sweeping reverential bow to the assembled multitude, the music ceases.

“ Now I have danced with heart and hand,
Brave gentles all, as you may see ;
For I’ve been tried in many a land,
In Britain, France, Spain, Italy.
I have been tried with this good sword of steel,
Yet never did a man yet make me yield.”

He then feigns a motion as if he drew his sword, that is to say, he raises his piece of herring hoop,

flourishes it in the air, and continues his bold recitative:—

“ For in my body there is strength,
As by my manhood may be seen :
And I, with this good sword of length,
In perils oftentimes have been.
And over champions was I king,
And by the strength of this right hand,
Once on a day I kill’d fifteen,
And left them dead upon the land.
Therefore, brave minstrel, do not care
To play to me a porte most light,
That I no longer may forbear
To dance in all these gentles’ sight.”

The musician, who, meanwhile with the other Christian champions, has just had a *caulker* of whisky, again strikes up, the master bows, dances, and recites—

“ Brave gentles all, be not afraid,
Although my sight makes you abased,
That with me have six champions staid,
Whom by my manhood I have raised.
For since I’ve danced, I think it best
To call my brethren in your sight,
That I may have a little rest,
That they may dance with all their might ;
And shake their swords of steel so bright,
And show their main strength on this floor,
For we shall have another bout
Before we pass out of this bow’r.

Therefore, brave minstrel, do not care
To play to me a porte most light,
That I no longer may forbear
To dance in all these gentles' sight."

The music again resounds from the top of the cask, St. George goes it for a few seconds with heel and toe, and the champions make their appearance, being successively named and eulogised by the master as they enter the ring. They were clad in their best attire, though their coats were now doffed, their shirt-sleeves being as white as snow, and their faces radiant with the flush of victory.

"Stout James of Spain, come in our sight,
Thine acts are known full well, indeed,
And champion Dennis, a French knight,
Who shows not either fear or dread.
And David a brave Welshman born,
Descended of right noble blood,
And Patrick, too, who blew the horn,
An Irish warrior, in the wood.
Of Italy, brave Anthony, the good,
And Andrew, of fair Scotland knight:—
St. George of England, here, indeed!
Who to the Jews wrought mickle spite.
Away with this! Let's come to sport,—
Since that ye have a mind to war,—
Since that ye have this bargain sought,
Come let us fight and do not fear.

Therefore, brave minstrel, do not care,
To play to me a porte most light,
That I no longer may forbear
To dance in all these gentles' sight."

The fiddler again shakes his elbow, the master capers demurely, (another glass of whisky, though not essential to the spirit of the drama, is at this time swallowed in a sort of by-play,) flourishes his hoop, and addresses himself to each of his companions.

"Stout James of Spain, both tried and stour,
Thine acts are known full well indeed,
Present thyself upon the floor,
And show not either fear or dread ;
Count on my favour for thy meed,
Since of thy acts thou hast been sure ;—
Brave James of Spain, I shall thee lead,
To prove thy manhood on the floor !"

St. James was a tall, shy, rather awkward-looking man, of about five-and-forty, with a low forehead, smooth pressed hair, long legs, and short shrivelled trousers. He enters the circle, makes his bow, waves his hoop, dances to the playing of the porte, and retires. The master continues :—

"Stout champion Dennis, a true knight,
As by thy manhood may be seen,
Present thyself here in our sight,
Thou true French knight, thou bold hast been ;

Since thou such valiant acts hast done,
Come let us see some of them now ;
With courtesy, thou brave French knight,
Draw out thy sword of noble hue."

St. Dennis was the shortest and fattest of all the champions, and presented the least resemblance to a Frenchman. He was shaped exactly like a barrel, being extremely round before, and not less round behind. Like all squat people, he danced with the most rebounding activity, although his inexpressibles were rather too tight. He then waved his wooden scimitar, and withdrew. St. George *loquitur*.

" Brave David a bow must string,
And, big with awe,
Set up a wand,
Upon a stand,
And that brave David will cleave in twa."

St. David was a dry, disconsolate-looking man of seven-and-thirty, or thereby, like a person who, without any strong natural affections, had long fancied that in early life he had met with a disappointment in love. He never smiled, and always swallowed his whisky, as if it had been so much sour-crout in a state of liquefaction, making one inclined to say, " Don't take it, my lad, unless you like it." He would have taken it, however, notwithstanding. St. David draws, flourishes, dances, and retires.

“ Here is, I think, an Irish knight,
To prove himself a valiant man,
Who has not either fear or fright !
Let Patrick dance then if he can.”

The Irish member now slips into the ring in the shape of a decent, well-shaved, rather bilious-looking, demure young man, whom one would have guessed at once to be a tailor during six days of the week, and a precentor on the Sundays. He wore a white neckcloth, and had a handkerchief sticking out of his breeches-pocket. He likewise draws and dances, looking around with a tail of his eye to see if the minister was in the assembly. However, he saw only an elder of the kirk, and went through his *pas-seul* pleasantly. The incantation then proceeds as follows :—

“ Thou stout Italian come thou here,
Thy name is Anthony most stout,
Draw out thy sword, that is most clear,
And fight thou without dread or doubt.
Thy leg shake ! bow thy neck, thou lout !
Some courtesy show on this floor,
For we shall have another bout,
Before we pass out of this bower.”

Although, from the terms of the above address, it might be inferred that St. Anthony had entered the ring with less graceful propriety than his predecessors, this want of courtesy would have escaped our notice, but for St. George's intimation, accom-

panied by a tap of his sword on the Italian's crown. He was a good-looking, handsome-limbed lad, with mild eyes, and a fair complexion, exhibiting nothing of the sunburnt, swarthy appearance of the south, and I dare say, would unwillingly have exchanged the occasional gleaming of his own dark sky, for

“The brightest star of star-bright Italy.”

He went through his evolutions like the rest. But now, last though not least, our countryman was called,—

“Thou kindly Scotchman come thou here ;
Andrew's thy name, of Scottish land !
Draw out thy sword, that is most clear,
And by the strength of thy right hand
Fight for the king with all thy heart,
Fight to confirm his loyal band,
Make all his enemies to smart,
And leave them dead upon the land.”

St. Andrew was a florid-complexioned, elderly man, with good features, high cheek-bones, dark hair, green eyes, large white teeth, and a brown unshaved chin, which he stroked from time to time with the forefinger and thumb of his left hand. He rather danced as if he could not help it, and was not always quite sure which leg to begin with, but this might proceed from a modest and amiable timidity, occasioned by the august presence of a foreign audience. He was obviously a carpenter.

There was now a glass of whisky *à la ronde*, after which the champions, standing in rank, with their drawn swords (for we must even call them so) resting over their right shoulders, old St. George again danced a *pas-seul*. He then struck the sword of St. Dennis, who immediately moved out of the line, danced for a few seconds, struck the sword of his next neighbour, who likewise danced and struck, and so on in succession, till all had tripped the somewhat heavy unfantastic toe. They then ranged round in a circle, each man holding his own sword in his right hand, and the point of his neighbour's in his left, and danced around. They then held up their weapons in a vaulted position, passing themselves beneath them, under the guidance of the master, and afterwards leaped over their swords, a movement which brings the latter into a cross position, relieved by each dancer passing under his right-hand sword. They are now again arranged in a circle, and dance a roundel with hilt and point as before.

These simple exercises are succeeded by others of a much more rapid as well as complex nature, of which it is less easy to give an account. They work themselves, in one connected group, into various tortuous figures, like the writhings of a huge snake, gradually evolving into a more elementary form, again to assume, by under-springs or dexterous twistings, an elaborate grouping. Then the whole mass of swords and swordsmen revolve like a spinning-jenny, or the latter leap over their bent weapons like a troop of voltigeurs; while the most high-spirited of the

party (one or two bottles of whisky are by this time lying in a corner of the floor much exhausted, with the corks out), give utterance to wild unearthly cries, or sudden shouts and screams; and such a turn-out takes place that we at one time deemed ourselves rather in Bedlam than in Papa Stour. Yet there is method in their madness; the saltatorial storm subsides, and the lofty domination and direction of St. George become again apparent in their gentler movements. Sometimes they dance back to back, their hands and swords crossed behind them, and then by a twist of the arms they reverse their position, and face each other as before. Sometimes they interlace their swords together, forming an elegant shield of wicker-work, with which each dances in succession; and then every man grasping his own weapon, the fairy structure suddenly vanishes into thin air. These, and a variety of other movements, to which we cannot here do justice, were exhibited before us. At last St. George, wiping his brows, while even his more youthful companions in the championship are leaning against the wall, with foaming lips and heaving chests, comes forward, and suavely says,—

“Farewell, farewell, brave gentles all,
That herein do remain,
I wish you health and happiness,
Till I return again.”

The whole of the other heroes repeating this last verse in the plural number. To this epilogue we responded in fitting terms; and, after a proper acknowledgment

of their services, bade adieu to the valorous combatants. The exhibition was really an animating one, and not deficient in a certain wild gracefulness, in spite of the occasional prevalence of exuberant and uncouth glee.

Wilson's " Voyage Round Scotland."

RETREAT OF THE BRITISH ARMY THROUGH THE PASS OF KHOORD-CABUL.

THE idea of threading the stupendous pass before us, in the face of an armed tribe of blood-thirsty barbarians, with such a dense irregular multitude, was frightful; and the spectacle then presented by that waving sea of animated beings, the majority of whom a few fleeting hours would transform into a line of lifeless carcases to guide the future traveller on his way, can never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. We had so often been deceived by Affghan professions, that little or no confidence was placed in the present time; and we commenced our passage through the dreaded pass in no very sanguine temper of mind. This truly formidable defile is about five miles from end to end, and is shut in on either hand by a line of lofty hills, between whose precipitous sides the sun, at this season, could dart but a momentary ray. Down the centre dashed a mountain torrent, whose impetuous course the frost in vain attempted to arrest, though it succeeded in lining the edges with thick layers of ice, over which the snow

lay consolidated in slippery masses, affording no very easy footing for our jaded animals. This stream we had to cross and recross about eight-and-twenty times. As we proceeded onwards the defile gradually narrowed, and the Giljyes were observed hastening to crown the heights in considerable force. A hot fire was opened on the advance, with whom were several ladies, who, seeing their only chance was to keep themselves in rapid motion, galloped forward at the head of all, running the gauntlet of the enemy's bullets, which whizzed in hundreds about their ears, until they were fairly out of the pass. Providentially the whole escaped, with the exception of Lady Sale, who received a slight wound in the arm. It ought, however, to be mentioned, that several of Mahommed Akbar's chief adherents, who had preceded the advance, exerted themselves strenuously to keep down the fire ; but nothing could restrain the Giljyes, who seemed fully determined that nobody should interfere to disappoint them of their prey. Onward moved the crowd into the thickest of the fire, and fearful was the slaughter that ensued. A universal panic speedily prevailed ; and thousands, seeking refuge in flight, hurried forward to the front, abandoning baggage, arms, ammunition, women and children, regardless for the moment of everything but their own lives.

The rear-guard suffered severely ; and at last, finding that delay was only destruction, they followed the general example and made the best of their way to the front. Another horse-artillery gun was aban-

doned, and the whole of its artillery-men slain. Captain Anderson's eldest girl, and Captain Boyd's youngest boy, fell into the hands of the Affghans. It is supposed that 3000 souls perished in the pass.

Lieutenant Eyre's "Journal."

PILGRIMS AT THE RIVER JORDAN.

A LITTLE after midnight, I took a stroll through the encampment. Everybody was quiet, but wide awake, and watching for the morning. Groups were assembled, standing or sitting upon the ground in all directions through the camp and grove, either silent, or conversing in low tones. Between two and three o'clock in the morning I sallied forth again, and was surprised to find every one upon his feet, by the side of his horse or donkey, ready equipped for a start. There had been no bustle of preparation; the camp was still covered with darkness, and we had received no intimation that so unseasonable a movement was to be made. I soon fell in with a gentleman of our party, who was beset with the prevailing tendency to watchfulness, and we walked together to the north side of the camp. A moment after, a man at a little distance from us mounted a horse, and, lifting a blazing flambeau on high, shouted at the top of his voice, "Yellah!" ("Go.") A hundred torches were blazing in an instant, and the whole field was illuminated as by a flash of lightning. In the same breath,

as if moved by a single volition, the whole pilgrim army was mounted and in motion towards Jordan. In five minutes more the Governor and his suite followed, attended by a band of music, which struck up a lively air. Whether this simultaneous movement was the result of previous concert, or of the universal eagerness and excitement, I know not, but it had almost the appearance of enchantment. It was now after three o'clock, when I returned again to my tent, and sought, with better success, a short season of repose.

Not being aware that it was the intention of the pilgrims to set out at so early an hour, our party had fixed upon six o'clock as the time for leaving the camp. I had sufficient reason to fear we should be too late for the religious spectacle, when I saw the early movement of the host; but it was no longer practicable to make new arrangements. Our mule-teers, with their animals, were out of the way, and a detachment of mounted men, which the Governor had left behind for our protection, and to accompany us during the remainder of our excursion, were not likely to be in readiness before the hour appointed. An unusual spirit of drowsiness seemed to have fallen upon us all, and it was past six before we started. We passed by the village, making, however, but little delay, and hastened towards the Jordan, with only a slight expectation of arriving in time to witness the ceremony. We rode at a quick pace for half an hour or more, and were full two miles from the river when we met the head of the returning cavalcade.

The religious function, and the ablution in the sacred river, had been performed a little after daybreak, and the multitude were now on their way back to the camp, where their tents had been left standing. We halted to observe the passing train, which moved slowly by us, while the rear still rested upon the banks of the Jordan. All were engaged in singing hymns, and I thought I had never seen so many happy faces. They had attained the summit of earthly bliss, and an indescribable air of satisfaction, the beaming forth of heartfelt joy, rested upon every countenance. There was in many an expression of ecstasy, and many eyes overflowed under the influence of strong emotions. All saluted us as they passed, with a warmth and cordiality that went directly to my heart.

Nearly every one of the vast multitude exhibited some memorial of his visit to the holy waters. Some had long branches of the Jordan willow, with tufts of foliage left upon the extremity, waving above their heads. Almost all had walking-sticks of the same material, and several, less affected by the prevailing enthusiasm than the desire of gain, had their beasts loaded with the trunks of considerable trees, which were to be wrought into crucifixes, caskets, and toys, or small articles of furniture, and thus to become the basis of profitable traffic. I observed a number of very aged people, who were unable to sit upon their beasts without aid from some one walking by their side, or sitting behind them. Two or three were pale and emaciated figures, evidently far gone with

incurable disease. They were held upon their horses by vigorous young men, probably their sons, who sat behind, grasping them in their brawny naked arms. There were a good many camels with three or four persons upon their backs, or hanging down upon their sides in immense panniers or baskets ; and many of the horses and diminutive donkeys carried pairs in the same way.

I learned from a person, who was present during the ceremonies at the river, that they consisted in chaunting a short preliminary prayer by some priests of the Greek church, after which the pilgrims let themselves down into the water as well as they could, holding to the boughs that overhang the banks, and the stronger or bolder wading or swimming out from the shore. This part of the ceremony was performed with difficulty and hazard, as the river was swollen nearly to the top of its banks, and swept along with a powerful, turbid current. The women and infirm persons were aided in their descent into the water, and in re-ascending the bank. Two unfortunate persons—fortunate they were probably regarded by their associates—were carried down the stream and drowned. I did not learn that any attempt was made to recover their bodies. It would probably have been thought unkind—perhaps a sacrilege—to deny them so holy a burial. The willow branches and canes were baptised in due form in the sacred stream, as were a multitude of beads, crucifixes, bracelets, and other trinkets, which had already been consecrated by being laid in the Holy

Sepulchre at Jerusalem. Many of them—I understood the larger portion—had provided themselves with shrouds to be preserved for their burial or for the use of their friends who were unable to make the pilgrimage, which they dipped in the river, and thus endowed with peculiar virtues. A coarse cotton stuff is used for this purpose, manufactured at Jerusalem. I saw it exhibited for sale in the court of the church of the Holy Sepulchre. The purchasers, who were very numerous, carried it from the stall of the vendor to a priest, stationed for the purpose within the church, who took it through a window and muttered a brief prayer over it, for which he received a piece of silver. From the priest, and with his benediction upon it, the consecrated web was borne to the Holy Sepulchre, to imbibe another blessing through being placed in contact with its cold marble; and to-day it received its final endowment of supernatural virtues by being immersed in the water of Jordan. By such devices are multitudes of thinking, immortal beings, who bear the Christian name, seeking a remedy for moral pollution, and providing for the urgent demands of a future state of existence. The Turkish guards, who kept along the flanks of the grand cavalcade, amused themselves by performing feats of horsemanship. This broad plain afforded a fine scope for their rapid, wild gyrations, and must have acted as a strong temptation upon such ardent lovers of equestrian sports, after being pent up among the steepes and gorges of Jerusalem, where a horse cannot often be put to a speed beyond

a grave walk, without some peril to the neck. An Oriental mounted on a fleet Arabian horse is always a picturesque and even noble object. The mane of their animals is left unpruned and flowing. Their long, bushy tails, often sweep the ground ; and, when in their rapid flight, the vast, loose robes of the riders, always gorgeous and gay, rise and float on the breeze behind him, they really appear to be winged, and to fly through the air rather than to move upon the earth. Our guards combined military evolutions with these equestrian feats. They performed various exercises with their carbines, poised and lowered their long lances, alternately stood upright in their stirrup, and stooped forward so low as nearly to touch the ground—all in rapid succession, and without checking the full speed of their noble chargers. They are certainly better horsemen than Europeans, and, under good discipline and encouraging auspices, would form a better cavalry.

Olin's "Travels in the East."

A DESERT IN THE CAUCASUS.

It may be interesting to sketch our pleasures and inconveniences. I rise then at midnight, and sit at a blazing fire, sipping tea without milk, until the camels are laden and have started. I then mount and follow them, and as camels walk something less than three miles an hour, soon overtake them. As the cold is intense, and our feet are by this time fully numbed, I alight and spread my carpet, and a large fire is soon made, around which we all sit half an hour. Wood is very abundant, and so dry that when the hoar-frost or snow is shaken from it, it kindles instantly. It is likewise so deficient in solidity, that a stem, the thickness of a man's body, is torn up by the roots without difficulty. We now mount again, and proceed in silence, for the path admits not of two abreast, and the freezing of the vapour of the breath, upon one's beard and mustachios, renders the motion of the jaw singularly unpleasant. Indeed, in raising the handkerchief to one's face, it is tangled in a disagreeable manner with the crystals, and the chin has become so brittle, that a very slight titillation is painful. Jupiter is now far above the horizon, and Venus is shining gloriously upon the desolate wild. And by degrees we perceive the day itself slightly winking in the east, and

again we pull up, to light a fire, and to thaw our frozen extremities. * * Ere the sun breaks from the horizon, we are once more mounted and away. The profusion of hoar-frost upon the leafless jungle sheds a glory over the desolate scene. It is a sight unwitnessed by me for seventeen years, and brings back many pleasant remembrances tinged with sadness. Now we are close upon the traces of the camels. The slave caravans keep them company. The hardy Toorcumuns as they trudge along in their clouted, laced boots, and legs wound around with woollen cloths, and their white sheepskin caps heavy with hoar-frost, have no cause to envy us, whose knees are cramped with the saddle, and whose feet are again freezing in the morning air. How frosty their cheeks and sharp noses appear, peeping above the cataract of ice which clings to their scanty beards, and below the snowy mass which overhangs their brows. The captive ladies are wisely invisible. They have tucked themselves below the felts of their Kujawurs, and yet I fear, in spite of all their management, have but a chilly berth. * * We preserve our noses by constant manipulation. A case of felt on the outside of the boot is the only thing that will effectually protect the feet. No provision inside the boot will avail if the leather be exposed to the air.

The aspect of the desert, or rather wilderness, from Merv to Khiva, is that of a sandy plain, broken into the most irregular surface by deep pits and high mounds, the whole thinly sprinkled with bushes of

three several kinds, between which grow wormwood and the camel thorn. On approaching Khiva, the surface is often ploughed into ravines and ridges, whose course is north and south, giving some idea of abandoned water-courses, and traditionally reported to be old channels of the Oxus. It is more possible, that they may have served such purpose to the Moorghaub, when, previous to the monopoly of its waters at Merv, it flowed into the Oxus; but my observation was too limited to enable me to decide the question. The ridges are gravelly, but there is no want of sand. Wells on this route are found at long intervals—in one case of 160 miles. The water is generally brackish, but there are exceptions. On approaching Khiva, there appeared a very thin sprinkling of grass, which our horses eagerly devoured.

Abbott's "Journey from Herat to Khiva."

PERILS AMONG THE ALPS OF SAVOY.

I.—NARROW ESCAPE OF A TRAVELLER.

AN American had wandered all alone the morning of the day before over the hill of Charmoz, above the Montanvert, and scrambled as far as the solitary precipices of Trelaporte, unvisited, except casually by a shepherd, and still more rarely by some chamois hunter. Towards afternoon (by his own account) he had slipped over a rock, and being caught by the clothes on some bushes, had his fall checked, so as to

gain a little ledge surrounded by precipices on every side, where he found himself lodged in a perfectly hopeless prison. Here he passed the whole night, which, fortunately, was not cold, and in the morning he succeeded in attracting, by his cries, some young men of Chamouni, who were on their way across the glacier, at a great distance below. The two boldest, with difficulty, climbed, by a circuitous path, so as to gain a position above him; but their united efforts would have been unequal to rescue him had I not providentially gone, with my guide, the same morning, to this remote spot. Whilst he was on a search for the water which I required, he came within sight of the boys, vainly attempting to extricate the traveller. Balmat instantly joined them; and by great personal courage, as well as strength, succeeded in dragging the man up by the arm, from a spot whence a chamois could not have escaped alive. Balmat told me that, whilst he bore the entire weight of the man on the slippery ledge to which he himself clung, he felt his foot give way, and for a moment he thought himself lost, which was the cause of the very visible emotion of which he bore traces when he joined me.

I gave wine and food to the traveller, and the others, and especially applauded the humanity and courage of the lads, one of whom conducted the traveller back to Chamouni, for his nervous system was greatly affected, and for a time I doubted whether he was not deranged. I returned with Balmat to view the exact spot of the adventure, and a more dreadful prison it is impossible to conceive. It was,

as I have said, a ledge about a foot broad in most places, and but a few feet long, with grass and juniper growing on it. It thinned off upon the cliff entirely in one direction, and on the other (where widest) it terminated abruptly against a portion of the solid rock, not only vertical, but overhanging, and at least ten feet high, so that no man, unassisted, could have climbed it. The direction of his fall was attested by the shreds of his *blouse*, which were hanging from some juniper bushes, which he had grazed in his descent, but for which evidences it would have appeared to me inconceivable that any falling object could so have attained the shelf on which he was almost miraculously lodged. Immediately below the spot he fell from, the shelf had thinned off so completely that it was plain he must have fallen obliquely across the precipice, so as to attain it. The ledge was about twenty feet below the top of the smooth granitic precipice, to which a cat could not have clung, and below, the same polished surface went sheer down, without a break, for a depth of at least 200 feet, where it sinks under the glacier, whose yawning *crevasses* would have received the mangled body, and never would have betrayed the traveller's fate.

A more astonishing escape, in all its parts, it is impossible to conceive. It is probable that, had the young men not crossed the glacier at the fortunate moment, my guide and I would have passed the rock fifty yards above him (it was in the direction in which we were going), without either party having the remotest idea of the other's presence.

II.—INCIDENT ON MONT COLLIN.

A dark object was descried on the snow to our left. We were not yet low enough to have entered on the ice, but were still on snow. This proved to be the body of a man fully clothed, fallen with his head in the direction in which we were going. From the appearance of the body as it lay, it might have been presumed to be recent; but when it was raised, the head and face were found to be in a state of frightful decay, and covered with blood, evidently arising from an incipient thaw, after having remained perhaps for a twelvemonth perfectly congealed. The clothes were quite entire and uninjured, and, being hard frozen, still protected the corpse beneath. It was evident that an unhappy peasant had been overtaken in a storm, probably of the previous year, and had lain there covered with snow during the whole winter and spring, and that we were now, in the month of August, the first travellers who had passed this way and ascertained his fate. The hands were gloved, and in his pockets, in the attitude of a person maintaining the last glow of heat, and the body being extended on the snow, which was pretty steep, it appeared that he had been hurrying towards the valley, when his strength was exhausted, and he lay simply as he fell. The effect upon us all was electric; and had not the sun shone forth in its full glory, and the very wilderness of eternal snow seemed gladdened under the serenity of such a summer's day as is rare at these heights, we should certainly have

felt a deeper thrill, arising from a sense of personal danger. As it was, when we had recovered our first surprise, and interchanged our expressions of sympathy for the poor traveller, and gazed with awe on the disfigured relics of one who had so lately been in the same plight with ourselves, we turned and surveyed, with a stronger sense of sublimity than before, the desolation by which we were surrounded, and became still more sensible of our isolation from human dwellings, human help, and human sympathy—our loneliness with nature, and, as it were, the more immediate presence of God. Our guide and attendants felt it as deeply as we. At such moments all refinements of sentiment are forgotten; religion or superstition may tinge the reflections of one or another, but, at the bottom, all think and feel alike. We are men, and we stand in the chamber of death. Our friend of Biona, though he was the first to raise and handle the body, from which the others rather shrunk—and though he examined the rigid clothes for the articles which they contained, and with our consent took out a knife and snuff-box from the pocket, and a little treasury of mixed Swiss and Piedmontese small coins, concealed in a waistband all entire and untouched, (by means of which we could identify the person and restore the money to his friends,)—though he performed all this with seeming indifference, we had no sooner left the spot, than he declared that he would rather make a circuit home by the Great St. Bernard than return alone by this spot. Indeed, it might well require resolution in a

solitary man, with the chances of weather, to pass alone a Col like this, where, supposing him caught in a *tourmente*, it would require no vivid sensibility to raise the image of the last sufferer before him and hasten the moment of despair, when the spirit yields to the pressure of hunger, fatigue, and bewilderment, and subsides insensibly into the sleep which knows no waking. A very little farther on we found traces of another victim, probably of an earlier date; some shreds of clothes, and fragments of a knapsack; but the body had disappeared. Still lower, the remains of the bones and skin of two chamois, and near them the complete bones of a man. The latter were arranged in a very singular manner, nearly the whole skeleton being there in detached bones, laid in order along the ice,—the skull lowest, next the arms and ribs, and finally the bones of the pelvis, legs, and feet, disposed along the glacier, so that the distance between the head and feet might be five yards, a disposition certainly arising from some natural cause, not very easy to assign.

Forbes's "Travels through the Alps of Savoy, &c."

A PEASANT WEDDING IN THE UKRAINE.

WHILE at Kharkoff, I was invited by a Russian family of distinction to spend a few days of the spring at Dikanka, an estate formerly belonging to the Kotshubey family ; and I was delighted to have this opportunity of observing, at my leisure, a little of the rural life of this part of the great Russian empire.

One day, a mute embarrassed pair—a peasant lad in a spick-and-span new *sirak* and *torba*, and a young “*black goose*,” as the girls of Little Russia are frequently called, on account of the constant predominance of black and white in their costume—were announced at the castle. According to the Malorossian custom, they fell on their knees, kissed the hands and feet of their lord and lady, requested leave to marry, and invited the whole household to the wedding. The permission was readily accorded ; and a proposal was made to the bride and bridegroom, to celebrate their wedding at the castle, in which case they were promised a banquet sufficiently copious for the entertainment of the whole village.

On the following day, accordingly, one-half of the lawn was covered with tables and benches, while the other half was arranged for dancing on. Towards noon, the noise of an approaching multitude announced

the bridal procession. All the inmates of the *château* mustered under the portico in front of the house to view the merry train. The musicians marched at the head of the party, followed by the *maître de plaisir*, decorated, according to the prescribed rule, with handkerchiefs tied crosswise over his shoulders. This is an official personage, whose presence is compellable at every Malorossian wedding, where he doubles the parts of merry-andrew and cup-bearer. He was followed by the father and mother of the bride, and they again by the bride and bridegroom, decorated with such a profusion of pinks, lilies, asters, and other flowers, that they looked almost like a pair of walking nosegays. The whole party came on with a tripping, half-dancing step, all except the two principal personages in the show, who were blushing, embarrassed, and half melancholy, and, on arriving in front of the portico, bowed so low, that their heads almost touched the ground.

After the bridegroom, came a pretty girl, led by a couple of young peasants. In her hand she carried a sabre thrust through a large loaf of bread. This symbol of connubial life is never absent from a wedding in Little Russia. We were not told the meaning of the custom ; yet, we had no difficulty in explaining it to ourselves. It was a warning, in the olden time, to the bridegroom, that he had undertaken to defend his bride, and furnish her with bread. At the wedding here described, the sabre was only of wood ; before the days of serfdom, I have no doubt, it was of polished iron.

The wedding guests followed, festively arrayed in their national costumes. They drew up in front of the balcony, where we all, one after the other, drank to the happiness of the bridal pair, who, in their turn, drank all our very good healths, in doing which, the poor girl manifested much feeling, and more than once allowed tears to escape her.

Our guests then seated themselves to their dinner, at which there could not be less than a thousand persons. A little altar, covered with white cloth, had been erected, on which were laid pictures of saints, and other ecclesiastical paraphernalia. The Russians can enter upon nothing without a priestly benediction—not even upon a festive carouse. A whole chorus of priests came forward, chaunting hymns and swinging their censers, and praying for a blessing on the munificent lord of the *château*, and on all present.

During the whole day an ox had been roasting before the fire, and cabbage-soup and pease had been preparing in enormous boilers. Half a dozen casks of spirit, mead, and beer had been placed on the lawn, and, by the aid of these and other good things, every remnant of seriousness was soon banished. For us, dinner had been prepared within the *château*, where we were entertained by a party of travelling Tyrolese singers, whose delicious Alpine melodies threw a temporary melancholy over those among us who were natives of Germany. These wandering minstrels are frequently met with in Russia, and even in remote parts of Siberia, where their musical abilities

are far more richly remunerated than in their native land.

On our return to the lawn, we found our wedding guests as merry as need be. They were broken up into various groups, and the cymbals, tambourines, and fiddles were all hard at work, accompanying their national dances. The favourite dance in Little Russia is the *kasatsha*. One pair only dance at the same time. The dancer, after having selected his partner, seeks to allure her by a number of seductive graces into the circle formed by the spectators; and when at last the lady has allowed herself to be prevailed on to begin, it is some time before she shows any signs of weariness. Her gestures are, of course, less rapid and expressive than her partner's; but she also sometimes indulges in the toss of the head and the shrugging of the shoulders, so characteristic of the Russian dance, even while she affects to avoid the amorous swain, and to repulse him with her hands.

A Russian does not dance merely with his legs and feet, though he evidently entertains no small regard for those members of his political body, often glancing at them most affectionately while he dances, and throwing open his sheepskin coat, that he may admire their paces more conveniently; but they are far from having the dance all to themselves, his head, hands, and arms being likewise in continual motion, whenever he wishes to heighten the expression of his pantomime. Not only every feature of his countenance, but every muscle of his body, is kept in play.

The meaning of *kasatsha* is this : an amorous swain makes all sorts of gestures and postures to please his mistress, and seems, at times, in rapture and in despair ; his prudish partner is at first unmoved by all his solicitations, but gradually she softens ; and the dance ends with an embrace and a kiss. One couple played their parts so admirably that they drew down the warmest applause, and excited the gaiety of all present.

The spectators are not mere lookers-on on these occasions, but show a lively interest in the progress of the dance, criticise the performers without the least reserve, and frequently enliven their evolutions with a vocal accompaniment. On these occasions, a constant fire of *bons mots* is often kept up. Towards the end of our festivity, when the hilarity of the company was becoming more and more unrestrained, even the beggars, who had been attracted by the sounds of merriment, began to muster courage and mingle in the dance. One of them, who was many degrees removed from sobriety, a dirty rogue with every mark of the vagabond upon him, from his tattered hat down to the torn remnants of his boots, was received with an obstreperous chorus of laughter when he entered the circle to display his abilities on the light fantastic toe. Nothing daunted by such a reception, nor by the incessant banterings of an admiring crowd, he went gaily through his evolutions, and seemed to enjoy the fun quite as much as though it had not been raised at his own expense.

The prettiest Russian dance, however, is the

vesnänka, which can only be danced in the open air. A party of young girls join hands and trip it away from one end of the village to the other, unaccompanied by any other music than their own voices. One girl acts as leader, determines the ever-varying figure of the dance, and is closely followed by her companions. Now the train advances in a straight line; now it winds into a multitude of intricate mazes; and now again the merry party unravel the knot into which they have so ingeniously wound themselves, or, joining hands, form a merry circle, moving rapidly round without stirring from the spot. The *vesnänka* never fails to put life into the whole village. The old people come into the streets to rejoice in the sprightly movements of their daughters; the children muster speedily to form their own *vesnänka*; and the young men are not slow in making up similar parties of their own. Sooner or later it mostly happens, that the two sexes join hands, and then the merriment grows fast and furious. The perseverance of the dancers on these occasions is wonderful: when such a dance has once begun, it mostly lasts to the end of the day.

Nor were our guests deficient in perseverance. The gay scene was prolonged to a late hour of the night, when the party formed again into procession to return to the village, where they purposed to renew their merry-making, for no Malorossian considers that less than four days ought to be devoted to a feast that is to exercise so lasting an influence over the remainder of his life.

Kohl's "Russia

STORY OF THE BLACK PETER.

SOME thirty years ago, a young man went to Heidelberg, whose name was Schwartzkopf, a native of Fulda in Hesse. His father had died early, and his mother had straitened herself severely to educate her son, who possessed many fine endowments of mind and body. He studied with zeal during the greater part of the first year, at the university ; but then becoming involved in a duel, he made some acquaintances, whose influence was most disastrous to him. He became acquainted with play ;—at first, gambling only at his leisure hours ; but soon neglecting his studies, and omitting to attend lectures. By and by he sold his books, and at length disposed of everything to the Jews, except the wretched clothes on his back, in order to feed his unhappy passion. A letter from his mother—full of tender warnings—or a dream of early life, would, at times, fill him with horror of his present condition ; but these terrible reflections did not last long.

One day he received a letter, addressed by a strange hand, and sealed with black. His mother was dead, and the letter was from his guardian. Far as Schwartzkopf was already fallen, this letter deeply shook him. His guardian, a severe man, wrote him that he had driven not a few nails into

his mother's coffin ; that he had wasted his property ; and that he must immediately return home, in order to be made acquainted with the real state of his affairs, which left him little other alternative than that of becoming a soldier in the ranks. His state of mind was at first horrible, and he was at the point of self-destruction ; but this went by, and, on reflection, he determined to turn his steps homeward, in order, if possible, to move his guardian to more moderate measures, or, came it to the worst, to enlist into the army. His debts were paid, and he put up the slender remains of his possessions in a knapsack, with which, early one morning, he passed through the gate leading toward Frankfort.

In the evening of the second day he had arrived in a great wood, which extended towards Fulda. It was already nearly dark ; and a violent wind, against which he had to labour, bent the tall and gloomy pines, which groaned awfully. Full of melancholy he wandered on ; the memory of the past came over him with subduing power ; and he almost wished that one of the mighty trees might be dashed down by the tempest, and bury him in its fall. He began to sing a song, in order to chase away these painful thoughts,—when, as he turned an angle of the path, a rough voice cried, “Halt !” and at once three men sprung out of the bush. The coarse hunting-garb, the pistols and hangers with which they were armed, and the disguised faces, left him no doubt that they were some of the gang which kept that part of the country in disquiet.

The student feared them not ; fear had never been any part of his nature, and least of all now, when life was made indifferent by despair.

"Leave me alone," said the student, "I have nothing for you."

"But with your permission," said one of the robbers, "we will make a rather nearer acquaintance with your knapsack."

"With all my heart," answered the student quietly, handing over to them his knapsack, at the same time that he filled his pipe, and asked one of them for a light. He seated himself on a block of stone by the road-side, requesting the robbers not to detain him long, as he had yet far to go to his night's quarters. They could not refrain from a laugh at his *sang-froid*.

"You seem to me sad fellows," said Schwartzkopf, "that you don't understand your business better ; you might have seen very well you would get nothing from me."

"Be silent, hound !" cried one of them, "or in a moment we will cut thy throat."

"And a right noble deed too," added the student, "for three men to cut the throat of one. If you were not miserable Philistines, I should be obliged to call upon one of you to give satisfaction for that word 'hound !'"

"He is right, Heiner," said another, "he has a right to it, since he has shown himself so brave."

"Does the fellow think I'm afraid of him ?" cried Heiner.



THE FOREST DUEL.

“Ay, to be sure I do,” said the student, quietly smoking on.

The robber was raging, and would have fought on the spot, but his comrades interfered, and taking the student with them, set off for their encampment. As they plunged deeper and deeper into the thick of the wood, they questioned the student as to the circumstances of his life, which he related truly.

At length they came to an open place in the forest. Here the surrounding hills formed a sort of basin, shielded on one side by a pile of rocks, and on the other by stupendous trees. The robber-troop, consisting of about twenty men, with their wives and children, had here built some huts, and the sentinels having announced the approach of their comrades, the whole troop speedily gathered together. They heartily applauded the intention of Heiner and the student, and having eaten and drunk, a battle-ground was selected. Schwartzkopf received a hanger, and the robbers formed a circle round the combatants, while the women kindled great pine-torches, in order properly to light up the scene.

The robber fiercely attacked his opponent, but the student, by far superior in skill of fence, parried with the utmost coolness every thrust of his assailant, till, as the robber began to press upon him closer and closer, he suddenly struck in before the stroke of his adversary, and in the same instant the robber let his sword drop, and the blood spouted hotly from the arm-wound through his sleeve. The men had looked

on with wonder, and now while some bound up the arm of their wounded comrade, the rest gathered in a group in earnest consultation. The student, unconscious how their conference might end, awaited the result. A robber, however, at length addressed him, and proposed, in the name of the rest, that Schwartzkopf should take the place of their captain, who had been slain a few days before in a skirmish. After reflecting on the danger of a refusal, the student gave his pledge to the robbers, and the wives bringing wine-cups, all drank to the health of their new captain.

Half a year passed, and the student Schwartzkopf was supposed to be dead. Meantime the oppressions of the robber band near Fulda had ceased; the peasants no longer complained. But greater and bolder exploits were undertaken by the troop under their new leader, who was known as the Black Peter, as he always wore a black mask, and invariably rode a black horse. At length, on the perpetration of a deed of unusual boldness, the whole band disappeared from their usual haunt, exchanging it for the Bergstrasse, or the country of the Main.

Many weeks after, one afternoon a heavily loaded travelling-carriage rolled slowly into the little city of Schlüchten, and drew up before the Gasthaus zum Stern. The lounging peasants swarmed about it, and out of every window peered curious countenances. Great was the astonishment when all learned from the coachman and valet, (both of whom were in military costume, and, in their moustaches, looked

most formidable) that they had been attacked on the way by the robbers, and that their master, a Graf of high standing, lay severely wounded in the carriage.

The whole city was speedily in an uproar, while the landlord of the Star made the heads of his people dizzy with his loud and frequent orders for the proper care of the noble gentleman. The stranger Graf was soon lifted out of the carriage. He was a tall, stately man, pale with loss of blood; his eyes were closed, and many deep wounds in his head were only rudely bound up. While he was carried to bed and given into the care of the surgeon, the whole police corps was collected, and, with the addition of some armed peasants, immediately set out in pursuit of the robbers, without, however, being able to discover the least trace of them.

In the meantime, the stranger lay in the most frightful delirium, and for some days hovered between life and death. Not till many weeks was he so far recovered as to receive the visits of the first persons of the place. He styled himself Graf Pappenheim; gave out that he was a native of the north of Germany, and had quitted his regiment on account of a difference with his superior officer, and was about to retire to his estate. The Graf was a most genteel man in society, had the most agreeable manners, and was soon a favourite in all the circles of the little city. When the peasants had at first seen the heavy chests of the stranger, they said, "He is a rich man, the Graf;" and, said they again, with one accord, as they saw him first ride out on a black horse, pur-

chased of the Chief Forest-master, "he is a very handsome man, the Graf."

The Graf, meantime, gave the finest entertainments at the Star, treating every one with the most condescending courtesy, but, above all, the lovely daughter of the Chief Forest-master, who was not a little envied by the other ladies. One day, it became known that the Graf had proposed for the Forester's lovely daughter, and contemplated buying an estate for himself in the neighbourhood, for his future abode. Many of the young ladies made truly a sour face; but all said, "We have long thought that," and hastened to present their congratulations to the intended bride.

The marriage was celebrated at the new castle of the Graf, with the greatest éclat. About five miles from the city lay, in the midst of the wood, a former hunting castle of the Prince. This the Graf had purchased. The Chief Forest-master thought it too solitary and large, but the son-in-law talked of the noble hunting they could enjoy together; that the carriage would always be at the command of his wife; and that he hoped constantly to have company from the city with him. Further, on account of the unsettled state of the country, he should send home for the greater part of his servants to attend him here. It was not long before the rooms of the castle were filled with a score of fresh servants—strong, wild-looking fellows; but the Graf said he had selected these expressly, as he, being of a restless disposition, could not live without now and then making a little

expedition, and as the robber-band might possibly attack his house and property, he could not leave it unless he felt it would be in perfect security.

The citizens considered this all very reasonable. The Forest-master's daughter lived with her husband in the happiest manner; and when he sometimes, accompanied by his servants, made a little excursion, she invited always some of her friends from the city. She, indeed, wondered with herself that the Graf never took her with him, but she loved him too well to chagrin him by pressing entreaties. The winter was now come, and yet his excursions did not cease. They were more seldom, but often extended to weeks of absence; and the young wife frequently felt excessively solitary when she, with her maid, the only other female in the castle, sate in the large room, and the wind without shook the naked branches of the trees fearfully.

During this period they were not disturbed by the robber-band, though repeated accounts came of housebreakings and highway robberies in the countries of the Main and the Neckar. The Graf, too, seemed quite at ease, and frequently took all his servants with him excepting one or two. Sometimes he was awake in the night, and went suddenly off, numerously attended, which caused the young wife to make many reflections on this strange conduct of her husband.

In that part of the castle where the servants resided, was a room always closed to the women, as in it, the Graf said, were preserved family documents, to which none but himself must have access. Lisette,

the chambermaid, asserted that she had often seen one of the servants in that room with her lord, and at times the Graf, till late in the night, would remain with the servants, to talk and drink with them. "They are good souls," said he, "who have been brought up with me, and I must be good to them, as I have caused them to come into a country so strange to them."

All this, with the assertion of Lisette that she had seen the Graf, on entering the house, take off a black mask, disturbed the poor lady, and she resolved to throw light on the mystery, let it cost what it would. One evening as she heard the Graf and his servants come riding in, she hastened into the neighbourhood of the suspected room, and concealed herself in an unused fire-place. With beating heart she saw the Graf enter the room as usual, with two servants. With light steps she approached the door and listened. What she then heard informed her of her dreadful fate—the Graf, and the notorious robber-captain, the Black Peter, were one and the same person. Nearly fainting, she glided to her own room. Soon after the Graf appeared, regretting that family intelligence just received compelled him to ride out again this night, but he would return by break of day.

Scarcely had the Graf and his troop ridden away, than, calling her maid, the poor wife determined on instant flight. Leaving the lights burning, she stole down into a room below, and escaping through the window, made directly for the nearest way to the

Forest-master's house. They reached it at a late hour. The father rose in amaze, at the unusual knocking, but as soon as he learned from his exhausted daughter the cause of her flight, his wrath burned fiercely at the false son-in-law. He called up his huntsmen; the Bauers in the little city were armed, and, with all possible speed, they set out for the wood-castle. But the solitary robber who had remained behind, had now vanished with the mysteries of the closed chamber. It was empty. All the other rooms were in the state the fugitives had left them, but gold there was none to find.

The next day the castle was surrounded by soldiers that were sent out from Fulda, but the robbers had evacuated the country, and came not again. After many searches, one of the robbers was seized on the Bergstrasse; this led to further discoveries; and, finally the captain himself was taken. He was confined over the Mannheimer Gate, in Heidelberg, whence he escaped in a most extraordinary manner, but was speedily recaptured. After an examination in which he was hard pressed, without any confession being brought from him, he was dismissed at eight o'clock in the evening. At half-past nine o'clock the same evening the gaoler announced to the magistrate who had presided on the inquiry, that the Black Peter had escaped from his confinement. The watch had shot at him, but had missed him.

It was found that, without any negligence on the part of his keepers, he had got out in a scarcely

imaginable way, in his shirt only. He had taken the whole of the circular window of his prison, with its frame, out. By means of a sharp holdfast, with which the frame of the window had been secured, he had broken the two new and good locks of his chain; taken off the chain; torn up his bed-clothes, and twisted them into a rope, and then had slipped through a narrow opening of the strong window-shutters, which on trial would admit the passage of no other head. When he reached the end of his rope, he had to drop eight or nine feet to the earth; and the shot, which was instantly fired at him, passed close to him.

Immediately on his escape he sprang into the neighbouring Neckar, and concealed himself under the floor of a swimming-school, where he continued many hours up to the mouth in water. He saw the pursuers on both banks of the Neckar, and in the swimming-school itself. It was not till after midnight that he attempted to wade through the Neckar, which, luckily for him, was then very low; but, perceiving watchmen on the bank, he remained still some time on a rock in the middle of the river. At length he made another attempt, sprang up the bank, distanced his pursuers by a rapid flight, and succeeded in reaching the hills and woods.

In order to make his appearance in the wood the less striking to people that he might happen to meet, he slipped his legs through the sleeves of his shirt, and holding it with his hands, thus ran on to a great distance. He met two peasants to whom he feigned

himself crazed and dumb, and, by using signs, excited their pity and obtained an alms. With this he bought some bread at a solitary mill on the mountains, and fled still farther ; till, at evening, he was arrested by some peasants who had heard of his flight, and the reward offered for his capture. He was brought back to his prison, and soon afterwards delivered over to the Hessians, and confined in a high tower. But even from this he effected his escape in the most ingenious manner possible.

One morning the sentinel, who was on duty at the foot of the tower, looking up, observed a hole worked in the wall, from which a tolerably long rope hung. He immediately gave intelligence to the police-officers, who hastened to the tower, and saw with amazement a hole made in the wall, of the width of a man's body of ordinary size. Into the wall, a piece of iron, part of the broken chain, was driven, and to this the rope was fastened, being made from the torn-up cover and tick of the prisoner's straw bed.

They could not sufficiently wonder how a man could pass through such a hole ; how he could trust himself, at such a terrific height, to so brittle a rope ; and how he could, by any possibility, when he reached the end of this rope, the length of which was insignificant in comparison with the height of the tower, drop to the ground without certain destruction.

While they were thus lost in these wonders, the prisoner, who all the time was in the room, concealed under the straw taken out of his bed and heaped up

behind the door, crept silently out, passed the open-standing door unobserved, descended the stairs, and completely effected his escape.

He lived afterwards in various places, and by various means, and on the breaking out of the war, enlisted for a soldier. The battle of Waterloo, which cost so many honourable men their lives, ended his also. His wife soon after died of grief.

Abridged from Howitt's "Student Life of Germany."

VISIT TO THE PYRAMIDS OF GIZEH.

ON the evening of the fifth day of our journey up the Nile, at twenty-five miles from Cairo, we saw the sun set behind the pyramids. At that distance their lofty summits were distinctly visible. A favourable breeze during the night brought us next morning to Boulac, the port of Cairo, where, after a farce of a custom-house examination, which the Arab inspectors, collectors, &c., willingly abandoned for a few piastres, we mounted donkeys, and rode to Cairo, a mile inland. We found excellent quarters in the English hotel of Mr. Hill. The next morning we set off to visit the pyramids. The invaluable donkey was here again our companion. We rode down through old Cairo to the Nile, and there crossed the river to Gizeh. On our way across the river we stopped at the island of Rhoda, to examine the Nilometer. It is a tall square column of marble,

enclosed in a stone house, divided into cubits and inches, for ascertaining the rise of the river. It stands in a large square basin, into which there is a descent by steps. On these steps Moses is said to have been found by the daughter of Pharaoh, in the ark of bulrushes. The island of Rhoda lies in the channel of the Nile, between Cairo and the opposite village of Gizeh. It is a charming spot. It is laid out as a garden, in groves, bowers, and pleasant walks, by an Englishman, who resides upon it, with a handsome salary from its proprietor, Ibrahim Pasha.

On landing at Gizeh, the pyramids, though several miles distant, appeared to be directly before us. In three hours, after a ride across the intervening plain, we arrived at the base of the rocky elevation on which the pyramids are erected. Here begins the desert, the pyramids marking the limit of cultivable land. A number of Bedouins, who live around the pyramids, came running to us and offering their services as guides. Ascending the rocky foundation of the pyramids, we stood at their base, and here, for the first time, we had some idea of their immense mass and size. Standing at the base of the great pyramid of Cheops, and looking up its sides, it seemed to lean against the sky ; we were too eager to scale the summit to stand long at the base. We ascended at one of the corners ; a Bedouin, mounted upon the stone above, extended his hand to the person ascending, while another aided him with a lift of his shoulder from below. The pyramids

being built with receding layers of stone, a ledge of about three feet in width is left upon each layer, which affords a secure landing-place. In this manner the ascent was easily made in fifteen minutes. Instead of an apex hardly wide enough to stand upon, we found the apex of the pyramid of Cheops a flat square at least fifteen feet broad. A large stone is in the centre, indicating that the original sharp apex of the pyramid has been destroyed, which, of course, has diminished its height. According to Herodotus, the pyramids were originally covered with a smooth coat of cement, which rendered it impossible to ascend them. The broken, jagged sides of the pyramids show that several attempts have been made to destroy them, a labour which one of the Arabian caliphs found a task equal only to the power of those who built them. The view from the top of the pyramids extends over the whole breadth of the valley of the Nile, from the Mokattam mountains behind Cairo, to the Lybian desert. While we were on the pyramids the sun went down. My companions descended to sleep in tents at some distance on the plain, while I remained on the top of the pyramid, having resolved to pass the night there. I retained the sheik of the Bedouins and two of his men, and sent down another to bring up the pipes and coffee I had brought from Cairo. The promise of a backsheesh silenced their protestations and fears. The Bedouins kindled a fire with charcoal, under the lee of the stone, and made us some excellent coffee after their manner. Washing the

coffee down with a bumper of claret to the memory of old Cheops, we lit our pipes, the Bedouins leaving me to contemplate the darkening landscape, while they, gathered in a group, indulged in suspicious surmises as to my object in sleeping on the pyramid. The last rays of light were gradually fading from the horizon, and the landscape was every moment becoming darker and darker. On one side stretched a green plain, dotted with villages and clumps of palms; the bright crest of the Nile, gleaming in the expiring rays of the sun, and meandering through it in gentle curves, relieved the dark green of the landscape. Beyond, the minarets of Cairo were indistinctly seen tipped with the departing light. Turning to the north, the eye ranged over the great desert of Lybia, which stretched away a black expanse of sand, upon which not a human being was to be seen. The solitude was as profound as that which reigned within the chambers of the pyramid beneath us. Across the plain, as day declined, the villages were indicated only by flitting lights and the baying of dogs. By midnight the moon was in the zenith, and the heavens presented a brilliant host of planets and stars, such as the old astronomers had probably gazed upon from this very spot. The Bedouins were all asleep; so, burying myself in the folds of a Greek capote, I turned my back against the stone and fell asleep. The bull Apis, Cheops, the transmigration of souls, with speculations on Egyptian theology and *oxology*, occupied my dreams, and I was engaged in a very interesting dispute with Herodotus, touch-

ing the architects of the pyramids, when the Bedouin sheik awoke me, and told me the sun was rising. The earth was yet robed in the twilight of morning. The horizon in the quarter of the sun was streaked with pencilings of light, while the rest of the heavens were almost perfectly dark. As the sun approached the edge of the horizon, light shot around it; in a moment more the top of the sun's orb was visible, and instantaneously afterwards he wheeled up with a majestic bound, and poured a flood of light over heaven and earth. It was as magnificent as the first sun that rose upon the first morning—when “*God said, Let there be light; and there was light.*” Immediately afterwards I descended, and rejoined my companions, with no other unpleasant effects from my night's sleep on the top of the pyramid than a purse lightened by a liberal backsheesh, and a rather uneasy appetite.

Having made the ascent of the pyramid of Cheops, we next turned our attention to the interior. This pyramid stands on a platform of rock a hundred and fifty feet above the surrounding desert, and near fifty more above the valley of the Nile. We found the entrance in the centre of the north side. Several Arabs accompanied us as guides. We clambered up to it, about thirty feet above the base. We proceeded down the passage, crouching and groping our way along, each preceded by a guide holding a taper. Having descended this passage to some depth, we struck into another passage which ascends into the body of the pyramid at a rather sharp angle. We

followed this until our way was obstructed by a rock, which overhangs the mouth of the well. Climbing over this impediment, we came to the point whence a long horizontal gallery branches off to the queen's chamber. We continued our way, however, up the passage, leading with a gentle inclination to the king's chamber. After considerable toil, we arrived at the great chamber of the pyramid. The guides had brought with them a large quantity of tapers, but their united illumination gave us but a faint idea of the size and appearance of the chamber. We could see, however, that the ceiling and walls, like the passages we had just traversed, were lined with immense slabs of Syene granite, and porphyry polished to an extraordinary brilliancy. They were so compactly joined together, as to present a surface of uniform smoothness, having the appearance of one entire block of stone. This chamber being in the centre of the pyramid, is supposed to communicate with other apartments. The entrance, if there be any, is hermetically closed, and nothing less than an earthquake will ever rend it open. In the middle of the apartment we observed the sarcophagus, broken and mutilated. This apartment is thirty-seven feet two inches long, seventeen feet two inches wide, and near twenty feet in height. One of the Arabs discharged a pistol while we were in it. The reverberation was deafening. The sound seemed to gather force as it rolled through the many chambers of the pyramid; echo followed echo, until the din became appalling, now lulling, then again breaking forth into

a louder roar, as it rushed into some new chamber. At last, with one explosive peal of thunder, it burst its way out and ceased. These multiplied echoes indicate that there are other chambers in this pyramid not yet discovered.

The queen's chamber, which is directly beneath the one we had just visited, is of smaller dimensions, but finished with the same compact masonry, and polished granite, as that of the king's. These were the only chambers we entered, the access to even these being attended with much difficulty. We were obliged to grope our way along in the dark, on our hands and feet, half choked with the dust which our progress excited, not knowing whither we were going, but following blindly at the heels of our Bedouin guides. A new chamber was discovered several years ago, directly above the king's, of small dimensions, by Mr. Davidson, the British consul at Cairo; and, in 1836, Caviglia opened three new chambers directly above this, the largest of which is more than thirty-eight feet long. The chambers, as far as opened in this pyramid, are directly above each other, the object of which succession Colonel Vyse supposes to have been to lessen the superincumbent weight of one upon the other. The well, the mouth of which we crossed at the termination of one of the galleries, has been descended to the depth of one hundred and fifty-five feet, without attaining the bottom. Caviglia found a shaft which conducted towards the foundation of the pyramid, where he entered a large

chamber sixty feet long. This chamber is in the centre of the pyramid, directly beneath the upper chambers. In it is the mouth of a well, which has not been opened, but it is supposed to lead below the level of the Nile, to subterranean passages, or probably to some canal which is connected with the Nile, and served as an auxiliary in the religious solemnities enacted in these subterranean caverns. Caviglia found many passages leading from this chamber, in different directions, sealed up, however, at some distance from the opening, by blocks of stone. Should a perfect exploration ever take place of the wells of the pyramid, and these lateral passages, it would be found that they communicate with the adjoining pyramid of Cephrenes ; and as there are the same kind of subterranean galleries in that pyramid, of an equally intricate and labyrinthine course, it is not unreasonable to conjecture that they communicate with the neighbouring pyramid of Mycerinus.

The whole rock beneath the pyramid is excavated into subterranean galleries and caverns, which once, probably, opened upon the great avenue of stone which conducted to the Nile, at the head of which stood the Sphynx. We know enough to conclude that the pyramids were erected for a triple object—as mausolea for the kings—astronomical observatories—and for the celebration of religious mysteries ; and in my humble opinion, their founders had in view the *combination* of these three objects. A few facts are sufficient to sustain this hypothesis. The sarcophagi found in them are evidence of their destination as

royal sepulchres. The exact position of the four corners of the pyramids with reference to the four cardinal points of the compass—the uniform angle of 26° of the sloping channels of entrance, and the observation made by Caviglia, that the polar star, during his exploration of the pyramid of Cheops, was to be seen from the bottom of the first gully, and that it passed over it during his stay at the pyramid—all these facts indubitably prove the adaptation of the pyramids to astronomical purposes. That they were in some manner connected with the religion of the Egyptians it is reasonable to conjecture, from the mysterious nature of that religion, its dark and secret ceremonies, secluded from the eye of the vulgar in gloomy temples and hidden caves, and the perfect adaptation of the subterranean chambers, vaults, and galleries, beneath the pyramids, to its rites and ceremonies.

The pyramid of Cephrenes is several hundred feet distant from the great pyramid. This pyramid was opened by Belzoni. It contains several chambers of great beauty. It is better preserved than the pyramid of Cheops, part of the original cement on the outside still remaining. Beyond this again, on the same level, is another pyramid, and several miles distant, nearly in a line with the pyramids of Gizeh, on the edge of the desert, are the pyramids of Sakkarah and Abousir. The pyramids of Sakkarah are quite inferior structures to those of Gizeh, being loosely built of small stones, and of very meagre dimensions in height and extent. The pyramid of Cheops

towers above all, while the others gradually diminish in height, as they recede from the great pyramid. Caviglia is of the opinion that all these pyramids are connected by subterranean galleries. The hollow sound which the earth gives back to the footstep, between these pyramids, would seem to give a show of plausibility to such an opinion. This underground communication would traverse a distance of nearly ten miles ! Connect this reasonable hypothesis, and the time and labour necessary for the excavation of such immense works beneath the earth, with the absence of hieroglyphics, or any signs of writing in the pyramids, and you may have some idea of the prodigious antiquity of the pyramids and their yet undeveloped mysteries.

In the midst of all this mystery and confusion sits the gigantic figure of the Sphynx, smiling placidly and benignly, and seeming to exult in the baffled curiosity of the bewildered traveller. The head and neck alone remain above the sand, a height of about thirty feet. The face has been so much marred by the iconoclastic Mahommedans, that the features are reft of almost all their original beauty. The outlines of the face indicate it to be a sculpture of much merit, though it may be justly doubted whether it ever possessed so much beauty and expression as is ascribed to it by the ancient authors. With the aid of a ladder, we ascended to the head, where four of us sat down together to breakfast. The whole figure of the Sphynx was cleared of the sand which now surrounds it

by Belzoni. Between the legs he found a tablet and altar, which appeared to be stained with the blood of sacrifices. On one of the paws of the legs, which stretched out fifty feet from the body, he found a temple. This gigantic figure, when thus fully exposed to view, must have been very imposing. A doorway is said to have anciently existed between the legs of the Sphynx, which gave entrance to the subterranean vaults beneath, which formed part of the labyrinthine chambers and galleries that traverse the earth between the pyramids.

The pyramids are surrounded by an immense number of mummy pits, which stretch over the desert for several miles. We descended into one of them, which was filled with jars, containing the bones of the Ibises, and other sacred birds. At Thebes, these jars contain the mummy of the Ibis, swathed in linen, well preserved ; but here the bones alone were preserved in the jars. We penetrated, with much difficulty, into a mummy pit, where were piled up vast numbers of human mummies, which we crushed at every step, filling the narrow cave with dust, and almost stifling ourselves with the odour which issued from the perfumed cements. The earth above was strewed with the legs, skulls, and bodies of ancient Egyptians, which the ruthless Bedouins had dug out of the pits, and stripped of their covering, in their search for treasure. The jackals burrow in the mummy pits, but the sapless bones of the mummies are left undisturbed by them. In approaching one of these pits, we

were suddenly startled with the apparition of a troop of Arabs, men, women, and children, who issued out of it, and came running to us, each holding up an arm, leg, or skull of a mummy, which they were emulously screaming to us to buy of them. A naked little urchin, who was tugging along with the body of one of Cheop's subjects on his shoulders, most vociferously demanded of me to buy his prize, and when I refused, impudently broke it over the head of my donkey. Neither our guides nor servants manifested any sympathy for us, so we were obliged to compound with the beggars by the distribution of a few piastres as backsheesh, which we left them contending about like so many hungry dogs.

Morris's "Tour in Egypt," &c.

A BATHE IN THE DEAD SEA.

WE approached the sea at its northern extremity, distant, I should think, a little more than two miles west of the mouth of the Jordan. The beach is smooth and sandy, and covered with pebbles and gravel. The water is not perfectly transparent, but has a whitish hue, as if dashed with a very slight infusion of milk. To the taste it is extremely salt and bitter, perceptibly more so than the water of any other sea which I have visited. I at once pronounced it to have the taste of Glauber salts ; to which one of

the party replied, and I think justly, that it more resembled a mixture of salts and senna. We did not fail to bathe, for the double purpose of enjoying so great a luxury, especially grateful in this heated atmosphere, and of testing, by our own experience, the truth of the strange and rather discordant statements which have been put forth with regard to its buoyancy. I had always read the reports of travellers upon this subject with incredulity, ranking them with other fictions and legends with which all descriptions of this marvellous sea are rife; but the experiment satisfied me that, upon this point at least, there is no exaggeration. The water is shallow near the shore, and I waded perhaps one hundred and fifty yards before reaching a depth of seven or eight feet. I swam out into much deeper water, which I found to bear me on its surface without any effort of the legs or arms. These, indeed, I raised quite out of the water, and still continued to float like a mass of wood. When I stood erect, with my feet placed together, and my hands and arms brought close to my sides, my shoulders still rose above the surface. I made many attempts to sink, but without success, and found swimming an awkward business, as it was quite impossible to keep both the arms and legs in the water at the same time. Some gentlemen of the party, who were unable to swim, waded in cautiously at first, but found themselves suddenly endowed with the capacity of floating upon the briny element.

The usual casualties of a sea-bath did not fail to

administer repeated tastes of the nauseous fluid, and the strong exclamations and distorted visages of the company gave ample and unanimous testimony to its intolerable saline bitterness. It is to its excessive saltness, unquestionably, that the water of the Dead Sea is indebted for its unequalled ability to sustain heavy bodies. Its specific gravity is much greater than that of any other water known to have been subjected to chemical examination. According to the experiments of Dr. Marcet, of London, the results of which have been substantially confirmed by many subsequent trials, the specific gravity of this water is 1211, that of rain-water being 1000. It contains about one-fourth its weight in various salts, of which those of soda, magnesia, and lime are most considerable. From some of these ingredients the water derives a pungency which made itself quite sensible to the skin, after remaining in it for a quarter of an hour, and then going into the air. Besides a slight smarting, it left upon my skin a sense of stiffness, as if it were coated with a thin, adhesive substance; but I could obtain no evidence of the presence of any foreign matter, upon passing my hand over the surface. I, however, several times submerged my head, and I subsequently found that my hair had imbibed from the water a something little less adhesive than tar. I could with difficulty pass a comb through it; and it was only at the end of ten days or a fortnight, and after several ablutions with soap and water, that I was able to get clear of this troublesome memorial of my bathe in the Dead Sea.

We made diligent search, so far as our opportunities permitted, for evidence bearing upon the current tradition, that no species of fish can live in these waters, which are said to be so pestiferous as not only to be fatal to animal life, but to poison the atmosphere, so that birds venturing to fly over the sea soon fall dead upon its bosom. The attention of our whole party was particularly directed to this subject, and we made a careful examination along the beach, and, so far as practicable in the shallow water, near the shore for two miles or more, in quest of shells and fish. We discovered one small fish, about four inches long, in the shallow water, a little east of the place where we had bathed. It was dead, though it retained a fresh appearance. No living fish was seen, nor any shells, nor the smallest fragment of a shell. These facts are the more decisive upon the question, as this shore is evidently much lashed with storms, which could not well fail of throwing upon the beach some specimens, if any existed, of the animal and vegetable productions of this sea. Large quantities of drift-wood are accumulated on the beach, which the rains have brought down from the mountain ravines, and the prevalence of southerly winds has driven upon this shore. There was no marine plant of any description to be found among these masses, which consist mostly of entire trees, whose branches and roots must have swept the bottom in many places in their progress through the water, and collected the sea-weed and other vegetable growth in their track, had any existed. Here were

the largest trunks which I saw in Palestine. No trees or verdure of any kind are seen upon the dreary mountains about the Dead Sea; but these trophies of the storm demonstrate the existence of a more generous soil in their deep and hidden recesses. They were entirely excoriated, so that not a vestige of bark remained to aid in determining the species to which they belonged; an evidence of the violence and frequency of the storms that prevail in this sea.

In view of the facts here stated, which correspond substantially with the reports of former travellers, it can hardly be thought premature to conclude that the water of the Dead Sea is fatal to, or, at least, incapable of sustaining animal or vegetable life. There can be little doubt that the dead fish was an estray from the Jordan, only two or three miles distant, and the state in which it was found goes to establish the pestiferous character of this water. The same is probably true of the "two or three shells of fish, resembling oyster-shells, cast up by the waves, two hours' distance from the mouth of the Jordan," which were seen by Maundrell. Seetzen found some snail-shells upon the shore, and Irby discovered snail-shells, and others of a small spiral form. All, however, were empty, and appeared old.

They were, most probably, land, and not marine shells, and were quite too inconsiderable in number to counterbalance the strong and concurring testimony which seems to have established the fact, at least till some new discoveries shall be made, that nothing of the kind is produced by this sea. It

may be the extreme saltness of the water that is so fatal to animal and vegetable life, or the effect may not improbably be produced by some ingredient more peculiar and powerful, which has not yet been detected. It may be, too, that the atmosphere derives a measure of insalubrity from the same cause, whatever it may be, but we had demonstrative evidence that tradition is at fault in affirming that birds are unable to fly over the surface of the sea. We saw several small flocks rise from the reeds and brushwood that grow upon the beach, a little west of the place where we bathed, and fly towards the eastern shore, without any appearance of suffering or difficulty. I did not recognise any species with which I am acquainted, but they are of a dark gray colour, and about as large as sparrows. The sterility of the region, and the want of fish and other food suited to the sustenance of aquatic fowls, sufficiently account for the rarity of the feathered tribes, without ascribing any pernicious influences to malaria and noxious vapours from the sea. It is, beyond all question, an insalubrious region. I have already mentioned the sickly complexion of the inhabitants of Jericho. Those of the southern border of the sea are reported to exhibit symptoms of feebleness and disease equally indicative of the malignant character of the climate, to account for which something more seems necessary than the extreme heat prevalent here throughout so large a part of the year. It perhaps derives a special malignity from the waters of the sea.

Olin's "Travels in the East."

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCES OF GERMAN PHLEGM.

No one can have been long in their country without having observed with astonishment the perfect *nonchalance* with which the Germans witness public accidents and outrages, without moving from the spot, or showing any anxiety to assist or rescue. Where, in England, hundreds would rush in a moment to help or save, in Germany, men stand and only wonder, or go by as if nothing were amiss. I should be sorry to be assaulted by robbers, even in a city street, or be upset in a boat, and be in danger of drowning, though scores of people were on the bank, for they would certainly stand and consider about it till it was too late. They think rather than act; and it was this, besides their country being divided into about as many petty states as there are days in the year, which gave Bonaparte such a decided chance against them. They stood in wonder to see him sweep through the country, and only thought of being up, and making an active resistance, when he was already master. An American gentleman gave us a curious example of this slowness of action, and, in fact, introduced himself to us on the occurrence of it. We were embarking on the Danube at Linz, for Vienna. The steamer had not been able to get up to Linz, from the lowness of the water. It

lay at the distance of twenty English miles farther down, and we must be conveyed thither in a common Danube boat. The company had known this fact for three days, yet till the very morning, not a stroke had been struck in order to put this boat in fitting condition to carry down at least a hundred people of all ranks, and in very wet weather. It had neither a cover from the rain, nor a seat to sit upon. These had to be hurried up at the last hour. As we went on board, they were still busy putting down the seats.

On the plank down which the passengers had to descend into the boat, stood up a couple of inches, a stout tenpenny nail. This nail caught the skirts of every lady that went down, tore several, and over it several gentlemen stumbled. The American was standing to see how long it would be before any one would conceive the idea that this nail must be knocked down. He said he expected, if they were all Germans, from what he had seen of them from a year's residence amongst them, it would go on to the very end of the chapter; and, in truth, so it appeared probable. At length Mrs. Howitt's gown caught; I disengaged it, and called to a man to bring his hammer and knock it down. Though I said this in German, the American soon after came to me and said, "Sir, excuse my freedom, but I know you are an Englishman." I asked him how he had discovered that. He replied, "By the very simple fact of your having immediately ordered the driving down of the nail," and he then related what I have stated above. But I must give

some instances in which this slowness amounts to a strange and culpable indifference.

One Sunday evening, as we sate in our house, we heard below the windows a female cry out in great distress. The cry was repeated, and continued in a tone of the deepest lamentation and appeal. We threw open the windows: it was clear moonlight. We observed a fellow with a knife in his hand, who had hold of a young woman, and was using her very rudely and furiously. We called out to him, but he took no notice. Numbers of persons were coming along the opposite side of the road, but not a single person stopped, nor seemed to regard the woman's cries, which became every moment more vehement and imploring. We shouted, "Will nobody help the girl?" There was no answer; all marched solemnly on. It was a circumstance which in England, on a public highway, and at the entrance of a city, would in a moment have assembled a crowd. The fellow would have been seized and well chastised on the spot, or handed over to the police. Indignant at the indifference of the people, I rushed down stairs, and out of the house. As I went on, three students passing at the time, said, laughing, "See, he is going to this man!" and then stood, smoking their pipes, to see the issue. As I ran towards the fellow, our neighbours cried from their windows, "O! don't go there, sir! don't go there. The man is known for a great villain, and he has generally a knife in his hand."

My indignation was only greater; I ran on, when up came a troop of ruffians, the fellow's accomplices,

with the fiercest threats, and flung themselves into a posture crying, "Off! off! keep back at your peril!" The students hearing this, now turned back to my assistance, but none of them having any weapon of defence, and the rascallions showering on us a tremendous volley of stones, from the heaps by the way-side, we were obliged to flee for our lives into the house. Here all the women were in the greatest alarm, the cook saying, "O sir! why would you risk your life in that way? They are desperate fellows, and they carry knives, and the woman is most likely a bad one." I replied I did not care if she were the worst creature on the earth. I would never hear a woman cry out so piteously for help without trying to aid her. I insisted on going to the city with the three students for police; but on opening the door, we found that the scoundrels had posted themselves in a strong body between us and the city gate, armed with sticks and stones, while the poor girl kept crying for help in God's name to all the passers-by, who marched solemnly on, without deigning to stop a moment, or utter a word of expostulation.

There was but one chance, and that was to get out at a back window, and up through the wood to the city, in which way the rogues could not perceive us. But before we returned, the fellows were gone, and we learned that the girl, who had come out of a dancing-room near to cool herself, had been pursued by these fellows, and had finally, probably through their alarm, made her escape from them again to it.

Through the whole affair the conduct of the passers-by was most disgraceful. They truly deserved the appellation of phlegmatic Germans, for the piercing cries of a woman in distress, which will excite even a savage, could not move them. Their habitual caution totally overcame their better impulses, so far as to lead them not to interfere. Yet these same people, though of the ordinary class of citizens, would probably be ready in common life to render you any civility ; or when thoroughly roused, by any national or other cause of high interest, be ready to sell their own lives for the preservation of the public and the social good.

Singing and drinking are the speediest means of exciting and causing them to throw off their habitual caution. A song will thrill through the whole heart of the empire like an electric stroke, and produce the most instantaneous and universal enthusiasm, as was evidenced by the new Rhine song, on the threat of invasion by the French in the autumn of 1840. Travelling once in the Black Forest, we had one of the most solemn and cautious of coachmen. He seemed as if he could as soon perpetrate murder as smile or joke. He was perfectly tiresome with his everlasting putting on of his drags, and the slowness of his driving down the most insignificant descents. But while we stopped in the Murg-Thal to dine, he had found what he called, "ein liebes gutes herz," a dear good heart. It was a *gesell*, or journeyman, who had been treating him to beer, on condition that

he should allow him to have a seat with him on the box. Not being aware of these circumstances, though we saw that the coachman's face was unusually red, we granted the request he made for the youth, who appeared a very respectable one of his class, and much wearied. We had not proceeded very far, however, before our coachman became very talkative; said he had gone with many English families into Switzerland; that he had learned some English, which amounted to so much as this: "Dis is goot road. Goot fur die hosses, goot fur die cutchman. Viel promenade!" This he spoke continually, with much laughter, thinking "Viel promenade!" also was most excellent English.

From talking English he proceeded to ask our permission to sing. He said he had learned to *yodle* in Switzerland, and, if we would allow him, he would yodle us some Swiss songs; for that when his heart was glad he must sing. It was evident that the man was well primed, for his whole manner and countenance were changed. He was full of smiles and nods; his face was like one of molten copper; the veins of his neck and temples seemed as if they would burst. But trusting to his German caution, we did not fear. We let him sing, and he sung most excellently, though with many nods and winks, and quavering of his hand to his companion. He made his sonorous *yodlings* resound in these black pine woods; and even through the villages he did not cease. But we soon, to our alarm, observed that, while flourishing

with his right hand, his left, in which were the reins, insensibly drew the horses to that side of the road. I called to him, and bade him desist from his singing if he could not keep the middle of the way. He only turned round and said, "Ah, sir! when I overturn you tell me of it. I have driven on all sorts of roads these thirty years, and never yet had the spoke of a wheel broken." At this very moment we approached the edge of a precipice descending into one of those deep glens in the Black Forest, out of which rise so gloriously the splendid stems of the silver fir, many of them two hundred feet high; and it seemed as if the man had resolved to show us that he could drive to a hair, for, to our horror, and spite of our loudest shouts to him, he whipped on his horses; they drew, under the guidance of his reins, to the very brink—the wheels entered a ditch, and the carriage went over! Luckily there was a wall of loose stones built on the margin of the precipice, and against this the carriage fell. The fear was that it would give way, and then we must all spin down together. We managed to burst open the carriage-door on the side next the road, and leaped out in safety. The man was sobered; but it was not so easy a matter to extricate the carriage; and plunging of the horses might yet throw down the wall, and the whole equipage go together. There were peasants at work in the field opposite and about us. They saw the accident, but they only stood to watch it—one within twenty yards of us. We called loudly to them to come and assist us to lift out the carriage, but not a

creature moved; nay, the man near us leaned on his rake, and most calmly surveyed us. By the united efforts of coachman, *gesell*, and myself, we at length got the carriage out of its perilous position, with some trifling damage to it.

Howitt's "Rural and Domestic Life of Germany."

INTERVIEW WITH THE KING OF IDDAH.

CAPTAIN TROTTER sent for me this morning, and requested me to accompany a mission to the king of Iddah. This mission was simply to invite his majesty on board the *Albert*, where the commissioners of the Queen of England would deliver their message to him. The king, of course, cannot be approached by strangers without a proper introduction: it was, therefore, necessary first to call upon an official person, and to apply for an introduction. In this case it was pointed out to us that the sister of the late king had first to be consulted; and access to her was immediately obtained. I was almost impatient for a sight of the person whose power and influence were so great, and whose services were of such importance that even the presents for the king had first to be seen by her, to receive her approbation. The passage to her dwelling led through several unoccupied houses, rather dangerous from their peculiar construction. Instead of doors they have merely holes; to enter which you must stoop or creep, as

may be deemed most convenient ; and scarcely is one entered than another presents itself before you. Being unaccustomed to this, I happened, on entering, to stand erect, or endeavoured to do so, too soon, and knocked my head several times against the walls with such violence that I almost fainted ; and, singular enough, although those who took the lead always warned their followers against knocking their heads, none appeared to be sufficiently cautious until he had received a more impressive warning—a warning, too, which left marks on the forehead for several days. At last, however, we arrived at the dwelling of the princess, which was superior in nothing to the rest of the houses. We were invited to take our seats under the projecting roof of the house. The princess, stooping down at the hole of her house, gave us a friendly welcome. She appeared to be about fifty years old. Her head had lately been shaven ; and her nose and upper lip had been blackened with some kind of colour, though naturally black enough. Her apparel consisted of a rough country cloth around her loins, without any ornaments or marks to indicate her royal descent. I began to question whether we had arrived at the right place, and were with the right person ; for her appearance—though I never expected to see great grandeur in African royalty—was more like that of a mean slave. My suspicions, however, were soon removed. We were told that she was in mourning for her husband. At such seasons they divest themselves of all ornaments, and disfigure themselves in the manner just mentioned.

A daughter of the late king was with her, a young woman about sixteen years of age, whose apparel formed a great contrast from that of the old princess. Both her arms were ornamented with brass rings, weighing at least six pounds on each arm.

We waited patiently under the piazza, surrounded by crowds of people, and almost suffocated, for a considerable time, expecting every moment the return of the eunuch, who had been despatched to the king to apprise him of our arrival, and of our desire to have a personal interview with him. They were not much concerned, however, about our loss of time. To our repeated inquiries whether the eunuch had returned, or would soon return, we were told that we should have patience. Having waited from 7 to 10 o'clock in the morning, to no purpose, we expressed a wish to go and see the town; to which the princess had no objection. We went to one of the markets, to purchase something to eat, as we began to feel hungry, but unfortunately had brought no cowries with us. One of the natives, observing our perplexity, presented me with several cowries. I could not but admire his conduct; for he evidently endeavoured to do it so that nobody should observe him,—that the white man should not be exposed to shame by receiving a present from a black man. All our wants were now soon supplied. I bought some ground-nuts; and my companions procured some cocoa-nuts, the milk of which was very sweet. Having spent more than an hour in looking at the people, and allowing ourselves to be looked and

laughed at by them, we returned to the princess, supposing that the eunuch would certainly then have come back ; but we were again told that we should have patience. The good princess had, in the meantime, provided a good breakfast for us, consisting of a stewed duck and mashed yams, prepared in country style. (There were some bones, with meat uncommonly sweet, in the stew, such as I never before observed in stewed dishes. The taste of the meat was somewhat between pork and mutton ; and I cannot help thinking but that we were treated with a little puppy, a favourite dish with the natives.) The stew was served up in a wooden bowl, large enough to contain twenty times the quantity, and the yams in one of smaller dimensions ; a large brass basin, filled with clean water, being placed between them. Mats were spread on the ground in the yard, on which we seated ourselves. The princess, to show that there was no poison in the stew, took the first piece ; and, to teach us how to eat with decency, put her fingers into the water and washed them clean ; after which she withdrew, and left us to enjoy ourselves as well as we could. As there was only one fork for the whole party, we were, of course, obliged to follow her example, and make use of the means with which nature had provided us.

At one o'clock P.M. the eunuch returned, with the message of the king, which was very welcome, the king being pleased to receive us ; and the same eunuch showed us the road to the palace. I could

not observe the slightest difference in the outward appearance of the king's houses from those of the rest of the people. They formed a cluster of conical huts, surrounded by a mud wall, which wanted repairs in many places. We were again told to wait in the open air for some time ; after a while, we were led under the piazza of a house, and treated with the African luxuries, the gora-nuts and palm-wine. It was well for me that I was used to the nuts ; they are an excellent tonic, and supply the place of quinine. But nothing would please us, as we became impatient for the king's coming.

At four o'clock P. M., however, another eunuch came, with a message from the king, that he could not see us because it was raining, and it was the law of the country "that rain should never drop on the king's head." It had been raining a little through the day ; but at the time he sent this message it was clear, and no appearance of rain. As we considered this a mere excuse, and apprehended that he would find a similar one on the following day, we requested the eunuch to tell the king that if he could not see us now, the vessels would leave, and he would have no other opportunity of hearing the queen's message. This was enough : the eunuch returned instantly, assuring us that the king was getting ready, and preparations were commenced in the yard for his reception. A throne was put up in the open air, made of some bamboo sticks, and a white country cloth nailed over it. A large red carpet, which covered the ground for some yards, was spread over

the throne, over which was another smaller carpet. About half an hour afterwards, his majesty made his appearance, and took his seat upon his throne. His dress was splendid and ridiculous. I shall not attempt to describe it fully. The red velvet robe was certainly imposing; while we could not help smiling at the bells around his legs, the large quantity of beads about his neck, and the carpet slippers, large enough to fit an elephant. He was accompanied by a band of musicians, and between forty and fifty eunuchs. All took their seats on the ground, turning their backs on his majesty, except the few persons who were fanning him. Permission was then given us to deliver our message; which we did as briefly as possible, seated on the ground, but on carpets spread for us at the king's request. Our message was delivered to him through our interpreter in the Eggara language; the "king's mouth" (his chief interpreter) merely repeating the same words, in a louder tone of voice. When our business was done, his majesty, addressing himself to our interpreter, who is not only a native of this town, but really related to the family now on the throne, was pleased to return the following most kingly answer:—"You must thank God that your own family is now on the throne. I am much pleased to see white people, if they are pleased to see me. If they are my friends, they will believe my word. When white people were here before there was another king here. I have come to the throne since; and I am glad to see white people again in my country. If white people are really

anxious to have my friendship, they ought to be in no hurry to leave, because I like my friends to eat and drink with me for two or three days. If strangers come to me, they cannot go away until they have heard my answer. I did not want to come to-day; but as you said there would be no rain, I thought you had power to stop the rain. The river downwards and upwards belongs to me. Your queen sent you; can I send to your queen? You brought a present to see me; I have not seen it (regarded it.) You came to make me a friend; the king has no friend. If any one comes from a distant country, like you, to see me, he ought to bring a present worthy of a king: this is only fit for my servants to wear. (Here his majesty's gravity was interrupted for a moment: he having caught a glimpse of my spectacles, expressed a wish to get a pair like them.) I am a king, and a king never puts his foot into a canoe. (Immense cheering by his people, expressed by singing out 'Lāfia, Lāfia.') If the captain of the canoes wishes to see me, he must march on shore, or not see me at all; the king follows nobody. God made the king to be like himself; and ever since God made the king, it was never heard that the king went into a canoe. The king before me never went in the canoe of those white people who were here before. All people who have any business ought to come to me; and if the captain has anything to say, which is good for me and for him, he will come. If he wishes to speak to me privately, I will drive all my people away; and if it is fit for everybody to hear, then

shall everybody hear it." Was not this a kingly answer ?

His majesty wished now to learn whether his answer pleased us ; to which we replied that we were messengers, and would convey it to our commander ; and that we had no doubt that the king would be much pleased to hear what he had to say to him. " I wish to hear it first," he said, " before I can know whether it will please me or not, and whether it is good or bad. I want to see the captain himself ; and if he cannot come, I don't want to see another messenger."

The king objected to the presents as being beneath his dignity. What they consisted of I cannot exactly say ; but I know there was a large tobe among them of superfine blue cloth, such as at least all the skill in his whole kingdom could not have produced, nor his treasures have purchased. Had he not appeared in the very tobe presented to him by the former expedition, he could not have assumed such pomp and grandeur.

Schön's " Journal" on the Niger Expedition in 1841.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS AMONG THE ARRAPAHOE INDIANS.

THE Arrapahoes reside south of the Snakes. They wander in the winter season over the country about the head of the Great Kenyon of the Colorado of the West, and to a considerable distance down that river ; and in summer hunt the buffalo in the New Park,

or "Bull Pen," in the "Old Park" on Grand River, and in "Boyou Salade," on the South Fork of the Platte. Their number is not well ascertained. Some estimate it at 3,000, others more, and others still less. They are said to be a brave and fearless, thrifty, ingenious, and hospitable people. They own large numbers of horses, mules, dogs, and sheep. The dogs they fatten and eat. Hence the name Arrapahoes—dog-eaters. They manufacture the wool of their sheep into blankets of a very superior quality. I saw many of them, possessed one, and believe them to be made with something in the form of a darning-needle. They appeared to be wrought, in the first place, like a fishing-net; and on this, as a foundation, the fabric is darned so densely, that the rain will not penetrate them. They are usually striped or checked with yellow and red.

There is in this tribe a very curious law of naturalisation: it is based upon property. Any one, whether red or white, may avail himself of it. One horse, which can run with sufficient speed to enable the rider to overtake a buffalo cow, and another horse or mule, capable of bearing a pack of 200 pounds, must be possessed by the applicant.

These being delivered to the principal chief of the tribe, and his intentions being made known, he is declared a citizen of the Arrapahoe tribe, and entitled to a wife and other high privileges and rights thereunto appertaining. Thus recognised, he enters upon a life of savage independence. His wife takes care of his horses, manufactures his saddles and bridles,

and lash ropes and whips, his moccasins, leggings, and hunting-shirts, from leather and other materials prepared by her own hands; beats with a wooden adze his buffalo robes, till they are soft and pleasant for his couch; tans hides for his tent covering, and drags from the distant hills the clean white-pine poles to support it; cooks his daily food and places it before him. And should sickness overtake him, and death rap at the door of his lodge, his squaw watches kindly the last yearnings of the departing spirit. His sole duty, as her lord in life, and as a citizen of the Arrapahoe tribe, is to ride the horse which she saddles and brings to his tent, kill the game which she dresses and cures; sit and slumber on the couch which she spreads; and fight the enemies of the tribe. Their language is said to be essentially the same as that spoken by the Snakes and Cumanches.

This, and other tribes in the mountains, and in the upper plains, have a custom, the same in its objects as was the ceremony of the "*toga virilis*" among the Romans. When ripened into manhood, every young man of the tribes is expected to do some act of bravery that will give promise of his disposition and ability to defend the rights of his tribe and family. Nor can this expectation be disregarded. So, in the spring of the year, those of the age alluded to, associate themselves forty or fifty in a band, and devote themselves to the duties of men's estate in the following manner: They take leave of their friends, and depart to some secret

place near the woodlands ; collect poles twenty or thirty feet in length, and raise them in the form of a cone ; and cover the structure so thickly with leaves and boughs as to secure the interior from the gaze of persons outside. They then hang a green buffalo head inside, and near the top of the lodge where the poles meet ; and below this, around the sides, suspend camp-kettles, scalps and blankets, and the skin of a white buffalo, as offerings to the Great Spirit. After the lodge is thus arranged, they enter it with much solemnity, and commence the ceremonies which are to consecrate themselves to war, and the destruction of their enemies, and those of their tribe. The first act is to seat themselves in a circle around a fire built in the centre of the lodge, and "make medicine ;" that is, invoke the presence and aid of protecting spirits, by smoking the Great mystic Pipe. One of their number fills it with tobacco and herbs, places upon the bowl a bright coal from the fire within the lodge, draws the smoke into his lungs, and blows it hence through his nostrils. He then seizes the stem with both hands, and, leaning forward, touches the ground between his feet with the lower part of the bowl, and smokes again as before. The feet, and arms, and breast, are successively touched in a similar way ; and after each touching, the sacred smoke is inhaled as before. The pipe is then passed to the one on his right, who smokes as his fellow had done. And thus the Great Pipe goes round, and the smoke rises and mingles with the votive

offerings to the Great Spirit that are suspended above their heads. Immediately after this smoking, is believed to be a favoured time for offering prayer to the Great Spirit. They pray for courage, and victory over their foes in the campaign they are about to undertake; and that they may be protected from the spirits of evil-minded medicine men. They then make a solemn and irrevocable vow, that, if these medicine men do not make them sick—do not enter into their bosoms and destroy their strength and courage—they will never again see their relatives and tribe, unless they do so in garments stained with the blood of their enemies.

Having passed through these ceremonies, they rise and dance to the music of war chants, till they are exhausted and swoon. In this state of insensibility, they imagine that the spirits of the brave dead visit them and teach them their duty, and inform them of the events that will transpire during the campaign. Three days and nights are passed in performing these ceremonies; during which time they neither eat nor drink, nor leave the lodge. At early dawn of the fourth day, they select a leader from their number, appoint a distant place of meeting, and, emerging from the lodge, each walks away from it, alone, to the place of rendezvous. Having arrived there, they determine whose horses are to be stolen—whose scalps taken; and commence their march. They always go out on foot, wholly dependent upon their own energies for food and every other necessary. Among other things, it is considered a great dis-

grace to be long without meat and the means of riding.

It sometimes happens that these parties are unable to satisfy the conditions of their consecration during the first season; and, therefore, are compelled to resort to some ingenious and satisfactory evasion of the obligations of their vow, or to go into winter-quarters, till another opening spring allows them to prosecute their designs. The trappers relate a case of this kind, which led to a curious incident. A war party of Blackfeet had spent the season in seeking for their enemies without success. The storms of approaching winter had begun to howl around, and a wish to return to the log-fires and buffalo meat, and hilarities and friendships in the camp of the tribe in the high vales of the Upper Missouri, had become ardent, when a forlorn, solitary trapper, who had long resided among them, entered their camp. Affectionate and sincere greetings passed at the moment of meeting. The trapper, as is the custom, was invited to eat; and all appeared friendly and glad. But soon the Indians became reserved, and whispered ominously among themselves. At length came to the ear of the poor trapper, high words of debate in regard to his life. They all agreed that his white skin indubitably indicated that he belonged to the "Great Tribe" of their natural enemies, and that with the blood of a white upon their garments, they would have fulfilled the terms of their vow, and could return to their friends and tribe. But a part of them seriously questioned whether the sacred

names of friend and brother, which they had for years applied to him, had not so changed his natural relationship to them, that the Great Spirit, to whom they had made their vow, had sent him among them in the character which they themselves had given him—as a friend and brother. If so, they reasoned that the sacrifice of his life would only anger Him, and by no means relieve them from the obligations of their vow. Another party reasoned that the Great Spirit had sent this victim among them to test their fidelity to Him. He had, indeed, been their friend; they had called him brother; but he was also their natural enemy; and that the Great One, to whom they had made their vow, would not release them at all from its obligations, if they allowed this factitious relation of friendship to interfere with obedience to Himself. The other party rejoined, that, although the trapper was their natural enemy, he was not one within the meaning of their vow; that the taking of his life would be an evasion of its sacred obligations—a blot upon their courage—and an outrage upon the laws of friendship; that they could find other victims, but that their friend could not find another life. The other party rebutted, that the trapper was confessedly their natural enemy; that the conditions of their vow required the blood of a natural enemy; and that the Great Spirit had sufficiently shown His views of the relative obligations of friendship and obedience to Himself in sending the trapper to their camp. The trapper's friends, perceiving that the obstinacy of their oppo-

nents was unlikely to yield to reason, proposed as a compromise, that since, if they should adjudge the trapper their enemy within the requirements of their vow, his blood only would be needed to stain their garments, they would agree to take from him so much as might be necessary for that purpose ; and that, in consideration of being a brother, he should retain enough to keep his heart alive. As their return to their tribe would be secured by this measure, little objection was raised to it. The flint lancet was applied to the veins of the white man ; their garments were dyed with his blood ; they departed for their nation's village, and the poor trapper for the beaver among the hills.

My worthy old guide, Kelly, had often seen these medicine lodges. He informed me that many of the votive offerings before mentioned are permitted to decay with the lodge in which they are hung ; that the penalty to any mortal who should dare appropriate them to his use was death. A certain white man, however, who had been robbed of his blanket at the setting in of winter, came upon one of these sacred lodges, erected by the young Arrapahoes, which contained, among other things, a blanket that seemed well calculated to shield him from the cold. He spread it over his shivering frame, and very unadvisedly went into the Arrapahoe village. The Indians knew the sacred deposite, held a council, called the culprit before them, and demanded why he had stolen from the Great Spirit ? In exculpation, he stated that he had been robbed ; that the Great Spirit

saw him naked in the wintry wind ; pitied him ; showed him the sacred lodge, and bade him take the blanket. "That seems to be well," said the principal chief to his fellow-councillors, "the Great Spirit has an undoubted right to give away his own property ;" and the trader was released.

Farnham's "Travels to the Rocky Mountains."

VISIT TO A SPANISH VILLAGE CURATE.

A WOMAN directed us to a cottage somewhat superior in appearance to those contiguous. It had a small portico, which, if I remember well, was overgrown with a vine. We knocked loud and long at the door, but received no answer ; the voice of man was silent, and not even a dog barked. The truth was, that the old curate was taking his siesta, and so were his whole family, which consisted of one ancient female and a cat. The good man was at last disturbed by our noise and vociferation, for we were hungry, and consequently impatient. Leaping from his couch, he came running to the door in great hurry and confusion, and, perceiving us, he made many apologies for being asleep at a period when, he said, he ought to have been on the look-out for his invited guest. He embraced me very affectionately, and conducted me into his parlour, an apartment of tolerable size, hung around with shelves, which were crowded with books. At one end there was a kind

of table or desk covered with black leather, with a large easy-chair, into which he pushed me, as I, with the true spirit of a bibliomaniac, was about to inspect his shelves, saying, with considerable vehemence, that there was nothing there worthy the attention of an Englishman, for that his whole stock consisted of breviaries and dry Catholic treatises on divinity.

His care now was to furnish us with refreshments. In a twinkling, with the assistance of his old attendant, he placed on the table several plates of cakes and confectionery, and a number of large uncouth glass bottles, which I thought bore a strong resemblance to those of Schiedam, and indeed they were the very same. "There," said he, rubbing his hands, "I thank God that it is in my power to treat you in a way which will be agreeable to you. In those bottles there is Hollands thirty years old;" and producing two tumblers, he continued, "Fill, my friends, and drink—drink it every drop, if you please; for it is of little use to myself, who seldom drink ought but water. I know that you islanders love it, and cannot live without it; therefore, since it does you good, I am only sorry that there is no more."

Observing that we contented ourselves with merely tasting it, he looked at us with astonishment, and inquired the reason of our not drinking. We told him that we seldom drank ardent spirits; and I added, that, as for myself, I seldom tasted even wine, but, like himself, was content with the use of water. He appeared somewhat incredulous; but told us to



VISIT TO A SPANISH CURATE.

do exactly what we pleased, and to ask for what was agreeable to us. We told him that we had not dined, and should be glad of some substantial refreshment. "I am afraid," said he, "that I have nothing in the house which will suit you ; however, we will go and see."

Thereupon he led us through a small yard at the back part of his house, which might have been called a garden or orchard, if it had displayed either trees or flowers ; but it produced nothing but grass, which was growing in luxuriance. At one end was a large pigeon-house, which we all entered : "for," said the curate, "if we could find some nice delicate pigeons, they would afford you an excellent dinner." We were, however, disappointed ; for, after rummaging the nests, we only found very young ones, unfitted for our purpose. The good man became very melancholy, and said he had some misgivings we should have to depart dinnerless. Leaving the pigeon-house, he conducted us to a place where there were several skeps of bees, round which multitudes of the busy insects were hovering, filling the air with their music. "Next to my fellow-creatures," said he, "there is nothing which I love so dearly as these bees ; it is one of my delights to sit watching them, and listening to their murmur." We next went to several unfurnished rooms, fronting the yard, in one of which were hanging several fitches of bacon, beneath which he stopped, and, looking up, gazed intently upon them. We told him that, if he had nothing better to offer, we should be very glad to eat

some slices of this bacon, especially if some eggs were added. "To tell the truth," said he, "I have nothing better; and if you can content yourselves with such fare, I shall be very happy; as for eggs, you can have as many as you wish, and perfectly fresh, for my hens lay every day."

So, after everything was prepared and arranged to our satisfaction, we sat down to dine on the bacon and eggs, in a small room,—not the one to which he had ushered us at first, but on the other side of the doorway. The good curate, though he ate nothing, having taken his meal long before, sat at the head of the table, and the repast was enlivened by his chat. "There, my friends," said he, "where you are now seated, once sat Wellington and Crawford, after they beat the French at Arapiles, and rescued us from the thralldom of those wicked people. I never respected my house so much as I have done since they honoured it with their presence. They were heroes, and one was a demi-god." He then burst into a most eloquent panegyric of El Gran Lord, as he termed him, which I should be very happy to translate, were my pen capable of rendering into English the robust thundering sentences of his powerful Castilian. I had till then considered him a plain, uninformed old man, almost simple, and as incapable of much emotion as a tortoise within his shell; but he had become at once inspired: his eyes were replete with a bright fire, and every muscle of his face was quivering. The little silk skull-cap which he wore, according to the custom of the Catholic clergy, moved

up and down with his agitation ; and I soon saw that I was in the presence of one of those remarkable men who so frequently spring up in the bosom of the Romish church, and who, to a childlike simplicity, unite immense energy and power of mind,—equally adapted to guide a scanty flock of ignorant rustics, in some obscure village of Italy or Spain, as to convert millions of heathens on the shores of Japan, China, and Paraguay.

He was a thin, spare man, of about sixty-five, and was dressed in a black cloak of very coarse materials ; nor were his other garments of superior quality. This plainness, however, in the outward man, was by no means the result of poverty ; quite the contrary. The benefice was a very plentiful one, and placed at his disposal annually a sum of at least eight hundred dollars, of which the eighth part was more than sufficient to defray the expenses of the house and himself ; the rest was devoted entirely to the purest acts of charity. He fed the hungry wanderer, and despatched him singing on his way, with meat in his wallet, and a peseta in his purse ; and his parishioners, when in need of money, had only to repair to his study, and were sure of an immediate supply. He was, indeed, the banker of the village ; and what he lent, he neither expected nor wished to be returned. Though under the necessity of making frequent journeys to Salamanca, he kept no mule, but contented himself with an ass, borrowed from the neighbouring miller. “ I once kept a mule,” said he ; “ but some years since it was removed, without my permission,

by a traveller whom I had housed for the night ; for in that alcove I keep two clean beds for the use of the wayfaring, and I shall be very much pleased if yourself and friend will occupy them, and tarry with me till the morning."

But I was eager to continue my journey, and my friend was no less anxious to return to Salamanca. Upon taking leave of the hospitable curate, I presented him with a copy of the New Testament. He received it without uttering a single word, and placed it on one of the shelves of his study ; but I observed him nodding significantly to the Irish student, perhaps as much as to say, "Your friend loses no opportunity of propagating his book ;" for he was well aware who I was. I shall not speedily forget the truly good presbyter, Antonio Garcia de Aguilar, Cura of Pitiegua.

Borrow's "Bible in Spain."

BREAKING UP OF THE ICE IN THE NECKAR.

WHEN a thaw comes, after a long frost on the large rivers, the boatmen are on the watch for its suddenly breaking up. For days it will be all still, and as if apparently it would last for ever ; but the practical eye of the waterman knows when it will suddenly take its departure. "The ice will go to-night," they say ; for it is a very singular fact, that it almost invariably goes in the night, and generally

about twelve o'clock. It is said that, by referring to the files of newspapers where the breaking up of the ice is each year recorded, it is found that regularly in twenty times it breaks up in the Rhine nineteen of them in the night.

The boatmen on the Neckar, after the severe frost of 1840, accordingly, one night, when the thaw had continued some days, said, "It will go to-night." To our eyes there appeared no more likelihood than there had done on the first day of the thaw. All was one hard surface of ice. No water had flowed over it; and one could at sunset have ventured to walk across it. But when it became dark, torches were seen flaring here and there, along the banks of the Neckar, especially by the city, where the houses and mills might be endangered by a sudden breaking loose, and as sudden rising of the flood; for the Neckar, lying in a deep valley, and running for forty or fifty miles along it, with a high and mountainous country on each side, rises rapidly sometimes after heavy rains, or a deep snow, followed by a rapid thaw, to thirty or forty feet; and marks may be seen in many places on the houses showing the height to which it rose in certain years. The highest of these is one accompanying the breaking-up of the ice in 1784, and is on the second story of the houses, about twenty feet above the road, which road is as high again above the ordinary level of the river.

When one of these sudden floods accompanies the breaking-up of an ice perhaps two feet thick, the spectacle is perfectly sublime. The solid mass heaved

by the water, which is driven like a mighty wedge beneath, rifts and explodes as with the reports of cannon. The huge masses of ice are tossed up by the torrents that rush from beneath them, and, rearing their sharp crystallised edges against each other, grind and roar, like lions in combat with tigers. The whole scene, that a few minutes before was silent and motionless, becomes one chaos of confusion, uproar, the crushing of conflicting, and grinding of furious and vast sheets of ice against each other. There is a rush and sough of waters all in activity. It is as if they had sprung at once from a long sleep, and awoke not only with their old voice, but with a hubbub of strange sounds both from their own bed and from the men on the banks.

As these tremendous blocks of ice are thus rushing down the river—and many of them are carried out by their own mutual violence upon the banks—they would, if not guarded against, do infinite damage, crushing boats, smashing mill-works, and tearing away everything that obstructed them. A constant and anxious watch becomes necessary. A man from each village or town is ready, at the first glimpse of its breaking up, to ride to the next place, giving the alarm as he goes, by crying aloud, “The ice goes ! The ice goes !” The people all flock to the river side ; guns are fired, and torches appear in every direction. The boatmen get their vessels, which happen to have been frozen up, dragged out of the waters ; and along the streets of towns, men and boys in crowds stand with poles, ready to push away the

blocks that threaten damage ; and if the waters appear likely to rise rapidly, to be in readiness, many of them, to get the goods out of their houses, into numbers of which it will flow. Imagine at the same moment this scene of excitement extending along the banks of the great rivers of Germany and of their tributaries—and what an animated idea!

On the night, then, on which the boatmen had prognosticated the going of the ice, we were actually awoke by the swift galloping past of a horse, and the loud cry of a man : “The ice goes! The ice goes!” I leaped from my bed, struck a light, looked at my watch, and it was—just twelve! Throwing open a window that faced the river, the scene was most strange and striking. An hour before, when I lay down, all was silent ; now there came a wild and awful sound of contending elements through the darkness. Sounds of grinding, crushing, cracking—of rushing, roaring, waters, and the sweep of winds, bringing from above the heavy dull explosions of ice-masses. Along the banks flared hundreds of torches. The cries of human voices—those of men, women, and children—came on all sides. Guns were firing rapidly near the city. One could perceive through the darkness, white and spectral masses moving on the waters, and then the rending of fresh sheets away as those rushed against them. Below, from the bridge where the gigantic pieces were continually striking against the piers, came the dull and continued thunders of a distant battle. I hastily threw on my clothes, and ran towards the

city. A more picturesque scene is not imaginable. People were hastening from all quarters to the river-side. As I drew near the city, I met a good-natured student running to give us the intelligence. He was in his long dressing-gown and red cap, and made many apologies for showing himself in such a dishabille. We turned down to the river bank, and proceeded under a wide-arched passage beneath a garden terrace. Before us flared a cresset fire, showing the blackened vaults and shadowy pillars around us. It was like the passage through some bandit's cave. At every opening on the river banks stood throngs with torches, and poles, and anxious looks. Women called out of windows, and others with their clothes thrown on in haste equal to my own, and with their cloaks or gown-skirts thrown over their heads, were hurrying here and there—all was life, wakefulness, and animation. We made our way to the bridge, where, though the ice, considering that it was two feet thick, was moving off in as orderly a style as could be expected, yet it presented a striking spectacle. By the light of their torches, we could see it hurrying along in huge platforms, of many yards square, which came ever and anon with such concussions against the strong stone bridge, that it trembled beneath us. The grinding and rustling sound, and the whiteness of the ice-masses, as they chafed against each other in going along, and raised round their edges a snowy ridge, had a singular effect ; but the scenes and the groups around were not less striking. Under old

dingy archways, at whose feet rushed the vexed waters, at every opening from the city to the stream, on the bridge, and along the banks, were seen wild-looking throngs, made strikingly conspicuous by their torches. Above, by the collected glare of all the torches, might be dimly discerned the old dusky towers and gables of this picturesque town; and high around, the dim sides of the wooded mountains, silent and dusk. The ruins of the old castle too, overlooked the busy river in majestic gloom and indifference, as if it felt that it had once had its times of stir and human excitement, but had long ago done with them, and had no more concern with man, and the changes of the seasons, than to stand through all, a solemn monument of the past.

Howitt's "Rural and Domestic Life of Germany."

INTERESTING MANIAC AT GRANADA.

WE now proceeded to visit the only habitually violent maniac in the establishment. As he is a gentleman by birth, he is confined in a solitary chamber, perfectly clean, but having in it no furniture, save a bed arranged for him on the floor in one corner, and in the opposite one is fixed a barred cell, very much like a large cage, nearly reaching to the ceiling of the room, in which he is confined when he becomes unmanageable. There we found him making a tremendous noise, shouting

singing, shaking the bars of his cage with the greatest demonstrations of rage, and then clambering up with the agility of a cat. As he caught sight of us ascending the stairs exactly opposite to his cell, he suddenly became quiet, and almost rational in his deportment, and, placing himself close to the bars of his prison, awaited our approach with every appearance of courtesy. He very readily entered into conversation with us, and, as soon as he discovered that our party was chiefly composed of English persons, he exhibited his knowledge of our language, by repeating all the phrases he had ever learned in it, and which, as he had been at the head of one of the most considerable mercantile houses in Granada, chiefly consisted in the enumeration of his principal English correspondents, mixed up with general terms of affection and tenderness for the whole nation. Throwing his arms round the bars of his cell, he declared that thus would he hug every English person to his heart; then followed, "Yes, my dear, I speak very well English,—one, two, three, four, — Baring Brothers, — Rothschild, — Lombard-street, — Cateaton-street," &c. He was a most gentlemanlike good-looking man, apparently about five-and-thirty, with a fine expressive countenance, and dressed with the utmost nicety and cleanliness, in a suit of white jean, such as is worn by the Andalusian gentry in summer. Strange to say, his head had not been shaved, and his dark hair, whiskers, and mustachoes, appeared to be as carefully attended to as though he were still free.

and in the habit of going into the world, so that no disfiguring evidences of his infirmity appeared about his person ; and, had we not beheld his climbing feats, and heard his shouts, we never should have supposed that he was a raving maniac.

Observing that he wore a little leathern strap round one of his thumbs, I asked him the meaning of it, and he told me it was the ring given to him by the lady of his love, who was living in Seville, and that he never would part with it while he lived. The keeper of the establishment then informed us that the gentleman in question, who was one of the principal merchants of Granada, had fallen in love with his own niece, and asked her in marriage (a connection quite permissible on the Peninsula) ; but the young lady having declined his hand, the disappointment had taken such fatal hold on his mind as to deprive him of his senses. As we had overheard him singing on our arrival, I requested him to resume his song. He immediately desired that an arm-chair should be brought for me ; and, as soon as I was seated, he went through the dumb show of playing the piano-forte upon the walls of his cell, and then commenced one of the beautiful airs in the *Norma*, but very soon left off his imaginary accompaniment, and, breaking into the most passionate action, traversed his little cell with gestures and looks that would have ensured the triumph of a lyric artist on the stage ; and his fire and pathos so inimitably harmonised with the character of the strain he sung, and appeared to be in such touching accordance with

his own situation, that I am not ashamed to admit tears rose to my eyes as I listened to him.

He appeared to be so carried away by this passionate outburst of feeling as to have forgotten our presence, even when the song was over ; but our rising to depart recalled his attention, and again he drew close to the bars that separated us. An impulse of pity induced me to pass my hand through them that I might shake hands with the ill-fated captive, who had expressed such warmth of feeling towards my country-people ; but I comprehended my imprudence in yielding to it, when I beheld the sign made to me by the terrified keeper : it was too late, however, to recede, for the poor maniac had seized upon my hand with both of his, and carrying it to his lips, kissed it repeatedly. I had sufficient command over myself neither to allow the terror I felt to become evident, nor to endeavour to disengage myself from his grasp ; but I felt truly grateful when, at the expiration of a few nervous moments, he released my hand, having, to my great surprise, placed upon one of my fingers the little leathern strap—the imaginary pledge of love—which but a short time before he had so vehemently declared that he would never part with while he lived, and charging me, at the same time, to bear some message from him to his mother.

Mrs. Romer's "The Rhone, &c."

SCENE AFTER THE TAKING OF CHIN-KIANG-FOO.

TOWARDS evening an advance was sounded, and the Commander-in-chief marched with two regiments towards the Tartar quarter of the town, guided by some Chinese and Mr. Gutzlaff. We broke into many houses where we imagined soldiers were concealed, but met with no resistance, nor saw any armed Tartars. Quiet and peace seemed to reign paramount in the still evening, while the fragrance of the flowers surrounding almost every house, calmed the strong excitement that had possessed us throughout the day. It was the prettiest Chinese town I had seen; the houses were all well kept, and the interiors of many magnificent; the streets well paved and clean; and open grassy spaces and gardens gave a grace and airiness not usually met with in walled cities.

We were guided to a large building said to be the Governor's palace. We saw that it belonged to Government, by the flying dragon painted upon the wall opposite the great entrance; but the gates had apparently been closed for some considerable time; weeds were growing before them, and the only sign of life was a wounded Tartar, of great size and strength, lying under the shade of the portico. He was dressed in the blue over-shirt with yellow trimmings, said to

be the uniform of the Imperial Guard. When we forced the house we found it equally deserted, but completely furnished, and of great extent. We set fire to it, and marched on.

I went, with two soldiers of the 18th, down a street to the right, to a large house, which I concluded belonged to a Tartar of consequence; we burst the door, and entered. Never shall I forget the sight of misery that there met our view.

After we had forced our way over piles of furniture, placed to barricade the door, we entered an open court strewn with rich stuffs and covered with clotted blood; and upon the steps leading to the "hall of ancestors" there were two bodies of youthful Tartars, cold and stiff, much alike, apparently brothers. Having gained the threshold of their abode, they had died where they had fallen, from the loss of blood. Stepping over these bodies, we entered the hall, and met, face to face, three women seated—a mother and two daughters; and at their feet lay two bodies of elderly men, with their throats cut from ear to ear, their senseless heads resting upon the feet of their relations. To the right were two young girls, beautiful and delicate, crouching over and endeavouring to conceal a living soldier.

In the heat of action, when the blood is up, and the struggle is for life between man and man, the anguish of the wounded, and the sight of misery and pain, are unheeded; humanity is partially obscured by danger; but when excitement subsides with victory, and the individual circumstances are recalled





TAKING OF CHIN-KIANG-FOO.

to mind which led to the result, a heart would be hardly human that could feel unaffected by the retrospection. But the hardest heart of the oldest man who ever lived a life of rapine and slaughter could not have gazed on this scene of woe unmoved.

I stopped, horror-struck at what I saw. I must have betrayed my feelings by my countenance, as I stood spell-bound to the spot. The expression of cold unutterable despair depicted on the mother's face changed to the violent workings of scorn and hate, which at last burst forth in a paroxysm of invective, afterwards in floods of tears, which apparently, if anything could, relieved her. She came close to me, and seized me by the arm, and with clenched teeth and deadly frown pointed to the bodies—to her daughters—to her yet splendid house—and to herself; then stepped back a pace, and with firmly-closed hands, and in a hoarse and husky voice, I could see by her gestures, spoke of her misery—of her hate, and, I doubt not, of revenge. It was a scene that one could not bear long; consolation was useless, expostulation from me vain. I attempted by signs to explain, offered her my services, but was spurned. I endeavoured to make her comprehend that, however great her present misery, it might be, in her unprotected state, a hundred-fold increased; that if she would place herself under my guidance, I would pass her through the city gates in safety into the open country, where, doubtless, she would meet many of the fugitives; but the poor woman would not listen

to me. The whole family were by this time in loud lamentation ; so all that remained for me to do was to prevent the soldiers bayoneting the man who, since our entrance, had attempted to escape.

Loch's "Closing Events of the Campaign in China."

ROMANTIC ESCAPE OF AN AMERICAN FROM THE INDIANS DURING THE EARLY WARS.

A CAPTIVE, named Slover, was recognised by one of the Indians, who called him by his Indian name (Mannuchcothe), and reproached him indignantly for bearing arms against his brothers. Slover was somewhat confused at the charge, fearing that his recognition would be fatal to him when he should reach the Indian towns. They were taken back to the prairie, where the Indians had left their horses ; and, each mounting a horse, they moved rapidly towards the nearest town, which proved to be Waughcotomoco, the theatre of Kenton's adventure, four years before. Upon approaching the town, the Indians, who had heretofore been very kind to them, suddenly began to look sour, and put themselves into a passion by dwelling upon their injuries. Presently, as usual, the squaws, boys, &c., came out, and the usual scene commenced : they soon became tired of abusing and switching them, and, having selected the oldest of the three, they blacked his face with coal and water. The poor fellow was much agitated and

cried bitterly, frequently asking Slover if they were not going to burn him. The Indians, in their own language, hastily forbid Slover to answer him; and, coming up to their intended victim, patted him on the back, and, with many honeyed epithets, assured him they would not hurt him. They then marched on to the large town, about two miles beyond the small one (both bearing the same name), having, as usual, sent a runner in advance to inform the inhabitants of their approach.

The whole village presently flocked out, and a row was formed for the gauntlet. The man who had been blacked attracted so much attention that Slover and his companion scarcely received a blow. The former preceded them by twenty yards, and was furiously attacked by every individual. Loads of powder were shot into his body, deep wounds were inflicted with knives and tomahawks; sand was thrown into his eyes, and he was several times knocked down by cudgels. Having heard that he would be safe on reaching the council-house, he forced his way with gigantic strength, through all opposition, and grasped the post with both hands, his body burnt with powder and covered with blood. He was furiously torn from his place of refuge, however, and thrust back among his enemies; when, finding that they would give him no quarter, he returned their blows with a fury equal to their own, crying piteously the whole time, and frequently endeavouring to wrest a tomahawk from his enemies. This singular scene continued for nearly half an hour, when the prisoner was at

length beaten to death. Slover and his companion reached the post in safety, and were silent spectators of the fate of their friend. As soon as he was dead, the Indians cut up his body, and stuck the head and quarters upon poles in the centre of the town.

On the same evening he beheld the dead bodies of young Crawford and Colonel Harrison, and a third, whom he supposed to be Colonel M'Clelland, the second in command. Their bodies were black and mangled, like that of their unfortunate companion, having been beaten to death a few hours before their arrival. As he passed by the bodies, the Indians smiled maliciously, and asked if he knew them? He mentioned their names, at which they smiled with much satisfaction. In the evening all the dead bodies were dragged beyond the limits of the town, and abandoned to the dogs and wolves. In twenty-four hours their bones only were to be seen.

Two days afterwards, a very large council was held, being composed of warriors from the Shawnee, Delaware, Wyandott, Chippewa, and Mingo tribes. Two Indians came to the wigwam, in order to conduct Slover once more before his judges, but the old squaw concealed him beneath a large bear-skin, and fell upon the two messengers so fiercely with her tongue, that they were compelled to retreat with some precipitation. This zeal in his service, on the part of the old squaw, was rather alarming than gratifying to Slover, for he rightly conjectured that something evil was brewing, which he knew that she would be unable to avert. He was not long in

suspense. Within two hours, Girty came into the hut, followed by more than forty warriors, and seizing Slover, stripped him naked, bound his hands behind him, painted his body black, and bore him off with great violence. Girty exulted greatly in the success of his efforts, and loaded him with curses and reproaches, assuring him that he would now get what he had long deserved.

The prisoner was borne off to a town, at the distance of five miles from Waughcoto-moco, where he was met, as usual, by all the inhabitants, and beaten in the ordinary manner for one hour. They then carried him to another little village, about two miles distant, where a stake and hickory poles had been prepared, in order to burn him that evening. The scene of his intended execution was the council-house, part of which was covered with shingles, and the remainder entirely open at top, and very slightly boarded at the sides. In the open space, a pole had been sunk in the ground, and the faggots collected. Slover was dragged to the stake, his hands bound behind him, and then fastened to the pole.

Fire was quickly applied to the faggots, which began to blaze briskly. An orator then, as usual, addressed the assembly, in order to inflame their passions to the proper height. Slover, seeing his fate inevitable, rallied his courage, and prepared to endure it with firmness. For the last half hour the wind had been high, but the clouds were light, and appeared drifting rapidly away. While the orator was speaking, however, the wind suddenly lulled, and a

heavy shower of rain fell, which instantly extinguished the fire, and drenched the prisoner and his enemies to the skin. Poor Slover, who had been making preparations to battle with fire, was astonished at finding himself deluged all at once with so different an element, and the enemy seemed no less so. They instantly ran under the covered part of the house, and left the prisoner to take the rain freely, assuring him, from time to time, that he should be burned on the following morning.

As soon as the rain ceased they again surrounded him, dancing round the stake, kicking him severely, and striking him with sticks, until eleven o'clock at night. A tall young chief, named "Half-Moon," then stooped down, and asked the prisoner if he was not sleepy? Slover, somewhat astonished at such a question, and at such a time, replied in the affirmative. Half-Moon then untied him, conducted him into a strong block-house, pinioned his arms until the buffalo tug was buried in the flesh, and then passing another thong round his neck, and tying the other end to one of the beams of the house, left him under a strong guard, exhorting him to sleep soundly, for that he must "eat fire in the morning."

The prisoner, on the contrary, never closed his eyes, awaiting anxiously until his guard should fall asleep. They showed, however, no inclination. Two of them lay down a little, after midnight, but the third sat up talking and smoking till nearly daylight. He endeavoured to entertain Slover by spe-

culations upon his (Slover's) ability to bear pain, handling the painful subject with the zest of an amateur, and recounting to the prisoner the particulars of many exhibitions of the same kind which he had witnessed. He dwelt upon the entertainment which, he had no doubt, Slover would afford, exhorting him to bear it like a man, and not to forget that *he* had once been an Indian. Upon this torturing subject he talked, and smoked, and talked again, until the prisoner's nerves tingled, as if the hot irons were actually hissing against his flesh.

At length, the tedious old man's head sunk gradually upon his breast, and Slover heard him snoring loudly. His heart beat so strongly, that he was fearful lest the Indians should hear it, and arrest him in his last efforts to escape. They did not stir, however, and with trembling hands he endeavoured to slip the cords from his arms over his wrists. In this he succeeded without much difficulty, but the thong round his neck was more obstinate. He attempted to gnaw it in two, but it was as thick as his thumb, and as hard as iron, being made of a seasoned buffalo's hide. Daylight was faintly breaking in the east, and he expected every moment that his tormentors would summon him to the stake. In the agony and earnestness of his feelings, the sweat rolled in big drops down his face, and the quickness of his breathing awakened the old man.

Slover lay still, fearful of being detected, and kept his arms under his back. The old Indian yawned, stretched himself, stirred up the fire, and

then lay down again, and began to snore as loudly as ever. Now was the time, or never ! Slover seized the rope with both hands, and, giving it several quick jerks, could scarcely believe his senses, when he saw the knot come untied, and felt himself free. He arose lightly, stepped silently over the bodies of the sleeping Indians, and in a moment stood in the open air. Day was just breaking, but the inhabitants of the village had not yet arisen. He looked around for a moment to see whether he was observed, and then ran hastily into a corn-field, in order to conceal himself. On the road, he had nearly stumbled upon a squaw and several children, who were asleep under a tree.

Hastily avoiding them, he ran through the corn-field, and observing a number of horses on the other side, he paused a moment, untied the cord which still confined his right arm, and hastily fitting it into a halter, approached a strong fine colt, about four years old, which fortunately proved as gentle as he could wish. Fancying that he heard a door open behind him, he sprung upon his back as lightly as a squirrel, although every limb was bruised and swollen by the severe beating of the preceding night ; and, as the woods were open, and the ground level, he put his horse to his utmost speed, and was soon out of sight. Confident that pursuit would not be delayed more than fifteen minutes, he never slackened his speed until about ten o'clock in the day, when he reached the Scioto, at a point full fifty miles distant from the village which he had left at daylight.

He here paused a moment, and allowed the noble animal, who had borne him so gallantly, to breathe for a few minutes. Fearing, however, that the enemy had pursued him with the same mad violence, he quickly mounted his horse again, and plunged into the Scioto, which was now swollen by the recent rains. His horse stemmed the current handsomely, but began to fail in ascending the opposite bank. He still, however, urged him to full speed, and by three o'clock had left the Scioto more than twenty miles behind, when his horse sunk under him, having galloped upwards of seventy miles. Slover instantly sprang from his back, and ran on foot until sunset. Halting for a moment, he heard a halloo, far behind him, and seeing the keenness of the pursuit, he continued to run until ten o'clock at night, when he sunk upon the ground and vomited violently. In two hours the moon arose, which he knew would enable the enemy to follow the trail through the night; and, again starting up, he ran forward until day.

During the night he had followed a path, but in the morning he abandoned it, and changing his course, followed a high ridge, covered with rank grass and weeds, which he carefully put back with a stick as he passed through it, in order to leave as indistinct a trail as possible. On that evening he reached some of the tributaries of the Muskingum, where his naked and blistered skin attracted millions of mosquitoes, that followed him day and night, effectually prevented his sleeping, and carefully

removed such particles of skin as the nettles had left; so that, if his own account is to be credited, upon reaching the Muskingum, which he did on the third day, he had been completely peeled from head to foot. Here he found a few wild raspberries, which was the first food he had tasted for four days. He had never felt hunger, but suffered much from faintness and exhaustion. He swam the Muskingum at Old Comer's town, and looking back, thought that he had put a great deal of ground between himself and the stake, at which he had been found near Waughcoto-moco; and that it would be very strange if, having been brought thus far, he should again fall into the power of the enemy. On the next day he reached Stillwater, where he caught two crawfish, and devoured them raw. Two days afterwards he struck the Ohio River, immediately opposite Wheeling, and perceiving a man standing upon the island, he called to him, told him his name, and asked him to bring over a canoe for him. The fellow at first was very shy, but Slover having told the names of many officers and privates, who had accompanied the expedition, he was at length persuaded to venture across, and the fugitive was safely transported to the Virginia shore, after an escape which has few parallels in real life, and which seems even to exceed the bounds of probable fiction.

Quoted in Buckingham's "America—Eastern and Western States."

HERRADEROS, OR BULL-MARKING, AT SANTIAGO.

THE day was fresh and exhilarating. All the country people from several leagues round were assembled, and the trees up to their very topmost branches presented a collection of bronze faces and black eyes, belonging to the Indians, who had taken their places there as comfortably as spectators in a one-shilling gallery. A platform opposite ours was filled with the wives and daughters of agents and small farmers, little *rancheras*, with short white gowns and rebosos. There was a very tolerable band of music, perched upon a natural orchestra. Bernardo and his men were walking and riding about, and preparing for action. Nothing could be more picturesque than the whole scene.

Seven hundred bulls were driven in from the plains, bellowing loudly, so that the air was filled with their fierce music. The universal love which the Mexicans have for these sports amounts to a passion. All their money is reserved to buy new dresses for this occasion, silver rolls or gold linings for their hats, or new deer-skin pantaloons and embroidered jackets with silver buttons. The accidents that happen are innumerable, but nothing damps their ardour ; *it beats fox-hunting*. The most striking part of the scene is the extraordinary facility.

which these men show in throwing the lazo. The bulls being all driven into an enclosure, one after another, and sometimes two or three at a time, were chosen from amongst them, and driven into the plaza, where they were received with shouts of applause, if they appeared fierce, and likely to afford good sport ; or of irony, if they turned to fly, which happened more than once.

Three or four bulls are driven in. They stand for a moment, proudly reconnoitring their opponents. The horsemen gallop up, armed only with the lazo ; and, with loud insulting cries of "*Ah toro !*" challenge them to the contest. The bulls paw the ground, then plunge furiously at the horses, frequently wounding them at the first onset. Round they go in fierce gallop, bulls and horsemen, amid the cries and shouts of the spectators. The horseman throws the lazo. The bull shakes his head free of the cord, tosses his horns proudly, and gallops on. But his fate is inevitable. Down comes the whirling rope, and encircles his thick neck. He is thrown down, struggling furiously, and repeatedly dashes his head against the ground in rage and despair. Then, his legs being also tied, the man with the hissing red-hot iron, in the form of a letter, brands him on the side with the token of his dependence on the lord of the soil. Some of the bulls stand this martyrdom with Spartan heroism, and do not utter a cry ; but others, when the iron enters their flesh, burst out into long bellowing roars, that seem to echo through the whole country. They are then loosened, get upon their legs

again, and, like so many branded Cains, are driven out into the country, to make way for others. Such roaring, such shouting, such an odour of singed hair and *bifteke au naturel*, such playing of music, and such wanton risks as were run by the men !

I saw a torcador, who was always foremost in everything, attempting to drag a bull by the horns, when the animal tossed his head, and with one jerk of his horn tore all the flesh off his finger to the very bone. The man coolly tore a piece off a handkerchief, shook the blood off his finger with a very slight grimace, bound it up in a moment, and dashed away upon a new venture. One Mexican, extraordinarily handsome, with eyes like an eagle, but very thin and pale, is, they say, so covered from head to foot with wounds received in different bull-fights, that he cannot live long ; yet this man was the most enthusiastic of them all. His master tried to dissuade him from joining in the sport this year, but he broke forth into such pathetic entreaties, conjuring him “ by the life of the Señorita,” &c., that he could not withhold his consent.

After an enormous number of bulls had been caught and *labelled*, we went to breakfast. We found a tent prepared for us, formed of boughs of trees intertwined with garlands of white moss, like that which covers the cypresses at Chapultepec, and beautifully ornamented with red blossoms and scarlet berries. We sat down upon heaps of white moss, softer than any cushion. The Indians had cooked meat under the stones for us, which I found horrible, smelling

and tasting of smoke. But we had also boiled fowls, and quantities of burning chile, hot tortillas, atole, or atolli, as the Indians call it, a species of cakes made of very fine maize and water, and sweetened with sugar or honey; *embarrado*, a favourable composition of meat and chile, very like *mud*, as the name imports, which I have not yet made up my mind to endure; quantities of fresh tunas, granaditas, bananas, aguacates, and other fruits, besides pulque at discretion.

The other people were assembled in circles under the trees, cooking fowls and boiling eggs in a gipsy fashion, in caldrons, at little fires, made with dry branches; and the band, in its intervals of tortillas and pulque, favoured us with occasional airs. After breakfast, we walked out amongst the Indians, who had formed a sort of temporary market, and were selling pulque, chia, roasted chestnuts, yards of baked meat, and every kind of fruit. We then returned to see a great bull-fight, which was followed by more *herraderos*—in short, spent the whole day amongst the *toros*, and returned to dinner at six o'clock, some in coaches, some on horseback. In the evening all the people danced in a large hall; but at eleven o'clock I could look on no longer, for one of these days in a hot sun is very fatiguing. Nevertheless, at two in the morning these men, who had gone through such violent exercise, were still dancing jarabes.

Madame de la Barca's "Life in Mexico."

ARTIFICES OF INDIAN JUGGLERS.

WHEN our detachment was quartered at Poona-malee, on our first arrival from England, a far-famed Madras juggler paid us a visit, to astonish the griffins, and put a few of our rupees into his girdle. This clever fellow began by swallowing a sword, the point of which I felt in his stomach, then he ate fire, turned cards into chickens, and chickens into full-grown crowing cocks, and sent eight brass balls tinkling on their travels round his body, moving simultaneously and harmoniously in their different orbits; with many other astonishing things.

As the soldiers were staring at him, he caught the eye of one man in whose countenance there was an air of peculiar surprise. He addressed him immediately :—"What for you wonder? I do one ting more wonderer; I make you lay one egg here,"—putting his hand on the soldier's forehead. The man stared and blushed; and the officers, being desirous to find out how this trick was done, both juggler and soldier were stripped, and brought into an empty room, in which there was a full light from a strong sun. The magician then made the man sit down on the floor in the middle of the room; and an ingenious Yorkshire lad he was, who looked up at the yellow juggler with a good-natured grin, and a strong

expression of incredulity. The performer then proceeded to fix his eye, and to walk round him slowly and deliberately seven times, repeating some unintelligible gibberish. He then quickened his pace for seven more gyrations, and still increased it for seven additional circles, fascinating his eye, gesticulating and uttering strange sounds as before. At the end of the third series, he slapped the man on the forehead with the open palm, when, lo ! out started a fine fresh egg ! Now, although five of us watched the whole proceeding with minute attention, in a full light, and were besides sharpened in our observations by the idea of some treachery, none could discover where or how the egg had been concealed. That it was genuine there could be no doubt, for we boiled it, and I ate some of it myself ; but we could not persuade the frightened fellow that laid the egg to taste it.

One morning, at Cawnpore, a native asked permission to speak to Saahib, and was admitted. After a profusion of the most reverential salaams, he assured me that, from certain indications, he was sure there were snakes in Saahib's garden, which he would engage to catch if Saahib would direct him, being a professed snake-charmer. I closed with his offer immediately, and promised him a *douceur* on certain conditions, and he said that he would come the next morning.

Punctual to his appointment, he made his appearance, armed with a long pipe, on which, when he entered the garden, he began to play violently, using

various grotesque gesticulations. After keeping up this solo for a quarter of an hour, he stopped suddenly before a low bush, near an old tree, played two or three bars fortissimo, and then plunging his hand into the bush, pulled out a large cobra de capello, or hooded snake, of the most deadly kind. He proceeded in this way for some time, exploring different parts of the garden, and ended by catching two more snakes of the same kind; then, after a little more music, the charmer said there were no more in Saahib's garden, and claimed the stipulated reward. This I promised to pay him immediately, if he permitted me to destroy the reptiles, which I knew very well he would not allow. I then examined them; and, after some trouble, ascertained that the poison fangs had been extracted from each, and that the animals were half-tamed snakes, which, in all probability, had been placed in the very spot where they were found the same morning, by collusion with some of the servants. The magician and his basket were then very unceremoniously expelled the premises, the native servants opening on him in a pack of choice Hindostanee Billingsgate, and asking him from what father of asses he was descended, who could presumptuously attempt to deceive the wise and sagacious Saahib, who was more learned than the great Suleyman. And the best of the joke was, that some of these foul-mouthed rascals had received a few pice from the conjuror, for conniving at his attempt on Saahib's sagacity.

Notwithstanding popular belief as old as Alexander

the Great, and deemed worthy of notice among the wonders of India by Arrian the historian, I suspect that snakes have "no music in their souls," and are not to be charmed by "concord of sweet sounds." On a careful analysis, I fear the poetry of the matter is reducible to very unromantic and simple elements. The snake, previously deprived of his poison fangs, is kept coiled up in a basket, with two or three others equally harmless ; and, when one is wanted for an exhibition, the juggler seizes him by the neck, hands him out of the basket, and throws him rudely on the ground. This raises the reptile's choler ; it hisses, bristles out its hood, and raises its head. The charmer, playing away on his noisy pipe, confronts the enraged creature, as if about to tread on it, but adroitly moves about beyond the reach of its spring. Thus fixing and fascinating the animal's eye, he keeps describing a half-circle, perpetually in motion, menacing the snake, and obliging it to move as he moves, in momentary expectation that its persecutor will come within reach, and prepared to dart on him if he does, which never happens. This quick oscillation of the creature, in pure anger and self-defence, is called dancing, and is attributed by the spectators to its fondness for the very sounds that are teasing it to madness, and which it must cordially hate.

Henry's "Events of a Military Life."

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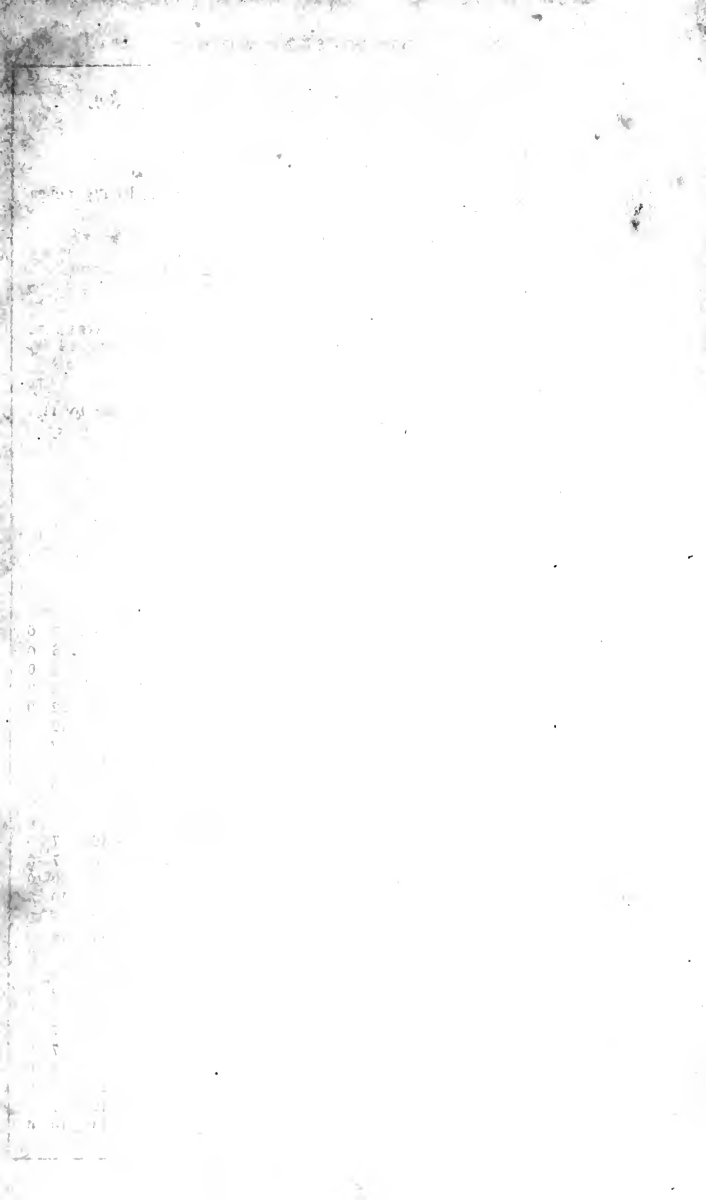
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